McCALL'S

October 1930

Ten Cents

Beginning

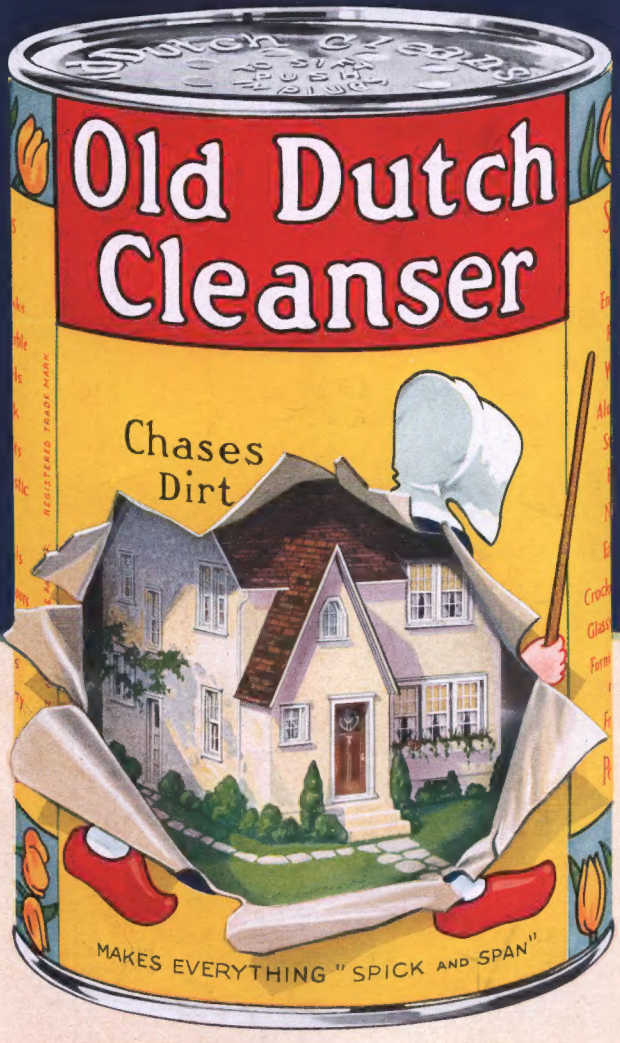
The greatest novel of the West since "The Virginian"

THE DUDE RANGER

by ZANE GREY

Phyllis Duganne -

Beatrice Burton Morgan - Margaret W. Jackson



A clean house in every package

Summed up, that's what Old Dutch Cleanser brings you—a clean, wholesome, hygienic, healthful house—much more quickly, too! You can rely on it every time.

And it's all accomplished so QUICKLY because Old Dutch needs little time to get rid of all the dirt. This quickness saves many minutes, particularly at housecleaning. You'll appreciate that. You can use Old Dutch from cellar to garret, in a multitude of ways—and the story is always the same: *Easy, thorough, and* QUICK *cleaning.*

For woodwork and painted walls, Old Dutch is ideal. Sprinkle a little on a damp cloth or sponge and wipe gently. Old Dutch makes a tiresome task easy. Do likewise with the windows. They'll sparkle in no time at all. Clean the floors, wood and stone steps, etc., with Old Dutch—it's the modern way. Gets the dirt with a few strokes of mop or brush.

And for lovely, lustrous surfaces, you should use Old Dutch exclusively. It protects their glistening beauty and leaves them with a brilliant polish. That's because Old Dutch contains no scratchy grit or other harmful content—it doesn't scratch. Old Dutch is the modern, perfect cleanser for marble, tile, porcelain, enamel, bathrooms, refrigerators, kitchen utensils, etc.

Old Dutch is a natural cleanser. Its minute particles, flaky and flat-shaped, remove dirt with a smooth, easy, clean sweep. Hidden impurities that endanger health go with the visible dirt—none escape Old Dutch. That means Healthful Cleanliness for your home.

Use Old Dutch for all your cleaning—on any surface on which water may be used. It's all you need, and you'll find that Old Dutch goes further and lasts longer. Old Dutch is kind to the hands—doesn't irritate or roughen the skin.

Old Dutch Cleanser in your home is a distinction of good housekeeping

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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"Pink tooth brush"... how could it happen to me?

AT any time or any age, a touch of "pink" may show upon your tooth brush. For "pink tooth brush" is a warning that your gums have become dangerously soft!

Due to modern food and hasty eating, your gums have become "touchy", unsound. They grow soft. They bleed. And dread infections, such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea may threaten the loss of outwardly the soundest, whitest teeth.

Wake up your Gums
with Ipana and massage!

But, taken in time, "pink tooth brush" can be quickly defeated with Ipana Tooth Paste and gum massage.

Massage of the gums, with finger or with brush, is

what dentists order for soft and bleeding gums! Thousands of them add "with Ipana", for Ipana is more than a delightful tooth paste. It is specifically compounded to care for the health of your gums when and while you brush your teeth!

Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic often employed by the foremost gum specialists in their professional work at the chair.

So, if your tooth brush "shows pink", if your gums bleed easily, restore them to health with Ipana and massage. Wake up the lazy tissues. Send fresh, clean blood coursing through the stagnant cells. That's the modern way to fight gum troubles . . . to invigorate the depleted tissues and to make them resistant to disease and infection.

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

You'll like Ipana, you'll like its unusually refreshing taste. And you will be amazed to see how clean and beautiful it makes your teeth—how firm and healthy it keeps your gums!

Start tonight with Ipana. Go to your druggist and get a full-size tube today. Ipana may cost a few cents more than some tooth pastes you can buy, but do not forget that a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-100
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

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IPANA *Tooth Paste*

PIERRE

Beauty adviser to smart New York warns...

"don't experiment with Beauty"

Another famous beauty specialist approves Palmolive Soap for home cleansing of the skin

In a cosmopolitan city, and with a sophisticated clientele, Pierre has made for himself an enviable reputation as a beauty specialist. His salon occupies a prominent position on Fifty-Seventh Street, New York's street of superlatively smart shops. To this salon come many distinguished women for Pierre's valued counsel.

"WOMEN now and then have a mistaken notion that they should use no soap on the face," says Pierre of New York. "'The trouble,' I reply in all such cases, 'is that you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive—a soap that is effective but gentle in its action.'"

Pierre speaks from experience. For over thirty years he has been one of New York's leaders of beauty culture. His smart modern salon, in the fashionable Plaza district on 57th Street, is visited by women of social distinction who entrust all their beauty problems to his expert care.

To them Pierre says: "Don't experiment with beauty. It is too precious. Use Palmolive Soap to keep your skin lovely."

Pierre's opinion echoed by others

This preference expressed by the famous Pierre you will find is repeated by leading experts all over the world. In France, Italy, Germany, Spain, England—wherever beauty culture is practiced—its principal exponents advise Palmolive. This group today includes 23,723 names! Just think what this professional approval means! Of all cleansing agents, experts find Palmolive safest and best for regular home use. And this is why.

There are 23,723 beauty specialists in this country and abroad who advocate home cleansing with Palmolive as a basis for professional treatments.

Nature's finest cosmetic oils

There are certain oils which, for generations, have been proved the finest natural cleansers. These are olive oil and palm oil. And it is these oils of which Palmolive Soap is skilfully blended. This facial soap contains no free alkali to irritate sensitive skin. It is not artificially colored. It requires the addition of no heavy perfumes. No wonder experts advise its daily use. This is the treatment recommended:

With both hands massage rich Palmolive lather into the skin. Rinse with warm water, followed by cold. And now you're ready for make-up.

Just try that simple 2-minute treatment tomorrow. Use Palmolive for the bath, too. See how refreshing it is. Then you'll use it every day, as millions of others do. At 10 cents the cake it is the world's least expensive beauty treatment.

"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate. They make a soap that is safe for sensitive skins. A soap that produces no harmful irritations, but leaves the skin smooth, clean and lovely."

Pierre

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NEW YORK CITY

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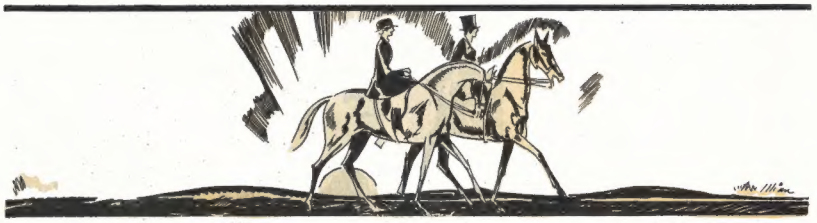
MIRRORS



ABOUT this time of the year, when the air has crisp currents of "coolth" running through it, turning cheeks as pink as strawberry ice cream, when concert programs are being made up, schoolboxes purchased and bookshelves replenished for the winter, ambition courses through human veins. The atmosphere is charged with plans for getting ahead. Young and old scheme anew to capture the elusive reality, Success.

Perhaps this autumnal mood made us discuss success with Mary Field Parton—the air, plus the subject of her new series, *Your Girl Makes Good*. We were astounded when she gave us her own rules for success. Perseverance? Courage? Inspiration? Not at all. Mrs. Parton won her way by the simple expedient of "looking like anybody's mother." She who, as a newspaper woman and magazine writer, has dared any adventure to obtain material for her articles, has the gentlest face you ever saw, the merriest eyes, the softest voice, and these things topped by her fluffy haircomb enable her, she says, "to transport dynamite, figuratively speaking."

"Long ago," said Mrs. Parton, "I parted my hair in the middle, braided it, and wound the braids on top of my head. Everyone thought then I was quiet, retiring, maternal. I could go anywhere unmolested; even the sternest executives melted. Why," here she chuckled, "that's how I 'made' the union."

Then she revealed, this mother of a flapper daughter, that she is the only feminine member of the Structural Steelworker's Union, nicknamed the "Iron Birds" because they tunnel through bulky mountains and swing bridges over great rivers. To be admitted, explained Mrs. Parton, as if she were divulging the latest recipe for oatmeal cookies, she had to walk a steel beam of an unfinished building.

Fannie Ferber Fox

Zane Grey

Mary Field Parton

IF IT is strange to hear Mrs. Parton's tale, it is equally diverting to know that Zane Grey, the popular, prolific Zane Grey whose books have reached the enormous sales total of 11,228,390, approached his writing career through a dentist's office! We were aghast when we heard about that, too. But Zane Grey, whom we picture as a rough-riding, robust fellow, studied dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania more than twenty years ago, and actually wore the white coat of a practitioner of the painful art in New York City. Imagine the author of romantic tales of purple prairies and golden mountain tops, serving his apprenticeship bracing himself for that final tug on a stubborn tooth! To be sure, he never liked the dental atmosphere, and played professional baseball to make up for it. Then a trip west with Colonel C. J. ("Buffalo") Jones awoke the bottled eloquence within him, and he wrote his first novel. There have been thirty since, and their author has three homes, a yacht, and two ranches.

SINCE we are delving in the past, let's stay there awhile. Nineteen years ago an American first novel called *Dawn O'Hara* made its appearance on the shelves of booklovers, bearing on the dedication page, "To my dear mother and to my sister Fannie who says 'Sh-sh-sh' outside my door." This was Fannie Ferber Fox's introduction to the public. She is, as you have guessed, Edna Ferber's only sister.

Since 1911 Edna has become a famous novelist; Fannie has married and raised a family. Fannie also edited a cook book—Edna Ferber says it's a swell cook book—and wrote special articles for a Chicago newspaper. But mostly she concentrated on the family, she told us when she came east to see her sister off for Europe. When she wrote *I Don't Want To Be Independent*, she drew not on her imagination but on her experience. Having begun to write she intends to keep on, she said quietly, sitting in the Ferber apartment overlooking the towers of Manhattan, a mountain retreat when Edna Ferber first took it but rapidly becoming a valley home in the rush of city skyscraping.

HENRY JAMES FORMAN, who has written *White Magic*, came down from Connecticut to talk to us this month. He told us: "I am interested in science these days because I think it is heading toward a general spiritual revival. It will not be a return of churchgoing, this revival, but it will be an awakening brought about by the modern miracles being passed all around us, miracles in which we have to believe." Then we discussed Einstein and God and secret service work during the war. Mr. Forman had charge of propaganda work in Switzerland while the great battle was on, you see. That was when he began to ponder the effects of modern science.

WE COULDN'T chat with Margaret Weymouth Jackson in Indiana, but we did ask for her picture, and here's what she sent: "I haven't any good photographs. Two years ago I made two attempts and the results were so disturbing to my peace of mind that I have never repeated them. I really do not think I am so bad looking, just to look at, but in a photograph I get a glassy film in my eye that makes me look like an escaped inmate of something."

JUST this one more broadcast now, and we are through for another month. We want to satisfy your curiosity about the absence for the last two months of the name Temple Bailey. Want some news of her, don't you? All right. She has spent the summer in Marblehead, Mass., the scene of *Wild Wind*. With her went her eighty-year-old mother, her constant comrade, who helps create a Southern atmosphere wherever the Bailey home is set up. Temple Bailey cherishes the Southern ideal, with its admonition "Be charming!", you know. She would rather see a girl without any formal education at all than one ignorant of music and pictures, who holds a B. A. degree. And she added—here's a promising note on which to end our chatter—she is going to do a story for the Christmas McCall's.

Emily Carter

Wisconsin's daughter—Helen Arthur, producer of plays

Illinois is home to Margaret Sawyer, outstanding food expert

YOUR GIRL MAKES GOOD

By Mary Field Parton

Decorations by BERTRAND ZADIG

ET us hear from you!"

That's what the folks back home say when young people set out with their kitful of hopes to challenge the success that lurks within skyscrapers. But once they said it only to boys journeying to New York. Today they say it almost as often to girls, to the young women who pack modish little bags and entrain for New York with hopes as high as their brothers'.

What happens to them?

Of what are their successes made?

How do they do it?

What are they like, after having made their mark in the world?

These are the questions the home folk ask.

And Mary Field Parton, in a series of four articles, of which this one on Middle-Western women is the first, answers the kin and friends in thumb-nail sketches of the careers of forty-eight women—one from every state in the Union.

These girls who have made good are representative of the large group of women who have made themselves inspiring examples to future generations of ambitious young women whose goal is New York. The story of their achievements is what the people in their native states want when they say:

"Let us hear from you!"

INDIANA

In a Man's World

In the corn belt of Indiana, in the town of Ladoga, lived a banker and his daughter Anne, who early prepared for a financial career. During vacations Anne Grimes helped keep books in her father's bank and really enjoyed looking at life from a teller's cage.

In the Chicago financial world she found her ambition balked, but as a book agent she discovered that she had salesmanship ability.

Five years later she talked a Wall Street brokerage house into giving her a position selling securities, persuaded the firm against its conviction that finance could be feminine.

To practice "sales talks" she went down to the Bowery on the edge of the Chinese quarter and interviewed anybody who would listen. Her listeners seldom bought—but they were her laboratory.

The war was just over. Money was tight. Discharged soldiers over-ran the financial district, selling securities. Women as security sellers usually met a curt rebuff. For Anne Grimes, daughter of a small-town banker, it was a time of severe testing. She won. Within two years she made the record sale of her organization. And in a man's world!

Today the majority of her customers are men. She regards them through her rimless, gold-bowed glasses with keen gray eyes. Her short hair is brushed back from a broad brow. Her dress, her manner, her speech has a Wall Street quality—the elimination of all that is unessential. Instinctively you trust Anne Grimes' sagacity.

Yet Miss Grimes, successful Wall Street saleswoman, makes no claim to wizardry.

"Selling securities in Wall Street means simply knowing your stocks and then plugging.

"No one salesman, however, makes anybody wealthy, for men with money to invest seek more than one person's advice."

Yet there are men and women who declare that Anne Grimes' counsel has made them rich.

"Can you foresee panics and crashes?"

"I wish I could," says Anne Grimes cheerfully. "No—not even with woman's alleged intuition. That's the business of the astrologers and mumbo-jumbo men. Our professions don't overlap."

IOWA

Huntress of Gems

"One day—I'd never sold anything in my life—I scooped fifteen strings of semi-precious jewels into a bag, walked into Tiffany's and sold every one on the spot! That was the taste of blood!"

And now Mrs. Abby Prather of Anamosa, Iowa, wholesale importer of semi-precious stones, sits in her studio workshops, designing necklaces, pins, and rings which are purchased by exclusive jewelers throughout the country.

"Yes, I was always crazy about jewels," she said. "I married a man whose business took him all over Europe and Asia. For fifteen years I just tagged along, collecting beads everywhere. Sometimes I'd buy curious chains right off the necks of natives, beads from camel drivers, from swarthy traders and dancing girls, from boney old crones and fakirs.

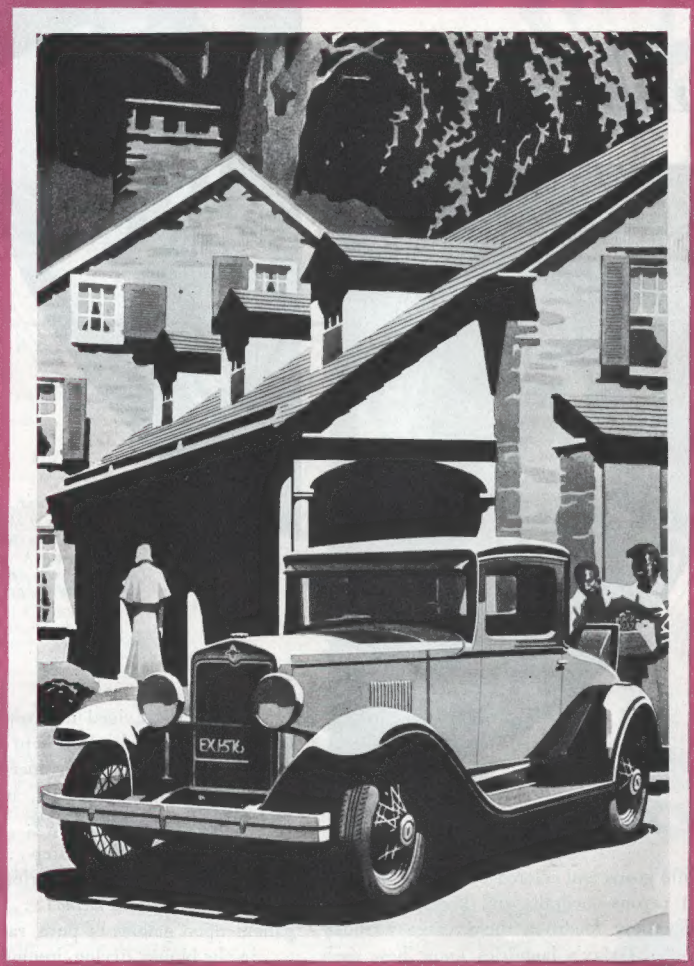
"When I returned home, people would say, 'Oh bring me a string like the one you are wearing.' So I did. But they forgot the order, or changed their minds, or went away. There I was, after one trip, with fifteen strings of unusual jewels on my hands. So I made my first sale . . . Tiffany. Well, now I have buyers out on the Gobi desert, in the market-places of Siam and Singapore; in the streets of Japan and Java; in the [*Turn to page 74*]

Amy Ellerman sang her first song in South Dakota

Tirzah Perfect, born in Minnesota, and a born artist

Katherine Anthony, of the Arkansas Anthonys; author

Agnes Tufverson, a New York lawyer from Michigan



for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

IT'S WISE TO
CHOOSE A SIX

You can be proud of the CHEVROLET SIX

because it is thoroughly modern

Women know *style.* And so their eyes instantly approve the Chevrolet Six, with its modishly smart Bodies by Fisher, harmonious in every detail. Each model is gracefully long and low—as a modern car must be—to inspire pride when you ride, or call for friends, or park before your home.

You will be fully as proud of what you can *do* with a Chevrolet Six, because of its thoroughly modern six-cylinder design. Nothing less can permit such smooth, easy, capable handling, with such gratifying peace-of-mind in every situation.

Once you feel modern six-cylinder advantages, you will insist that it's wise to choose a Six—especially since there is no premium to pay for all the extra performance, comfort, style and pride assured by the Chevrolet Six.

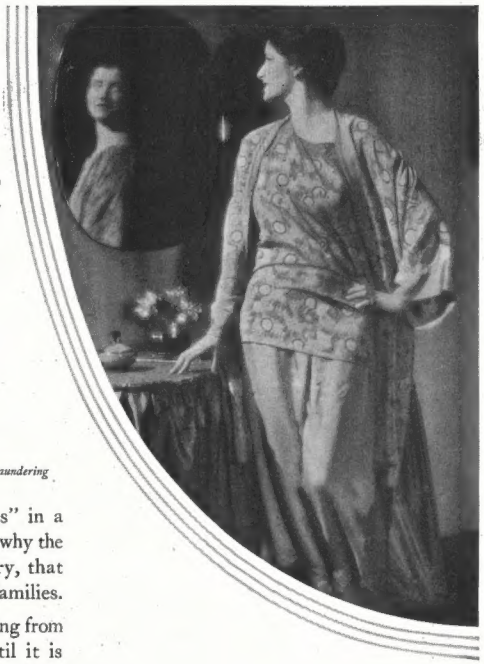
Roadster or Phaeton	$495
Sport Roadster	$515
Coach or Coupe	$565
Sport Coupe	$615
Club Sedan	$625
Sedan	$675
Special Sedan	$685

(6 wire wheels standard)
Prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

SKILLED HANDS *sort* YOUR *laundry bundle*

Many separate classifications assure safe, correct washing of all your precious things



Silk pajamas and colorful rompers—two of the many distinct, separate classifications into which laundry bundles are sorted for safe, efficient handling.

By MRS. MARTHA LANG
Consultant in Improved Methods, American Institute of Laundering

COME with me "behind the scenes" in a present-day laundry. Let us learn why the laundry way is so safe, so satisfactory, that it is now used by 8 million American families.

Thoughtful care protects your washing from the minute it leaves your hands until it is returned spotlessly, hygienically *clean*. This care starts with the important task of sorting or classifying each piece according to fabric, color fastness, and other washing qualities.

Your clothes, after being classified, insure receiving the correct washing process by the multiple-suds method.

White goods and colored—silks and woolens and rayons—overalls and lingerie—such is the variety found in the average washday bundle. Today's laundries know how each material, each color, can best be handled. More than a dozen separate classifications are included in the latest approved recommendations of the American Institute of Laundering—the million-dollar "proving ground" where laundry standards are tested.

This sorting is all done by hand—by alert, highly trained women who recognize instantly the correct classification for every article. Colors suspected of not being fast get special treatment. Silks, woolens and rayons are divided into several groups. Light and dark colors are kept apart. Thus the skilled hands of the classifier weave their way through your washing, making sure that everything is *started right*.

And in each laundering step . . . in the 3 to 5 sudsings and 4 or more rinsings of the modern *multiple-suds method* . . . in the use of gallons upon gallons of pure, rainsoft water . . . in the bluing, drying, ironing, packaging . . . the same thoughtful care continues. No wonder so many women agree that laundry-washed clothes come back cleaner and wear longer. They have proved it for themselves!

You need the leisure, the freedom that today's laundries bring at trifling cost. There's one as near as your telephone, ready to banish your washday worries. Phone for service this week and every week! *Sponsored by the Laundry-owners National Association of the United States and Canada.*

Above—the Million-Dollar "Proving Ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Illinois

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

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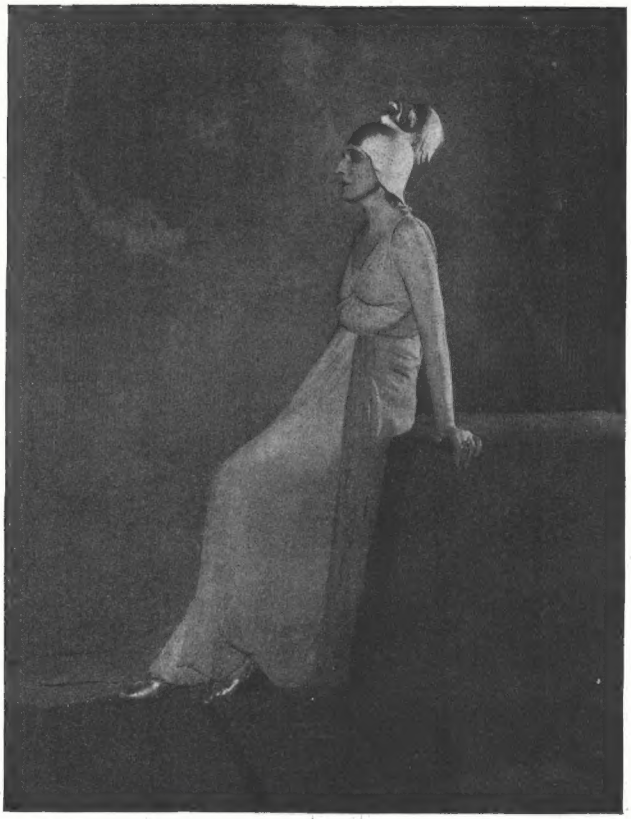

Violet Kemble Cooper, carrying the title role of "Lysistrata," a play that has been called a cultural cocktail

WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

ON THE STAGE

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

When Greek Meets Broadway

THERE used to be a professor at Harvard who was fond of remarking to each incoming class, "I don't believe the ancient Greeks ever realized that they were ancient Greeks." The fundamental verity of this observation is sturdily supported by the production of *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes. Other dramas from the days of Athens in its glory have found their way, from time to time, to Broadway, but these have been the work of tragic poets. It is understandable that poignant concepts should live on long after their creation, for death and jealousy and love are with us yet and suffer little change with the march of time.

It is easy to reach across the centuries and understand why some fellow human being was moved to tears, even though he lived in a civilization both ancient and alien. But it is hard to share his laughter. Even in a dentist's waiting room the jokes of the magazine, no more than six months old, seem somehow to have lost all savor, and in the case of theatrical revivals, the humor of grandfather's favorite is moldy and unintelligible to the present generation.

Sometimes we may be moved to mirth by the very ineptitude and quaintness of little old last year's quip. Even the wit of a Gilbert is supported largely by audiences dedicated in their devotion to the Savoy light operas. And so it is amazing that the funniest and most boisterous show current along Broadway in the hot weather happens to be a piece which was first produced at the Lenaeum Theater, Athens, in January, 411 B. C.

Lysistrata was a success from the start, though in those early days they had no ticket speculators to boost the price of seats to sixteen dollars. Not one of the smartest of the local wisecrackers has achieved anything within the season which has moved all hands to such hearty and such gusty laughter. [*Turn to page 118*]

Dashiell Hammett, brilliant new writer

READING AND WRITING

WITH ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

"Elementary, My Dear Watson"

WHEN she had served dinner for a ravenous horde of eighteen, and tidied up the kitchen, the matron of my fraternity house at college used to like nothing better than to draw up a rocking-chair, put her feet in the oven, and settle down to an evening with a real good book. Obliged by economic necessity to dwell in that monastic dormitory, she sought respite in such gaudy romances as *Three Weeks*. But since there were always several postulants for holy orders in the chapter, and since she felt herself *in loco parentis*, she kept any book she was reading encased in the jacket of some such unquestionably worthy work as *The Right of Way* by Gilbert Parker. Similarly, it was long a custom in this country to regard the reading of detective stories as downright shameful, or at least as faintly dissipated.

Then, a few years ago, there entered suddenly and mysteriously into the American credo the legend that it was the sign of a great mind to seek relaxation in detective fiction. We were told that Woodrow Wilson, after the exhausting process of reducing the eternal verities to terms which could be understood by Congress, would reach for a murder mystery instead [*Turn to page 71*]

The inimitable Garbo, the darling of the screen, stars in "Romance" with Gavin Gordon

WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Suitable For Children

THE task of answering questions from movie fans is an arduous one, and I generally shirk it by stating (and in all truth), "I don't know." Thus I can pass off such written requests for information as "Is it true that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have had a serious disagreement?" or "What was the exact hour of Janet Gaynor's birth?" I cheerfully consider these matters to be none of my business. But when people write to ask, "Can you recommend a list of pictures that are suitable for children?" I feel that I should be able to make definite reply.

One lady wants to know, "Are there any photoplays that have the same universal appeal for adults and youngsters that Amos 'n' Andy have on the radio?" Another says: "I naturally don't object to having my children confront the facts of life. They'll have to do that sooner or later, outside the movie theaters as well as in them. But I do object, strenuously, to having them taught to cultivate a cynical attitude toward those facts. Aren't there any movies that [*Turn to page 86*]

IN THE PULPIT

The New Ten Commandments

BY DR. ALBERT W. PALMER, D. D.

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. PALMER is the new President of the Theological School of the Congregationalist Church, in affiliation with the University of Chicago. In notable pastorates, as well as in such [*Turn to page 126*]

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

The Armchair Concert Season

NOW is the time to plan your concert-going for the coming season. Thanks to the radio, you need not live within a thousand miles of a symphony orchestra in order to hear the greatest music written, played by almost any organization you select and conducted by almost any conductor you choose. Fully a third of my own concert-going last season was done over the radio; and that third included some of the most enjoyable concerts that I heard. The hints that follow, therefore, are no mere theory; they are the plans and suggestions of an addict.

First of all, if you wish really to get the full value of good orchestral music, you must have a good radio set. Jazz, and the general run of dance music, can stand a good deal of punishment from bad reception without serious damage to their effect. In music of this type a good tune and a marked rhythm are [*Turn to page 71*]

One of the symphonic orchestras which make concert-going on the air a pleasant way to take your music

The spic-span City of Sunbrite

"I ALWAYS have lots of Sunbrite on hand for housecleaning. Sunbrite's wonderful for dirt, of course. But it's especially good for musty, out-of-the-way corners that need airing out. Scrubbing a closet or pantry with Sunbrite is like letting in sunshine!"...."Double-action" Sunbrite does double duty for you at housecleaning time. As it cleans, it freshens and sweetens and *purifies* —with no extra work. You can see how this saves time and hands. And cuts cost. Order a supply of Sunbrite for housecleaning today.

Swift & Company

You take such pride in your soft, snowy blankets . . . when you wash them with Quick Arrow White Soap Chips. So easy too!

Fluffy? Yes, Crisco is now *so* cream it. Simply stir together Whisk cakes into the

How else can it be so white?

A white cake that *is* a white cake is only possible when one uses a shortening like Crisco—pure, tasting for all the world like fresh, unsalted butter! Crisco blends thoroughly with the other ingredients and makes an even, fine-grained texture.

SNOW-WHITE CAKE
(at left)

2 cups sugar
1 cup milk
4 egg whites, beaten stiff
½ cup Crisco
½ teaspoon lemon extract
3 cups pastry flour
½ teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder

Blend Crisco and sugar. (Notice how much quicker this is with fluffy Crisco than with a shortening that must be creamed first.) Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Add alternately with milk to the first mixture. Add flavoring. Fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into 3 Criscoed 10-inch layer cake pans. Bake 20 minutes in moderate (350° F.) oven.

When cool put together with this filling. Mix 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour together and add four beaten egg yolks. To this add ¼ cup cold water and juice and rind of 1 lemon. Cook in double boiler till thick. Add 2 tablespoons Crisco just before taking off fire. For top and sides of cake, use the following uncooked icing: 2 cups confectioners sugar creamed with 2 tablespoons sweet cream, 1 unbeaten egg white, ⅛ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon flavoring.

Try this on your husband

There's at least one man in every family who thinks it isn't masculine to like sweets. But this applesauce cake always disarms him. Be sure to use delicate tasting Crisco or I can't guarantee that the fresh flavor of the apples will have their fair chance. Then I'm sure *your* man will ask for another piece.

A MAN'S FAVORITE
(at left)

½ cup Crisco
1 cup sugar
1 egg
2 cups flour
1 cup seedless raisins
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup apple sauce sweetened for table use
½ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons hot water

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg thoroughly in one operation. (See how easy it is to blend fluffy Crisco with the sugar and egg.) Add raisins and applesauce. Sift the spices and salt with flour and add in several portions. Before the last of the flour is added stir in the soda dissolved in the hot water. Beat well, pour into a greased loaf or tube pan and bake about one hour in a 350° F. oven.

Coffee Cream Icing: 4 tablespoons Crisco, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 or 4 tablespoons hot coffee, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 cups confectioners sugar. Blend Crisco, salt, cocoa and ½ cup sugar. Add alternately coffee and rest of sugar until a spreading consistency is reached.

This is so good it needs no icing

"In the autumn on our grandmother's farm a flock of us children used to traipse through the woods gathering hickory nuts—shell-barks—large and filled with luscious nut meats," writes the woman who sends me this recipe. "Grandmother made up a cake batter, filled it with the nuts, and we'd eat it right out of the oven, hot, without any frosting. And we called the cake 'Shell-bark Cake'."

If you can't find hickory nuts in the market, use English walnuts. But don't substitute any other shortening for Crisco or you won't know this cake at its best. Crisco is so sweet tasting and fresh flavored by itself that it brings out all the goodness of the other ingredients.

SHELL-BARK CAKE

½ cup Crisco
4 teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
3 eggs, separated
½ cup milk
2 cups flour
1 cup chopped hickory nuts (or walnuts)

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg yolks thoroughly. Sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk. Stir in beaten egg whites and chopped nuts. Bake in a loaf or in a flat pan (square or oblong) in a moderately hot oven (350° F.) for about 45 minutes. If you prefer an icing, you can use one of the white icings (that are given on this page) and decorate with halved nut meats.

AN ICING HINT: The cooked icings given in these recipes are very simple to make. In fact, if you haven't a thermometer, the old-fashioned cold-water test will do—and your icing won't be sugary or runny. If, in spite of these precautions, your icing doesn't thicken (sometimes on rainy days it's pretty stubborn) put the icing bowl in a pan of hot water and continue beating until the icing *is* thick enough to spread.

NO CREAMING NEEDED: In any cake recipe calling for whole eggs, I suggest that you put Crisco, sugar and eggs all at once in the bowl and blend them *in one operation*. Notice how easily *three* separate difficult operations can be combined in *one*—because Crisco comes to you so fluffy and so workable.

If you feel that you must blend Crisco and sugar first *before* you add the well beaten eggs, you will find that fluffy, creamy Crisco will save you minutes of blending time! It's so easy to work with! And you'll have such light, tender, moist cakes.

ADD SALT TO CRISCO: Use Crisco in place of butter in your own time-and-tried recipes, but add salt (1 teaspoon to each cup of Crisco). Crisco contains no salt—it is as sweet as fresh unsalted butter.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

fluffy you don't need to Crisco sugar eggs oven in ⅓ less time

Perhaps Rameses II ate some of these

"The charming art of cake baking probably originated with the Egyptians," says an old cook book called "The Pantropheon or The History of Food." Gorgeously sweet and filled with spices were these Egyptian cakes. Can't you imagine an old Egyptian cook puzzling out the hieroglyphs which meant Yum Yum Gems? And then hunting around for the spiciest spices, the sweetest honey and a delicate shortening? No hunting around for a delicate shortening now—for your corner grocer has Crisco with its fresh, sweet flavor, sealed in an air-tight can, a fresher, sweeter flavor than you ever imagined a shortening could have!

YUM YUM GEMS
(at right)

½ cup Crisco
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 cup sour milk
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cloves
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup raisins
½ cup walnut meats (chopped)

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg at one time. (Fluffy light Crisco saves blending time!) Add sour milk. Stir in sifted ingredients and add raisins and nuts. Pour into Criscoed cup cake tins or paper baking cups and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes, or until done. This recipe makes about 1 dozen good sized cup cakes or 2 dozen small ones. Frost with the following icing:

¾ cup fine granulated sugar
3 tablespoons hot water
½ teaspoon cream tartar or baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg white

Place all ingredients except vanilla in top part of double boiler, having water in lower part boiling vigorously. Beat until thick. Remove from heat and continue beating until cool enough to spread. Add vanilla.

A cake that goes to church

No church supper in a certain little Indiana town is complete without one of Mrs. B.'s black devil's food cakes. And when the appetizing odor is wafted out of her kitchen the children all gather 'round to learn if it's a cake for them, or only a cake for the church grown-ups.

In all her cakes Mrs. B., of course, uses Crisco—a shortening that tastes as pure and sweet as unsalted butter fresh from the churn. She says: "Crisco keeps my cakes moist and fresh as long as I can keep the children away from the cake-box."

BLACK DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE
(at right)

⅔ cup Crisco
1½ cups sugar
⅔ cup cocoa
1½ cup hot water
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 eggs
1 cup thick sour milk
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt

Blend Crisco, sugar and eggs thoroughly in one operation. (Note how easily and thoroughly *three* separate, difficult operations are now combined with the help of Crisco, which comes to you already creamed). Beat cocoa into hot water until smooth and add to first mixture. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together and add to sugar mixture alternately with the milk to which has been added the soda and flavoring. Bake in three Criscoed 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven (350° F.) for about 20 minutes. When cool put layers together with the following icing: Cook 1¾ cups granulated sugar and ⅓ teaspoon salt with ½ cup water to a temperature of 238° F. or until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour slowly over 3 egg whites beaten stiff, beating mixture as you do so. While icing is still hot, fold in 12 marshmallows which have been cut in pieces. Beat until of a consistency to spread.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

When you haven't time to bake cakes yourself, you'll probably find, at a nearby bake-shop or grocery, delicious cakes made by a baker who uses Crisco, too. Most good bakers *do* use Crisco, I've discovered. And I've found, also, that when a baker is so particular in the choice of his shortening, he is apt to use the finest of other ingredients, as well.

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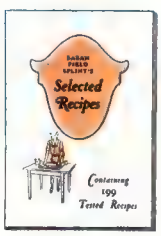
FREE! Miss Splint's Selected Recipes

199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. Every recipe makes a perfectly delicious dish, practical for use in the average home. Many of the recipes are quite unusual—but the ingredients themselves are those you already have on your pantry shelf, or can procure easily. Free—simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.



Winifred S. Carter (Dept. XM-100), P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.
Please send me free the cook book, "Sarah Field Splint's Selected Recipes."

Name_____

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To wash dishes a new speedy 1, 2, 3 way

this special new form of Chipso

Chipso Granules

1. Instant suds. 2. A short soaking and a swish or two with your mop. 3. A hot rinse . . . and you're through!

Add water to Chipso Granules—see the glorious rich suds mount in your pan. Put in your dishes and watch these specially-made rich suds clear away grease and stickiness like magic.

Chipso Granules are a new form of Chipso—made especially for dishes. They're new. They're quick. They're easy to use. They are rich, lasting Chipso suds *in steam-dried form*—all ready-prepared for lightning-fast dishwashing.

With Chipso Granules you don't wait a moment for suds . . . You don't scrub at food particles or grease . . . and you needn't even wipe your dishes. A dash of hot water clears these rich fluffy suds away, and your dishes dry themselves with as bright a sparkle as though you'd polished them!

Try Chipso Granules this evening and see if you don't save more time than you believed possible. You can get from your grocer today a big 25¢ box that will do all your dishes for a month.

And for clothes - Chipso Flakes! *Rich, lasting* suds do the hard work

THE original flaked form of Chipso is used by more women on washday than any other flaked —*or other packaged soap* . . . "Chipso suds are so rich and lasting," these women say. "Chipso actually takes the dirt out faster." "Chipso-washed clothes are whiter."

"I'm sure *suds* are the secret of a successful wash," wrote a young mother from Connecticut. "My experience with Chipso in washing for an active family of five includes my first method of doing everything by hand, and now with my wonderful new washing machine. In both cases, I have found that the thick, snowy Chipso suds are the best cleanser I've ever used. Even work shirts and play clothes come out wonderfully clean!" Chipso's lasting suds *do* make washday easier!

There are other soaps, of course, that give a nice-looking suds. But often these suds have no "body" . . . they fall down when they meet soiled clothes, and practically stop working. These soaps are not *rich* enough.

But Chipso suds "stand up," because Chipso is a *rich* soap. (Notice the next time what a rich *feel* the suds have—see how long they last.) Chipso suds keep on working until you rinse. And you work less because the suds work more.

Because Chipso is so rich, the big 25¢ box goes far. One woman with a small family writes that she can do 8 washes with one box. I myself have found that I can always do 5, sometimes more. And certainly that is thrifty, isn't it?

Ruth Turner

Because Chipso is a rich soap, Chipso suds "stand up" in tub or washing machine, and loosen dirt *quickly*. Safely too—because Chipso is *rich*, not *strong*.

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Important! Chipso—Now in 2 Forms—*Flakes* and *Granules*

October McCALL'S 1930

"The least you can expect is a—a fight. It's happened before aboot her"

The most appealing novel of the gallant West that ZANE GREY has ever written is this story of

THE DUDE RANGER

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN

"I'LL palm myself off as a cowboy!" In his excitement, Ernest Selby spoke his thought aloud; then he looked around quickly to see if anyone had overheard him. His fellow travelers paid no marked attention and he breathed freely again. A growing elation had been mounting in Ernest ever since the train had climbed the Raton Pass into New Mexico.

Now he was fairly in Arizona. This was the West, the real West that had always spelled romance and adventure to him; and almost miraculously had come his opportunity to become part of it.

Time and again, since he had left his home in Iowa, Ernest had pulled out the papers and letter from the lawyer in Chicago. These set forth that his uncle, Silas Selby, had died suddenly of a heart attack and had bequeathed to his nephew a certain property in Arizona called "Red Rock Ranch." The lawyer went on to say that just before his death Mr. Silas Selby had decided to make a trip to the ranch to ascertain just why the revenues had so greatly fallen off. The reports of the manager, Hepford, were apparently in good order. They explained why, in the last three years, twenty thousand head of

Anne Hepford, the rose of Red Rock Ranch, who scorned a tenderfoot and—

cattle had dwindled to six thousand. But Mr. Selby had felt the discrepancy warranted investigation. Now his death had put the matter squarely up to Ernest, the new owner of the ranch.

Ernest had talked the matter over with his father and mother, then had permitted no grass to grow under his feet before boarding a westward-bound train. He knew little or nothing about ranching, he admitted, and was entirely unfitted to step in and manage a large ranch. He ought to learn the business from the ground up. Then had come the idea: why not, under an assumed name, ask for employment as a cowboy on his own ranch? In that way he could get the inside track on the ranch management. There might be difficulty in persuading Hepford to employ him, but Ernest was inclined to meet that issue when he came to it. He felt equal to any situation, now that he was really in the West with all its mysterious possibilities.

ERNEST left the train at Holbrook. Sight of several cowboys lounging on a corner opposite the station drew him. The cowboys were young, red-faced, sharp-eyed, lazy in movement, and garbed in the picturesque big sombreros, flannel shirts, overalls, high-top boots and enormously long spurs.

He stepped up to these worthies, glad that he was dressed plainly. "Any place round here to eat?"

They eyed him without apparently seeing him. "Shore," replied one, pointing across the street. "There's a hotel. An' there's a lunch counter at the depot. If you cain't get enough at them, there's a Chink restaurant down the street, an' a Navajo joint."

"What time does the stage leave for Springertown?" asked Ernest, risking one more query of the cowboys.

"Wal, it goes at eleven an' then again it don't," was the cryptic reply.

"Thanks for your courtesy," returned Ernest, without change of inflection or expression. His speech drew a suspicious glance. He walked off toward the hotel. There he left his bag, and after asking a few questions, sallied forth, all eyes. The first person his gaze fell upon was a handsome, red-haired girl; and as Ernest passed he heard her say to a companion: "Sorry, Polly, but I'm taking the stage this mawnin' for Red Rock Ranch. Dad had me draw more money than I like to be responsible for."

That remark interested Ernest tremendously. Red Rock Ranch was the very one that had been bequeathed to him by his uncle. Impulsively he turned back and doffed his hat.

"Excuse me, Miss—" he began, then broke off abruptly, realizing he had been about to introduce himself.

The girl turned on him a pair of amused green eyes.

Ernest stuttered, but managed to go on: "W-will you, that is, can you direct me to a store where I can buy a riding outfit?"

"Can't you read, Mister?" she replied, rather flippantly, and pointed to the large white-lettered signs on the windows directly across the street.

Ernest thanked her and went on, catching a remark about a good-looking tenderfoot. He was sensitive at this criticism because he knew he was just that.

Choosing the restaurant kept by the Chinaman, he went in to get breakfast. The place contained a long lunch counter and some tables. Ernest took a seat at one of the tables placed along a board partition which separated the restaurant from the business next door. It must have been of very flimsy board, for his keen ears caught the sound of low voices from the other side. Every word was distinct.

"I seen Hepford's gurl get it."

"At the bank?"

"Shore. An' she's takin' the Springer stage this mornin'."

"Spose thar's others goin', too?"

"Wal, Bud'll git it if we don't. He's gone on ahead. But we'll lay low fer a good chanct fer ourselves."

THEN came the scraping of chairs, and footsteps. Ernest looked out of the window and a moment later saw two men emerge from the next door. They were certainly hard-looking customers, and Ernest scrutinized them carefully. He would not be likely to forget either. They went down the street, and such was Ernest's degree of excitement that he could scarcely make the Chinaman understand what he wanted to eat. Then when he got it he had lost his appetite. What an opportunity had been fairly thrust upon him! The girl he had spoken to was the daughter of Hepford, the manager of Red Rock Ranch, and she was going to be robbed!

The bandit referred to as Bud would hold up the stage somewhere, or more likely, the two Ernest had heard would take passage upon it until a favorable opportunity presented for carrying out their plans. Ernest, forewarned would be forearmed. He would watch carefully and would nip the bandits' plans in the bud with little or no risk. To introduce himself at Red Rock Ranch with such a coup to his credit would assure his reception there and the possibility of being employed as a cowboy. Nothing tenderfoot about that!

He would require a gun, along with the cowboy clothes he had planned to purchase. Thrilled at the prospect he set out to find the store to which he had been directed.

It did not take long to purchase what he wanted. The clerk evidently suspected that he was not greatly conversant with cowboy outfits, which hurried Ernest into

Ernest Selby, who found the West's lure in its lovely daughter

additional purchases of chaps, scarfs, blanket, and finally gun, belt and shells.

The last thing Ernest desired was to excite curiosity; and in his hurry to escape from the store with his large bundle he turned a corner so fast that he collided with someone. To his horror he recognized the Hepford girl. Her beautiful green eyes were very wide and angry. She straightened her hat, and glared at him.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Ernest. "I wasn't looking. I'm very awkward."

She stood up and shot him a glance that made him shrink. As she passed Ernest saw a spot of rich red under the clear brown of her cheek. His first impulse was to follow her and explain that even his exceeding admiration for a pretty girl would not lead him to the extreme of purposely colliding with her. But he desisted, and thoughtfully picked his way out of the store.

ERNEST went back to the hotel, got a room, and changing his clothes for the cowboy garb, was so pleased with himself that he quite forgot his momentary dismay. Rough garments became him. He looked the part all right, but decided he had better leave off the spurs until he had taken a few lessons in walking with them. The gun was big and heavy. He loaded it and stuck it in his hip pocket. Packing up, he made his way to the stage. And he learned that despite the misleading cowboy, the stage was to depart in a few minutes.

The vehicle looked to Ernest like a very large spring-wagon, with four wide seats behind the driver's seat, and a top with rolled curtains, which evidently were to be let down in inclement weather. Two well-matched teams were hitched to it, and apparently impatient to be off.

"Whar you goin', cowboy?" inquired the driver.

"Springertown," answered Ernest, as laconically as he was able, considering his glee at being taken for a cowboy.

"Ten—in advance," demanded the driver, bluntly, implying no question as to his experience with range gentry.

"Ten what?" inquired Ernest innocently, looking up at the man with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Say, boy, air you advertisin' the Kansas plains?" queried the stage driver in real or assumed amazement. "Ten bucks. Simoleons! Cart-wheels! Pesos! Otherwise good old U. S. coin!"

"Oh, I reckoned you meant ten cents fare," replied Ernest, guilelessly, and produced his wallet, out of which he guardedly extracted a greenback.

"Ahuh," grunted the driver, taking the money. "You can have the back seat. Stow your bags under."

Ernest leisurely did as he was bidden, after which he settled back to enjoy the situation. The seat in front was empty, and the next contained the two hard-looking fellows he had seen in the restaurant.

Presently, on the sidewalk, he espied the girl he had so interestingly encountered twice before that morning. She had come out of the hotel with a middle-aged woman and a cowboy much burdened by bags and bundles. As they reached the stage Ernest averted his face, notwithstanding the fact that he would have liked to see hers when she recognized him.

"Goodbye, Jeff, and thanks for everything," the girl was saying.

"Shore sorry I didn't know sooner you was in town an' sorrier you're goin'," replied the cowboy, in a likable drawl. "But shore you'll be in fer the Fourth."

"I'm afraid not, Jeff," she replied, regretfully.

"Aw, you're missin' *the* dance!"

"Reckon I'll miss more than that. If it hadn't been for some particular business of Dad's, I'd not have got to town this time . . . Fact is, Jeff, we're awfully upset out at Red Rock Ranch these days," she confided.

"You don't say, Anne! An' what about?" inquired Jeff.

"Well, I suppose I may as well tell my friends," said the girl, resignedly. She lowered her voice, but her words, nevertheless, fell distinctly on Ernest's ears. "You know we don't really own Red Rock, though it always seemed we did. Dad only runs the ranch for that old skinflint Selby. It appears Selby died. We never heard until a letter came from his lawyer. That letter told us that some one would arrive in Arizona, sooner or later, to take charge of the ranch."

"Dog-gone! Thet's shore tough," ejaculated the cowboy. "Who'd old Selby leave Red Rock to?"

"The lawyer didn't say. I suppose to a tenderfoot son or nephew. But Dad thinks not. Selby had a middle-aged brother," replied the girl, bitterly.

"Wal, I'd stand to be a lot myself to get thet ranch left to me," rejoined Jeff, with a mellow laugh. "Cheer up, Miss Anne. Reckon things will go on aboot the same. This heah man won't show up, an' if he does you can marry him. Ha! Ha!"

THE ladies joined in the laugh. "That's what Mrs. Jones advised," continued the girl, presently; "but it's not funny. Catch me marrying some white-necked tenderfoot, or some bald-headed Easterner, even to save Red Rock."

[*Turn to page 146*]

LOVE IS SO WONDERFUL

But can you expect a girl like Claudia to go around in last year's hat?

By Elizabeth Corbett

THE Skinner girls always dusted the best rooms themselves, because although Mattie was as good as any help you could get nowadays, and had been with them fourteen years, there are certain things which you don't care to trust to a servant.

Miss Jeanette took the front parlor by right of seniority, and Miss Catherine the back parlor. That left the library for Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy never entered the library without catching her breath; it had been the lair of dear Papa, a white-whiskered old gentleman who never surrendered the tradition of family authority.

On the table, between Papa's cigar humidor and the paper weight he brought from Naples in the 70's, stood Cousin Claudia's picture. Miss Lucy always saved the table until last, and admired Claudia as she dusted her. Claudia's grandfather had been dear Papa's brother, and although the Skinner sisters had not seen her since she was a little girl, she was their closest relative.

With unseeing eyes Claudia stared down

The picture showed her in a glittering evening gown, with her short black hair brushed close to her head, and earrings that hung almost to her shoulders. Claudia lived in New York. She had married a man who was something in Wall Street, and had gone to Europe on her honeymoon, and sent the sisters picture postcards of the Castle of Chillon and St. Mark's in Venice, which they kept to show Mr. Monroe when he came to Sunday tea, because Mr. Monroe had been to Europe too, and was awfully well-informed.

ON THE seventh of October, which was Claudia's twenty-fourth birthday, Miss Lucy gathered a little nosegay of late chrysanthemums to stand before Claudia's picture, and thought how wonderful it was to be so young, and so lovely, and married to the man of your choice.

And that very day Claudia and Fred staged the battle of the century. It was about money, of all things! Fred had been losing money in the Street, though a man shouldn't be in Wall Street at all except to make money; and instead of apologizing, he began to preach economy at Claudia. Economy on her birthday—and he had even forgotten what day it was!

Claudia was more hurt than angry at first; although it was their first real quarrel, they might have made it up if Fred hadn't descended to sarcasm. For Claudia had taken refuge in the simple statement, "A girl can't be expected to go around in last year's hat."

As, of course, she can't. But Fred retorted with a loud guffaw, "As if you ever went around in last week's!"

Claudia went to the telephone, and dialed Western Union.

Her telegram came in the middle of a busy week. Old Miss Belknap came twice a year to do the Skinner girls' dressmaking. Miss Jeanette wore purple, Miss Catherine gray, and Miss Lucy brown. Miss Belknap had a paper pattern for each of them; when the patterns wore out, she cut new ones by the old. The Skinner girls bought the best material, and handsome trimming; but as Miss Jeanette said, they "didn't believe in changing with every whim of fashion."

The telegram caused a mild furor. Miss Catherine wondered out loud who was dead; but Miss Jeanette sent Mattie for a paper cutter, and opened the envelope. Busy as they were, of course they sent word for Claudia to come at once. Their spare room was always in readiness for guests, its miles of ingrain carpet swept twice a week, and its long lace curtains dried four times a year on stretchers under Miss Jeanette's own eyes.

New York seemed to the Skinner girls a long distance from Milwaukee, where dear Papa had amassed a comfortable fortune by being too conservative ever to sell any of his real estate. But two days after her telegram came, a taxicab actually set Claudia down at the Skinner house, three stories painted gray with a darker gray trimming, just as it had been when a small Claudia in rompers had perched on the porch railing and been fed with hot cookies.

The sisters came rushing to the door to welcome her. Claudia kissed them all around—majestic Miss Jeanette, aquiline Miss Catherine, who always walked a little sidewise with her elbows pressed close to her ribs, and plump Miss Lucy, whose thick, untidy hair had faded instead of graying, and whose near-sighted blue eyes were kind when they forgot to be frightened.

"We should have met you at the station," said Miss Jeanette, "if you had let us know what train you were coming on."

"You have a look of the Skinners about your mouth," said Miss Catherine. "The Skinners were always considered a very handsome family."

Miss Lucy didn't say anything. By the time her turn came, there usually wasn't much left to be said. But seeing that Claudia was even prettier than her picture, she smiled; and Claudia, who was beginning to feel like a Skinner about her mouth, smiled back, and forgot for a moment the burden that had grown heavier as mile after mile separated her from Fred. Because of course it was her own idea to come away for a time, and let him economize all he liked in her absence; but he needn't have been quite so easy to persuade.

"We have supper at six," said Miss Jeanette. "That will give you plenty of time to unpack."

CLAUDIA didn't unpack much—about tomorrow she'd be getting a frantic telegram demanding her return—but she scrambled through her wardrobe trunk for her plainest dress. It was too plain, indeed, to set beside the tradition of "handsome trimming," but it was older by at least three months than anything else Claudia owned.

The supper table was set under a hanging lamp heavy with crystal pendants; the damask cloth was almost hidden under rows of forks and spoons, and dishes of preserves and relishes. Mattie set down the soup tureen before Miss Jeanette. "Perhaps you are accustomed to dinner at night?" asked Miss Jeanette.

"I don't think I'll starve," said Claudia, beaming with delight over the bone-dishes. If she hadn't visited the Skinner girls when she was little, she wouldn't even have known what the bone dishes were.

"We try to set a good table," said Miss Jeanette. "It's most demoralizing, this modern fad for dieting." Her eye lingered on plump Miss Lucy, who picked up her soup spoon with guilty haste.

"Did you have a good trip?" asked Miss Catherine.

"Horrid," said Claudia. "I had to take a section instead of a stateroom."

Miss Jeanette cleared her throat. "Ahem! 'Egypt and Its Monuments'—What's the matter, Lucy?"

"A stateroom is very comfortable," agreed Miss Jeanette. "We had a stateroom when we went to the Buffalo Exposition in 1901."

"We had such a good time at the Exposition," said Miss Lucy.

"And it was so educational besides," said Miss Catherine quickly; then after a ponderous moment's delay: "But not, I think, as educational as the Fair in Chicago in 1893," she added.

"I preferred Buffalo," said Miss Jeanette. "I have always liked the East."

The oyster stew was succeeded by cold meat, fried potatoes, cabbage salad, and hot biscuit. Miss Jeanette brought up the next topic of conversation in its turn. "Did you leave Mr. Murray well?"

"Call him Cousin Fred," said Miss Catherine. "After all, he's kin too."

"If Claudia doesn't mind," said Miss Jeanette.

"Not at all," said Claudia. "Yes, he's well."

"Perhaps you'd like the lamp lighted?" suggested Miss Lucy. "We don't usually light it until the third week in October; but we're having such cloudy weather this fall."

Miss Jeanette rang a small silver bell that stood beside her plate, and ordered Mattie to light the lamp. "We've been speaking of having gas put into the house."

"Not electricity," said Miss Catherine.

"Certainly not," agreed Miss Jeanette. "Electricity causes fires. A good many people who did have electricity put in are now having it taken out for that very reason."

Dessert was a magnificent chocolate cake and a large bowl of brandied peaches. "Next week," said Miss Lucy, "we must see about a man to put up the storm windows."

"And we must order our fur coats sent up from storage," said Miss Catherine.

"Papa bought us all our sealskin coats," said Miss Jeanette. "Fur was fur in those days, not dyed imitations."

"Do you know," said Miss Lucy, "I thought last spring my coat was beginning to get a little shabby?"

Miss Catherine looked shocked, but Miss Jeanette disposed of the subject by saying firmly, "A sealskin coat is a sealskin coat."

She rang the silver bell for Mattie to clear away. Miss Lucy went to the sitting room to light the Rochester burner on the center table. Three cats, who had sat decorously in the hall throughout the meal, followed her.

Miss Jeanette objected, "I thought we'd sit in the front parlor tonight. On Claudia's first evening, we want to visit."

BUT Claudia sat down in the sitting room. The largest cat jumped in her lap at once. Animals, children, and men always liked Claudia. Women didn't always.

"Don't make company of me," she said hastily. "Just go on with what you usually do in the evening."

"One of us reads aloud, and the others sew," admitted Miss Lucy. "Living in New York, you must keep track of what is being written. Perhaps you've brought along some new books?"

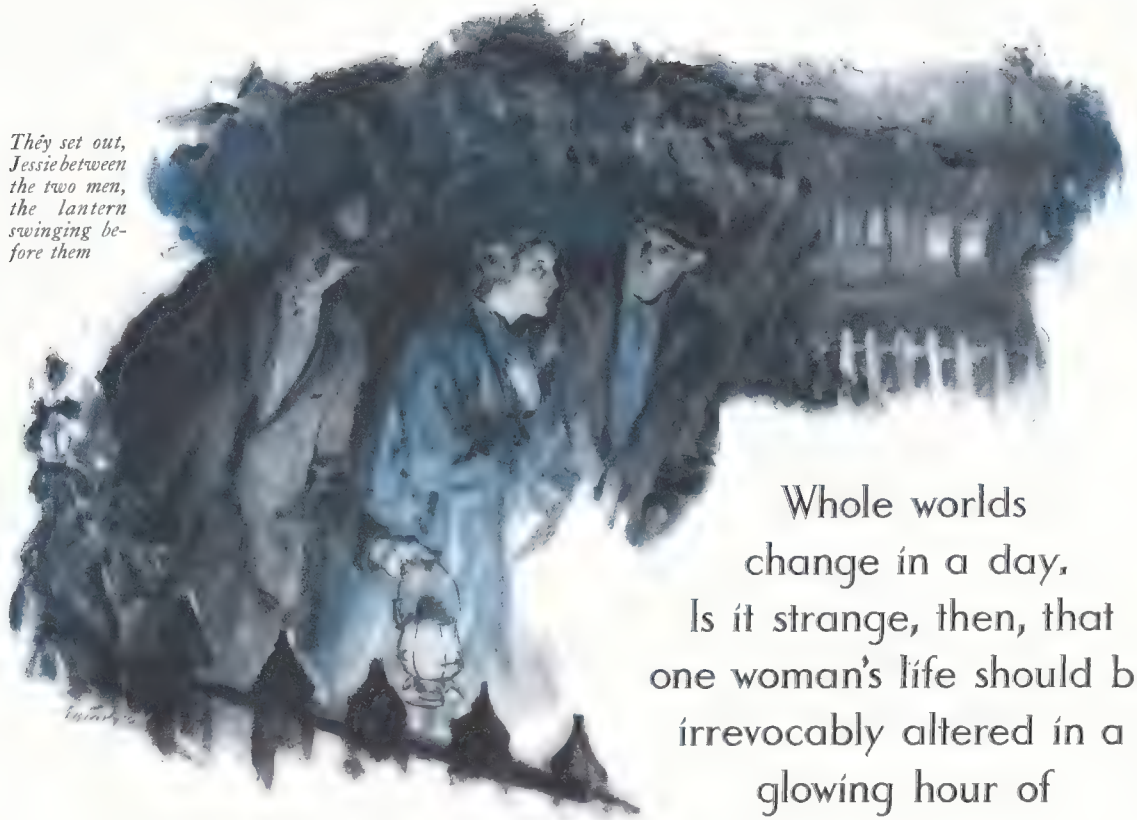
Claudia had—a volume of the latest negro poet, and the newest translation of Proust. "Why don't you go on with what you were reading," she suggested. "You probably read a great deal more than I do."

"We like something rather solid and educational," admitted Miss Jeanette. "This afternoon Lucy brought home from the library a book on the monuments of ancient Egypt."

Egypt—clear starlit skies—Fred and Claudia, married just six weeks, still dazed with their own happiness. Claudia opened her smart green bag and fumbled for a cigarette. It was halfway to her mouth when she caught Miss Jeanette's eye upon her. "Oh, sorry!" she faltered, and started to put it back.

But Miss Jeanette rustled toward the dining room door. "Mattie," she [*Turn to page 48*]

Illustrated by WALTER BIGGS



They set out, Jessie between the two men, the lantern swinging before them

Whole worlds change in a day. Is it strange, then, that one woman's life should be irrevocably altered in a glowing hour of

CANDLELIGHT

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

Illustrated by L. R. GUSTAVSON

THE storm was coming over the mountain with alarming suddenness. Already the wind had changed from hot to cool; the dust rose in the streets of the village in harsh eddies that whirled and lifted around the hitch-in rail and the post office corner. The sky grew darker, and an unexpected flash of lightning appeared for an instant, followed by the roll of approaching thunder.

Jessie ran down the stairs and out through the kitchen and back porch into the yard, to bring in the dry washing. Shutters banged. A chicken coop was caught by the wind, and rolled. Jessie worked with furious speed, filling her mouth with clothespins, stuffing them into her apron pockets, gathering the sheets and pillow cases against her breast in a miscellaneous embrace. She ran into the shelter of the porch with her first load, and saw William, who was her nearest neighbor, and a fireman on the way freight, standing there watching her, his blue eyes crinkled with fun.

"Help me!" she cried to him; "the rain is starting already." She lifted her voice in a clear, carrying call.

"Arthur—Tommy—Frank. Come quick! Hurry! That's the way—hold the baby's hand, Tom. Run into the house, now." She turned in exasperation to the young man, who was shooing the little ones up the walk, as though they were chickens.

"Get the tablecloths, William!"

The rain had begun. They brought in the last of the things with the first big drops smacking down upon their bare heads and shoulders. In the shelter of the porch Jessie dumped the things down on the bench there, until she could gather them together, and turned for a moment to look up at the blackening sky, above the mountain side, where Mrs. Murgaty's house lifted its elegant cupola beyond the white square of the "new" church. The day was over now, too early. The rain was coming down the mountain side in sheets.

William slipped up behind Jessie and put both hands over her eyes, but she pushed him away with a good deal of vigor and cried sharply, above the uproar, "Quit fooling. I have to get the chickens in!"

She ran out into the rain and he followed her, pulling his cap from his coat pocket, and putting it over his thick yellow hair. The chickens were huddled disconsolately near the hen house. Jessie swooped and picked up a little old tin pan from which they were fed, and beat upon it with a stick.

"Choo-choo-chookie!" she called, and propped the door of their house open, and strewed grain on the floor within. The chickens all came running, their necks stretched straight out in greedy anticipation. Jessie shut the door when they were in, and ran back along the narrow wooden walk to the old porch, William still behind her.

She was laughing and out of breath when she reached shelter; but at once took up a staggering load of the clean clothes, and William brought the rest in, and closed the kitchen door against the storm. The children had their faces pressed against the window pane, watching the lightning which now flashed intermittently from the clouds. Jessie piled the clean clothes on the dining room table and turned on the electric light that hung above it, a light bulb hanging at the end of a long, twisted green cord, a globe that sent out a harsh, unsoftened light. William said in Jessie's ear, "And Noah was six hundred years old when the flood of waters was on the earth." Jessie ignored him, sorting things skillfully, and he went on intoning, in some mockery not too subtle, "That same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened."

"Why, Mrs. Murgaty!" said Jessie; "when did you come in?"

William roared with laughter.

"Your cheeks are almost as red as your hair," he said, and Jessie offered him a sharp elbow for answer. William took off his coat, and hung it over the back of a chair, and picked up the "least one," as they called Frankie, and put him on his shoulders. Tom came and clung to William, but Arthur turned a serious face to his sister.

"Where do you suppose Pa is?" he asked. Jessie paused and looked at him. She had a fold of a sheet between her white teeth. She put the corners together neatly, gave the sheet a snap that laid it flat, folded it again and rolled it into a bundle and stuffed it in the clothes basket.

"Things are just about damp enough to iron," she said. "I'll go ahead and put them away before I make supper. Pa, Arthur? Oh, Pa's all right. He's on the mountain, somewhere, hunting."

"You ain't scared for him in this storm, Sis?"

Jessie considered and shook her head, while the little brothers watched her trustingly.

"No, I'm not scared for him," she told Arthur; "he's all right. He'll maybe lay up in a wood-cutter's shack all night, or he'll come on down, if he's near home."

"He'd better not get under a tree tonight," said William, and Jessie answered, "The worst of the storm is already over, when the rain starts."

"Not this time," said William, and as though to answer, the rain came in a fresh, roaring deluge, and the whole watery world was illumined for a moment by a double flash of white lightning. The least one whimpered a little, and William tossed him to make him laugh, and then, the baby secure in his arms, he sat down by the table to watch Jessie. His square, honest face was sober enough now, and troubled, too.

"Your Pa out of work again, Jessie?" he said.

Jessie's lips thinned. She gave him a level glance. "And whose business is it, if he is?" she asked.

"It's mine," he answered her. "I guess I've a right to worry about you, haven't I? It says in the Bible to love your neighbors."

"A lot you know about it!" she said severely.

"All the same," he answered hotly, "your Pa ought to work steady. He can't do this way—working one week in the month, and laying off the other three—hunting and fishing, like a boy. I hunt, too, and I work every day. Is he going to take that trip to Texas?"

"Ask him," said Jessie; "how'd I know?" She added reluctantly that he had a call to go to Texas.

"Mrs. Murgaty must be closing in on him," said William. "He had the call to go to Canada last year when she was getting too serious—and he left you alone four months with the boys."

"We got on fine," said Jessie—"if it's your affair."

The least one had William's big watch, and played with it in absorbed silence. William said, "It was summer then, and you had a good garden, and little chickens coming on to fry. But it'll soon be winter, now."

JESSIE'S hands flew with her work. William went on heavily, "I heard him praying in church yest'day. Of all the flowing language! He prayed out loud for twenty minutes, and right at Mrs. Murgaty—all about the widowed, and the fatherless. Why does he torment her so, when he gets frightened out of it always at the last moment? She told me that it was the most beautiful prayer she ever heard. She said it always uplifted her to hear him pray—it made her feel like an innocent child again!"

"Do you think Pa'll bring home a rabbit, Sis?" asked Tom.

"If you've just come to mock Pa, best thing for you to do is go, William," said Jessie, and added to Tom, in a thoughtful voice, "Pa might not get home for supper, in this storm."

"I'm sorry," said William—"I just fret about you, Jessie. I brought two squirrels. They're in that enameled bucket on the back porch, Arthur. Go get them. They're cleaned and cut up. I was out before I went to work this morning—got them right back of my place."

"I don't care for squirrel," said Jessie stiffly, but the boys all cried, "Fry 'em, Sis, and make gravy!"

The last of the things to be ironed was tucked into the basket. Jessie put the odds and ends on top and set the basket in a corner of the kitchen, and then turned on the light dangling there. William, still with the least one, followed Jessie into the kitchen and said, "Let me peel the potatoes for you, Jessie. I can do it."

"There aren't any potatoes dug," said Jessie. "We had them all yest'day. I'll make biscuits."

But the lard can was empty. Jessie's face grew hard as a stone. William was thinking that Pa had a wonderful meal at Mrs. Murgaty's once or twice a week.

Jessie said, "You wasn't figuring to stay for supper, was you, William?" William was hurt, though he knew she said it for shame of their fare.

"Me? I had my supper," said William stoutly; "I just stopped in, going by, to leave you the squirrels."

There came, on the dying breath of this falsehood, a bolt of lightning so close to the earth, and so closely followed by the concussion of the air that each of them felt he had been hit on the chest with a flat hand. Jessie caught her breath in a gasp. The lights in the two dangling globes flared up, popped, and went out. The house was plunged in darkness. There came no glow of street lamps, no square of windows across the uneven road; only the black, dark night, the eerie lightning, and the roaring, crashing roll of thunder. The least one began to cry in terror. Jessie, groping for him to take him from William, accidentally put her arm around William's neck and found herself and the baby held so close for a moment that she could hardly breathe.

LET go of me, William," she cried; "and strike a match. I've got a lamp all filled and trimmed." She had the baby in her own arms now, where he was comforted, holding her with small, tight hands. Her cheeks were red as fire when the little glow of the match flared up. Jessie opened the cupboard with her free hand, and took out the lamp, but it was empty.

"Who took the coal oil out of this lamp?" she stormed. "Who did it? Answer me. Arthur? Tommy? You been fooling with my lamp?"

Arthur said, "Pa cleaned his gun with it," and Jessie muttered something.

"Go get me the candles out of my room," she said. "Those pretty pink ones with the [*Turn to page 64*]

"Something will come for us, William. I feel it, now"

You are invited to the wedding of the girl next door—

MARY FAITH

in the second installment of Beatrice Burton Morgan's extraordinary novel

"Did you meet his sisters? What's their house like? What did you have for lunch?" Jean questioned

Dear Mary Faith:
Kimberley wants me to ask you to dinner with us tonight. He will stop for you at half-past six.
Amelia K. Farrell

HALF-PAST six . . . It was twenty-five minutes past six that very minute! *Mary Faith* flew up the two flights of stairs that led to the top floor of *Mrs. Puckett's* boarding house. Slipping out of her tweed office dress, she buttoned herself into a plain black silk frock *Kim* had always liked. "Even my hair looks happy tonight," she told herself, smiling into the mirror and pulling her hat down over her crisp, shining waves.

The day Mary Faith had dreamed of for four long years dawned at last. At breakfast, she had told Mrs. Puckett she was going to be married on the first of October, now just two weeks away. And during the morning she had confided to *Mark Nesbit*: "I'm leaving to be married, Mr. Nesbit." "Married," he had repeated after her. Then, in a flat, colorless voice, "I see." For the first time in all their years of working together, Mark Nesbit saw Mary Faith, not as his secretary, but as a young and exceedingly beautiful woman.

But on the night of this glorious day things began to go wrong. Kim was late—detained at the office, he said, and by the time they drove up to his mother's dingy little flat, dinner had grown cold and *Mrs. Farrell* was frankly querulous. "Kim hasn't any business wanting to marry you or any other girl yet," she scolded violently. "He owes me a little comfort. Here we are struggling to get along on his sixty dollars a week—and lo and behold! he waltzes in and says he's going to get married in two weeks! On what, I'd like to know!" Mary Faith had been patient. She knew that when two women love one man they almost always hate each other. And she had made up her mind to bear with this woman who was Kim's mother.

Kim was waiting for her the next morning as she came downstairs. "After I left you last night I didn't go straight home, Mary Faith," he confessed, not daring to look into her wondering eyes. "I drove around to see Janet—the girl in my office I was telling you about. And—I, oh, well, I may as well get it over with! I didn't realize how much I cared for her until I told her about you and me! So—Mary Faith, I guess we're through with each other." "Why, Kim!" Mary Faith's little hands flew to her aching throat. "We *couldn't* be through with each other after all these years!" But that is what he had meant, very definitely, so Mary Faith returned his ring, and slipped once more into her old world, the world made up of the office and the folks at Mrs. Puckett's.

December came, blustery and snow-driven. Slowly Mary Faith was learning to live without Kim. Perhaps, after all, she would marry Mr. Nesbit, Mrs. Puckett thought; he called on Mary Faith for everything, she knew. And her ready imagination would have painted even more glowing pictures, if she could have listened in on the wire the morning after Mark was hurt in an automobile accident. "The doctor says I'll be laid up a couple of weeks," he said to Mary Faith over the phone from his country place in Blue Valley. "So I'm going to ask you to bring my mail out to me. We'll work here."

On the first morning of her new routine, Mary Faith felt the warmth of welcome in Mark's home, a welcome expressed even in the voice of the house-boy who opened the door for her and took her typewriter from *Loftus*, the chauffeur. "Mr. Mark says for Miss Fenton to come right upstairs," he said, and led the way.

Part II

MARK NESBIT was waiting for Mary Faith in his study at the head of the stairs. He was stretched out in a long chair before the fireplace. A steamer rug was tucked around him and he had a magazine in his hands. But he was not reading it. His eyes were fixed on the doorway when Mary Faith stepped into it. He looked somehow as if he had been lying just that way, watching for her, for a long time.

"Well, here you are." He grinned at her in welcome. "You were such a long time on the way that I was beginning to think you'd gone into the ditch the way I did."

He seemed to be very cheerful about his accident. And it struck Mary Faith that he looked younger than usual with his dark hair rumpled and his soft collar turned in at the neck above his house coat.

"Loftus had to drive very slowly," she said. "The roads are like glass and the wind tried to blow us into the ditch once or twice."

Azaleas in Dutch pots were in bloom on the window sills and there was a bowl of roses on the white-covered table that was drawn up beside Mark Nesbit's chair.

"We're going to have lunch up here on this table, Mary Faith," he said. And then, without taking his eyes from her face, he spoke to the house man: "Will you please tell Mrs. Nesbit that Miss Fenton is here, Silas? And you can bring lunch up as soon as it's ready."

He took the letters that Mary Faith had brought to him and tucked them into a pocket of his long wicker chair.

"Those can wait until we've had something to eat. Move that chair closer to the fire, Mary Faith. I'm sorry I can't do it for you, but I can't move out of this chair. It took Loftus and Silas to get me into it."

"Why don't you send in to town for a wheel chair? Then you wouldn't have to stay in this one room for

Illustrated by
JOHN LA GATTA

the next week or two?" asked Mary Faith. "Not that it's an unpleasant place to be . . . It's a lovely, comfortable room. It's like a stage-setting."

From the depths of a Sleepy Hollow chair beside the grate she looked around at his study. It was a typical man's room—brown leather couch, flat-topped desk, bookshelves, fishing rods and golf sticks in a corner, photographs of mountain scenery on the walls. But it had a cozy look, as if a woman's hand had passed over it, leaving the flowers on the window sill and the brown velvet cushions on the couch.

THE door opened and Mr. Nesbit's mother came in. Mary Faith had seen her a dozen times before during the years she had worked at Nesbit's. She was a tall pretty woman with white hair, bright brown eyes and naturally pink cheeks. Mary Faith had always liked her looks, her soft southern voice and the air with which she wore her plain, well-made clothes.

She had on a white linen dress now, and she was stripping a pair of white cotton gardening gloves from her hands.

"How do you do, Miss Fenton? I was listening for you." She shook hands with Mary Faith. "But I didn't hear you come in. I was in my little greenhouse at the very back of the house, taking care of my poor roses. The wind blew a pane of glass out during the night and this morning I found five of my bushes frozen."

"Have you ever tried covering them with five or six thicknesses of newspaper on cold nights?" asked Mary Faith shyly. "My mother used to have some plants in our dining room when I was a little girl. And I remember that on winter nights she used to let me help her wrap them up in newspaper."

The door of the room opened once more, and Silas came in on his felt soles, carrying a large silver tray. The meal he set out upon the table was simple and very good. Cold sliced chicken and fresh Parker House rolls with butter melting in them, orange salad and coffee in a fat silver pot.

"Newspaper! That's an idea," Mrs. Nesbit murmured as she poured out the coffee. "I wonder if brown wrapping paper wouldn't be better. It's thicker —and it seems to me we have a big roll of it downstairs."

Mary Faith nodded her head. "I suppose it would be better. My mother used newspaper probably because we always had such stacks of it in the house . . . My father was a newspaperman and he never came home from the office without bringing a lot of papers with him . . . I was brought up on the Kansas City 'Star' and the Los Angeles 'Herald' and the Atlanta 'Constitution'. Sometimes he even brought home the London 'Times'."

Over the table she found herself talking to Mark Nesbit's mother as she never had been able to talk to Kim's mother. Telling her all sorts of things that she had half-forgotten. Things about her brilliant, improvident father who had died when she was sixteen, leaving her mother and herself two thousand dollars and a library of six hundred books.

When lunch was over Mrs. Nesbit went away, Silas cleared the table and Mary Faith got out her shorthand pad and her pencils.

She sat down, her hands clasped at the edge of the table in front of her, and waited for Mark Nesbit to begin dictating to her. He had taken his letters out of the pocket of his chair and he was reading them as he filled his pipe.

Suddenly he glanced up from them and his eyes fixed themselves on Mary Faith's eyes with an intent look. "You and I have known each other for four years," he said, as if the thought had just struck him. "But until today I didn't know that your father had been a newspaperman. I didn't know anything really about you and your life outside my office. It's a funny thing when you stop to think about it, isn't it?"

Before Mary Faith could say a word he went on: "A man in an office trains himself not to take a personal or sentimental interest in the young women he sees there all day long. It's one of the rules of good business that he should see them simply as fellow-workers—I think that's why I've accustomed myself to think of you simply as a valuable assistant of mine and not as the very attractive girl that you are."

Mary Faith looked at him gravely. That had not been Kim's way of looking at the girl who worked in his office.

For an instant Kim's face was in her mind, flushed and sullen as she had seen it that last morning in Haltnorth Park. For an instant she could hear his voice telling her once more that he had fallen in love with the Janet-girl in his office.

AND now let's see about these letters. . . ." Mark Nesbit's voice brought her back to the present.

It was three o'clock when she finished her work.

"Loftus will come for you tomorrow morning along about eleven," Mark Nesbit told her when she was leaving. "You're the real victim of this accident of mine, Mary Faith. Coming out here every day for the next couple of weeks isn't going to be very pleasant for you."

"Oh, I really enjoyed coming out here today. It was like playing hooky from school." Mary Faith beamed at him from the threshold.

From the landing, on her way downstairs, she could look into an astonishingly large room at the end of the hall: A room of great carved tables [*Turn to page 133*]

Mary Faith turned and there, not ten feet from her, stood Kim Farrell!

I DON'T WANT TO BE INDEPENDENT

says the sister of the famous novelist, Edna Ferber, in telling why she prefers to express herself within the four walls of her home

By Fannie Ferber Fox

Decoration by GEORGE ILLIAN

I MEAN economically independent. I don't hanker for a job. I have no desire to Get Out Into The World. I do not long to Match My Wits With Men. I am not panting to Express Myself. I don't want to be economically independent. And if any woman thinks it doesn't take courage to make that statement these days, let her try it. She will find herself regarded with the cold and fishy eye that used to be turned (something like fifteen years ago) on the woman who said, "Home—wife—mother! It isn't enough. I want to be independent." The married woman who first shocked her sisters by shouting, "I want to express myself," was in the same position as the matron who is now saying, with quiet terseness that can mean only one thing—the expression of a long-suppressed desire—"I don't want to be economically independent."

A topsy-turvy and a tragic thing is here. The stay-at-home woman who is richly content, who loves her home and every stick in it, who adores her husband and her children and delights in "doing" for them, in working and playing with them, reading and listening and learning with them, who sharpens herself to maintain her family's pride and belief in her—who is perfectly happy in this—that woman is beginning to be scared to say so. She is ashamed to be happy, content, friendly, warm and *sure*, while depending solely upon her husband for shelter, food, necessities and luxuries. Her years of accomplishment are made to seem silly and futile when one of those carrying the new banner says, "Dear, you are *so* capable. Why don't you do something?"

"Do? But I do! I'm busy for hours every day. I'm—"

"Nonsense. You just sit at home and rust. Your children don't need you any more. You have your own life to live. Why don't you Do Something?"

This, repeated, begins to give her what is known as pause. Frightened, she wonders if her children are not secretly contemptuous of her thought for them; if her husband really does look forward to coming home to her as he would to a wife full of her own business day. In a panic she asks herself, "Do? But what can I do?" Failing to find an answer there develops a galloping inferiority.

She feels apologetic when her friend, Jen, can no longer lunch and go to the Symphony with her on one of their Friday sprees because Friday has become Jen's day to be in the shop. She and another friend are selling dresses—little nineteen seventy-five dresses. Such fun! They know clothes so well. Of course, they don't wear that kind themselves. Not quite smart enough. There isn't a lot of money in it, because it costs a pretty sum to run a shop with the extra expense at home for the children and all, but "it's such fun and we really feel that we are doing something."

Clare, who earned her way in the office of a large fuel concern before she married, now that her four children have reached the mature ages of three, five, eight and twelve, has heard the call of the coal yard and has gone back; just the selling end of it. This is despite the fact that her husband does not in the least need her contribution in order to maintain their comfortable but very simple home. But then Clare says that she feels that she is doing her share.

I am a thoroughly modern, pretty well-balanced woman. I was just out of business college and on my way to a secretaryship, when I married an ambitious young business man. I am the mother of a sixteen-year-old boy, and a thirteen-year-old girl, average in intelligence, easy to look at. I am an intelligent, affectionate, understanding and (I am told by one who after sixteen years of being married to me, ought to know), a most interesting wife. I am a good housekeeper and hostess, whose friends and whose husband's friends, not to speak of the children's friends, never fail to rally to an invitation to our home, unless kept away by an act of God.

There has been all manner of change in our standard of living; adjustments made, a valuable social life developed during these several years. When I married my husband, I made a mental bet with myself that he would succeed, and I let him know that he could depend upon me to work with him on my side of the unwritten contract. I've worked fast. I read, study, look and listen. I am in touch with the modern movements in politics, business, art, society. Our children are reared with common sense, treated with just a dash of "Child Study."

Besides the business course, before my marriage, I used to make, first for myself and then for a few friends, rather distinctive hats and frocks. I have a nose for bargains. I have had positions offered me as stylist, professional shopper, gift adviser for a large department store. So, if I had wished, with my leisure I could have not only added materially to the allowance given me by my husband for my personal use, but disdained it entirely.

I *have* a job which keeps me very busy for a part of every day. I don't wish to get out into the world so far that I would come back home [*Turn to page 84*]

ALL AMERICAN

By Phyllis Duganne

Illustrated by W. C. HOOPLE

THEY christened him Lord Ribblesdale, this boy who knew the London boulevards better than his own Broadway, and Fatima was the girl from Singapore; yet they were as American as ice cream or basket picnics. And this is the romantic story of their coming home.

TOMMY would have preferred to be alone with his mother on this last night; but because it was his last night, she was making a ceremony of it. A farewell dinner, with toasts and speeches, as if he were going to Africa or starting upon a polar expedition. Her gentle gaze clung to his face, as though she expected never to see him again. It was positively absurd, Tommy thought, with sudden irritation; even Columbus, some time previous, had not found America fatal!

Irène Latour leaned toward him across the table, her shoulders white above the black of her gown, her red mouth curved deliciously. "Tommee, my heart is broken. I am *tout à fait dêsolée!*"

Tommy Martin knew that he should say that he was leaving the fragments of his own heart in her keeping, or some equally untrue and asinine thing. But he didn't.

His mother was watching him indulgently, and he realized that she was laughing at his lack of sophistication. He scowled. He knew more than they gave him credit for, any of these five people at the table. The best dance orchestra in Paris was playing; people were dancing in the garden. Lights glimmered in the trees; there was a murmur of voices lifted in many languages, the purring of automobiles in the Bois beyond. No one spoke, and in that moment of silence every occupant of the table was thinking of Tommy Martin, who was going to America in the morning.

Irène Latour smiled inwardly. She knew that Marian Martin had hoped that this tall young son would fall in love with her. Not solemnly, American-ly in love, but gayly, Continentally so—just enough to remain here in Paris, where Marian could hold the purse strings lightly and the apron strings firmly. Her gaze rested on Tommy's face. He was young and unworldly, but Irène suspected that he was done with apron strings!

Oliphe Chanot, the middle-aged Frenchman who sat at Marian's left, dismissed Tommy from his mind rather more quickly. A nice boy, but too serious. Like his father, perhaps. Flat champagne.

Polly Quinn looked at Tommy appraisingly. No young man had any right to be at once so good looking and so dumb! Sheer waste, it was! A blade of honesty cut through her thoughts; he wasn't dumb, of course; he simply wasn't interested in her!

George Wilmot had known Tommy's father. They hadn't come any better than old Tom. But the mold had not been broken. This boy was old Tom, with a touch of Marian. Higher praise hath no man, reflected George grimly, and turned his gaze from Tommy's mother and asked Irène to dance.

"Mademoiselle?" Oliphe asked Polly Quinn, and Marian Martin and her son were left alone.

"Oh, Tommy!" she said, and looked at him wistfully. One hand gestured at the scene about them. "Tommy, how can you leave all this?"

TOMMY did not answer. He couldn't tell her, without hurting her, how much he wanted to leave it. All this! Tonight's dinner party was typical of it; expatriate Americans, Anglicized Frenchmen. What was there here to hold him?

She caught his hand. "Tommy, do you honestly think of the States as home?"

"You bet I do."

She shook her head. "I can't understand. Why, Tommy, you can't remember it. You haven't been in America since you were seven! You—"

"There's no boy back home," he returned, "who has to fight so hard for his nationality as an American boy in Europe. The battles I've had! It's different for a woman, Mater. It's all right for you to live here. But I've got to work back there."

"You could work here," she said.

"At what?" He knew the sort of jobs Americans worked at in Paris. "And anyway—"

"You'll marry back there," she interrupted him passionately, "and I'll never see you again! Some dreadful, noisy American girl who says vo-do-de-o-do, or whatever it is they say!"

Her son laughed. "They can't all be dreadful, Mater!"

The others were returning to the table.

"Still trying to persuade him to stay?" George Wilmot asked.

"Oh, it's useless," Marian Martin admitted.

Polly laughed. "You're cuckoo, Tommy. This is the life." [*Turn to page 110*]

"Would you mind if I just looked at you for an hour or so?"

WHITE MAGIC

is the fascinating story of tomorrow, when miracles will be common fare and this plain old world a wonderland

By Henry James Forman

BRISKLY the woman, standing alone in a modernistic kitchen, picks up a tray and starts for the door. "Time for dinner. Ring the bell, Casey," she says over her shoulder.

Out of the emptiness of the room comes a clang.

The woman approaches the door, and silently it swings open. She walks through, and it closes behind her, still as a ghost. There is no human being in either room, save the woman.

As she sets the tray down on a table, designed in the straight and angular fashion of the ultra-futurist school, lights flash on unbidden. All through the house unseen, quiet hands are serving. Around the woman are clustered beings not made of flesh and blood, each doing his share to lighten the woman's tasks, his share—no more, no less—as she has ordained.

This is no ghost story, no tale of horror, no fantasy. It is a realistic picture of the home of the future, a forecast of the days to come, breathtaking days when robots made of steel and springs will obey every human command, when inanimate doors will leap open and shut at the mere appearance of a familiar figure, when electric lights, sensitized, will turn themselves on at the close of day.

There are spots in this land already where one can see into the future and learn of the wonders which inventors have in store for us. In such a spot man is

king of armies of mechanical men; he basks in the sunshine of summer during the winter, and becomes bronzed of face while working in an ordinary office building; he sees electric power carried from coast to coast, every railroad electrified, every remote farmhouse aglow; his dishes are scoured, polished, dried without guidance in fifteen minutes after supper in a sort of domestic game; he presses a button and hears a whole opera, concert or book, read by a craftsman; when he is sick, he stands before a ray, becomes feverish, and the troublesome microbes dissolve within him!

All these things exist just around the corner: they are fated. You can see most of them now in the research laboratory of the General Electric Company, that great battleground of the science of electricity where the vistas of the future stretch wide and clear. Already a scientific "eye" perches on the windowsills of schoolhouses in this country, decides when children need artificial light in order to avoid straining their young eyes, and automatically turns on the electric light for them. Then, with the same touch of certainty, when they no longer need it, the eye bids the artificial light be gone. Right now specially built robots turn power systems on and off, direct traffic, do other large-scale tasks without human aid. The other mechanical men will come too, must come, are almost here. One feels their inevitability, gazing around the plant which has been the birthplace of so many electrical inventions.

You may remember Poe's Thousand-and-Second Arabian Night: When Princess Scheherezade held the Caliph spellbound with the thousand and one Arabian Nights, he believed her and spared her life from day to day.

When, however, she told him that people would cross the ocean rapidly without sails, travel swiftly over land drawn by a monster metal horse propelled by fire, send messages at a distance over wires, and so on, all the now trite miracles of the age of steam, the Caliph found her fiction past belief, and ordered her head to be delicately removed with a sharp scimitar. But in this place where I saw some of the wonders of the future, Scheherezade could predict almost anything to the engineers working there, and they would treat her predictions with courteous respect.

Those vast buildings form one great wonderhouse. Have you ever seen children playing with blocks and terrifically absorbed in their play? Well, in the numerous rooms along those corridors, hundreds of people, mostly men, highly trained workers and observers, amid a luxuriant jungle of wires, tubes, batteries, lights, strange apparatus, are as absorbed as children at play—and as happy.

They are trying, as one of them put it, to discover the bricks out of which the universe is built—no less than that. They are discovering more of those bricks every day. In the process they pass from miracle to miracle. For the bricks of the universe, you see, take a lot of finding, and the search is too fascinating to quit. Without haste, without rest, they press on, ever a little nearer to the cosmic brickyard. In part by design and in part by accident they make their discoveries; and often long after they have forgotten a particular discovery, it is put to use in the world at large and once again we hear of a miracle of science. I said in part by accident, because accident plays an important rôle in the world of scientific discovery. Someone has said that many a great discovery is due to accident, provided there is a trained observer present to note it.

Here is the case of one such accident that occurred quite recently. The men working in one of the laboratories in the neighborhood of a certain vacuum tube found that they were becoming hot, flushed, feverish. They were obliged to leave their work and go home. What could cause their fever, could it be the tube? A number of flies were put in a tube containing some liquid air—the coldest thing we know, over 300 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. The flies were, of course, dead, inert. Presently, in the proximity of that strange "fever" tube, the flies began to stir, to move about, to attempt flying in their cold domain. Something was affecting their internal temperature.

Then, four workmen, who knew nothing about the tube or its seeming peculiarities, were set to work at repairing something near that tube. Presently, they too became flushed, hot and complained of fever.

Now, it happens that in the treatment of certain ailments, doctors have sometimes need of inducing fever in the patient. Fever, as we know, is nature's way of fighting an invading organism in the system. For this reason the

luckless patient involved has sometimes to be inoculated with malaria and that malaria may remain in the system for the balance of the patient's life. In such circumstances the "fever tube" is an obvious blessing. "It means," as one of the research engineers said, "that we can produce artificial fever, and hold it under control within any limits we choose. This new discovery may prove of startling value in the treatment of disease. Personally, I believe a door has been opened to a new thought in the treatment of human ills."

ALREADY experiments are in progress by some clinics and some physicians. The director of the laboratory, Dr. Willis R. Whitney, even sees these tubes as one day replacing our central heating systems—of warming bodies instead of houses. And this was a mere accident! The robot was not. This dumb servant is affectionately known at the laboratories as "Casey Jones." Casey Jones, at the moment of this writing, is still masquerading as a toy —an electrically worked toy locomotive that runs around a track, such as

children play with. The peculiarity of Casey, however, which gives him a bright future, unlike that of most toys, is that he obeys the commands of the human voice. Attached by wire to a small mechanism at the track, is a telephone. The operator speaks through that telephone. Casey was standing still on the track when I first made his acquaintance.

"Go ahead!" I said, and Casey began to race madly round his track. "Stop!" I cried, and Casey obediently came to a standstill. The engineer exhibiting him could talk even more intimately with Casey. "Move a little further," he said. Or, "Now back up," or "Stop in front of the gentleman, Casey, old boy," and in every case the little robot obeyed to the letter.

NOW, do you see the possibilities of Casey Jones? The engineers at the laboratory see almost infinite possibilities in the young scamp when he grows up. And young organisms grow quickly in that atmosphere, for, you see, they get so much loving care, attention and nourishment. Here, at any rate, is a picture of Casey as, if not quite an adult, say, a healthy stripling.

You are lying in bed comfortably reading before turning the lights out. You close your book. "Casey," you say through the telephone instrument at your bedside, "open the window." The young devil instantly obeys, saving you the trouble of getting out of bed again. In the morning it is just the same. "Casey, close the window." "Open the furnace." "Turn the heat on." Casey cannot choose but obey. He is made that way. I could tell you (approximately) how he is made. But what is the use of going into technical details about the detector tube, the polarity in the track, and so on? It has grown, like so many things, out of radio. The number of syllables you use is what influences Casey. By blowing into the transmitter you can stop Casey in the midst of whatever he is doing. His headlight passing in front of a photo-electric cell, or electric eye, records his every action.

New uses of tremendous importance for this electric eye are discovered almost every day. I have mentioned the matter of eyesight in the school: Why do so many children, yours, mine, everybody's children, nowadays wear glasses? One reason, undoubtedly, is imperfect lighting. Mr. C. D. Wagoner, a member of the company's staff, visited the school where his little girl is a pupil. She had suddenly announced that she required glasses. He observed that a considerable proportion of the other children were also wearing glasses. And he saw, what is true of so many schools, that the windows, all on one side of the room, left the children farthest away with perceptibly less light than those nearest the window. The teacher's desk had plenty of light.

Neither the teacher nor the pupils themselves were always aware when they needed artificial light to help their straining eyesight. Here was a place where the photo-electric cell could be usefully employed as a guardian of the children's eyesight.

A little box was promptly fitted up by the engineers at the laboratory and set up on a window ledge in the classroom. From the box the electric eye which, when on its job, never sleeps or even drowses, gazes outward unblinking into the daylight. The eye is set for a certain intensity of light considered the necessary minimum. When daylight falls below this intensity, either because of clouds or the waning sun, the sensitive eye causes an automatic switch to turn on the schoolroom lights. But should the skies brighten, the sun reëmerge—the eye knows when to turn the lights off again. The eye sits as an unfailing guardian.

And, lest in its zeal it should confuse the darkness of night with the obscurity of a working day, and turn on lights when the schoolroom is empty, there is an automatic clock to disconnect the eye during those hours, or whenever the school is not in session, and the watchful little monitor has its sleep and rest. Now, I am not attempting to be sentimental, but does not a small convenient robot like this one appear to our imagination as virtually human?

Consider its uses in the home. How many people there are, particularly women, who feel nervous about entering a dark house or apartment if they have left it before dark! The electric eye could serve them in that. At dusk it would automatically turn on one or more lights and give the house the glow of welcome for its returning mistress.

And if one were to leave the house unoccupied, as many people are often obliged to do, for days, or even weeks, the eye would turn on a light or two in different parts of the house every day at dusk, and as unfailingly extinguish them in the morning during the entire period. The actual cost in electric current would be small compared with the air of habitation and sense of protection it would give to the untenanted home.

Or, look at this possibility: In one part of the works some young men were experimenting with a door.

"Please approach that door," said one of the young engineers. As I complied, the door of itself opened. So long as I stood in front of it, it courteously held itself open for me.

"Now please pass through it," I was invited. No sooner had I passed through than the considerate door softly closed behind me.

"What is all this?" I asked somewhat startled. "Magic?"

"No," smiled the engineer, "it is only our friend the photo-electric cell again, the electric eye. When you stand in front of it, your shadow shuts off a certain amount of light from the eye, so it automatically throws a switch which opens the door. So long as you stand there, the door will remain open. If, however, you pass through, the door will allow you four seconds before it closes. You can also control it by the voice."

The convenience of that is obvious. A woman starts from the kitchen with a tray of dishes. What is her usual procedure? She either has to kick the door, to nudge it with her elbow, or to push it with her shoulder. Did she, however, possess this door which I saw, she could simply approach it, and it would open at the mere look of her. She could also control it by voice. "Open!"—and the door would open and let her pass, with ample time before it again closed.

BUT domestic as it sounds, it has no predilections, no likes or dislikes, nor any snobbish exclusiveness. It will act anywhere and do any task assigned to it. It can control city lighting, turning on the street lamps at dusk and off at sunrise. Already it is at work in the Holland Tube for motor vehicles between New York and New Jersey, counting the vehicles. Every vehicle passes before a beam of light, and that momentary shadow causes it to be counted upon a mechanism connected with the "eye."

Then, there is the problem of keeping the long tunnel ventilated. The "eye" is determined that there shall not be too much exhaust smoke in the tunnel. A certain density of smoke infallibly makes [*Turn to page 125*]

Decorations by
HARRY BECKHOFF

Gabreau, in a fury, laughed, then threw the papers on the floor

The third breathless installment of the alluring mystery of The Black Opal

MOON OF DELIGHT

By Margaret Bell Houston

Illustrated by W. C. HOOPLE

SEÑORITA! . . . I thought you had forgotten." *Juanita Basara,* lovely in the dusk jeweled with a soft blossoming of lights in the tamarisk trees, smiled a slow smile. "I never forget." *Kirk Stanard* could scarcely catch the whispered words. Somehow it seemed as though these two, strangers until a short time ago and now tête-à-tête in the patio of the Tijon, had known each other always. They had met for the first time, so Kirk thought, in Mrs. Belaise's drawing-room, when Juanita, mysteriously aloof, yet charming in her simplicity, had come to return the sapphire necklace *Nelly Belaise,* Kirk's adored grandmother, had lost by the grace of *Gabreau's* nimble fingers in Divitt's roulette parlor. But nightly Juanita, from over the veil that shadowed the sweet oval of her face, had watched this handsome boy, always with his grandmother and sometimes with his friends, *Dave Ledbetter,* millionaire, dilettant and *Adrian Fouché,* man-about-town, as she passed among the throngs at the gaming tables, selling cigarettes.

Jason Divitt, racketeer, who with *Molly,* his wife, was professional host to New Orleans' socially élite, had hatched the theft with the aid of *Umberto,* a ruffian, and Gabreau, the hunchback, his unwilling accomplice. If worked right, it would open the doors of the best homes in New Orleans, doors that guarded jewels and wealth! Juanita had been his tool, an ideal tool because of her beauty and distinction—Juanita, the girl with an unknown past who had fallen into his power unwittingly and who now could only do his bidding.

Umberto had discovered her concealed in an elaborately carved cask secreted in the hold of the "Dolores," when that ship had sailed into port from Vera Cruz. Desperate, the girl had submitted to Divitt's orders, had agreed to return the necklace—anything. No price was too high to keep her identity hidden; although she loathed the rôle she played in the face of Nelly Belaise's charming hospitality and Kirk's growing admiration for her. Yet under the wing of the *Marquesa Carlota de Cabrera,* an old crony of Divitt's whom he retained to chaperon her, Juanita as *Ysabel Flores,* was forced to accept invitations which began to shower in upon her.

The night of the famous Comus Ball that marks the tempo for Mardi Gras, Juanita, sponsored by Kirk Stanard, was introduced into the society of old New Orleans. And—

Part III

MOLLY was up waiting for them, wanting to hear all about the ball. Molly had dressed Juanita as usual, and had assisted the Marquesa somewhat. The Marquesa had not required too much assistance. "I bet she's scratched for herself before now," thought Molly. "And Divitt can't expect me to get her into that circus rag. He says she's a lady. Nobody's a lady in a dress that red."

Divitt had failed to mislead Molly with regard to the Marquesa's office. "Didn't he get her because he thought I hadn't pumped Juanita?" she asked herself.

Dimly she felt she ought to warn Juanita against the Marquesa, warn her not to talk, not to confide in her merely because they spoke the same language. But for Divitt's sake Molly could not do this. Besides, Juanita was not given to talk or to confidences.

Molly had missed Juanita tonight. Divitt had put a girl in her place, one Fifi, with a dancing foot and a pretty little face as hard as an alley cat's. Molly had found her a Carmen costume at Madame Arraline's. Fifi took the tray about with a rakish step and a rose between her teeth. "She jazzes it," said Molly bitterly. But Divitt answered that he hadn't time to find anybody else.

Divitt had told Molly about Ledbetter's behavior to Juanita. Gabreau had also been told and instructed not to admit Ledbetter hereafter. Gabreau had kept what looked like a hopeful watch at the gate, but Ledbetter had not appeared. "Poor Juanita!" thought Molly. "If he had snatched off her veil in the parlors she could never have gone to the Comus ball."

Molly had felt no apprehension regarding the Marquesa's presence at the Comus ball. The Marquesa might

appraise the jewels worn by the ladies, but the Alhambra theater held no family gold or silver for her to place. "Old red buzzard," thought Molly.

The Marquesa was aware of Molly's antagonism. "Funny about these wives," she told herself. "They may not know what it is, but if you've been in their husband's past, they've got their fur up." Funny, too, that Spike should have fallen for that curly head and baby face. And she was going to give him an heir . . . That was funniest of all. Spike would be odd as a father. Spike would be different. How? . . . The Marquesa did not know. Spike had surprised her in so many ways. . . .

THE suite had a parlor, a bath, and one large high-ceiled bedroom with two beds. The beds were great four-posters, canopied and having curtains that could be drawn for privacy. The Marquesa sat on her bed, divesting herself of the red satin sheath, the boned corset, the slippers with their jeweled heels.

She had danced a hole in her stocking. No matter, Spike was paying for it . . . She had done a lot for Spike tonight. They were invited to the Belaise place in Biloxi. Adrian Fouché and his mother were coming to call. (*Santa Maria*, that woman's pearls!) And Bobby—Bobby What's-his-name—the tom-cat with the bell— He was coming around, too, and wanted to give Juanita a party after Easter. *Cranshaw!* That was his name. She had scratched it on her fan, had asked about the Cranshaws afterward, casually, as was her way, while she was dancing with a yellow Pierrot. Western people—new money, and loads of it. Oil. "You must see their house," said the Pierrot. "One of our show places, though most visitors like the old homes better." . . . Yes, Bobby wanted to give Juanita a party.

The Marquesa went over to her trunk and taking out a bottle of liniment, began to rub her feet.

Molly glanced around, wrinkling her nose at the smell of the liniment. Every detail of the ball interested Molly, the names of the men with whom Juanita had danced, the costumes they wore, the little enameled vanities that were the favors, the queen, the ladies' gowns, the supper . . .

"That was good about Adrian Fouché—I mean your not knowing who he was. You couldn't have danced with him if you had. Of course, he didn't know you . . . How could he? And Dave Ledbetter wasn't there. I don't think he belongs to Comus. But you may run into him, honey—and if you do, don't you care. He didn't see you that night."

"Perhaps not. But I spoke to him. I spoke to him in English."

"You did?" Molly whispered, aghast. "What did you say?"

"I don't know. I just remember hearing my own voice—and striking him."

Molly was silent a moment, then she patted Juanita's hand. "It's all right. He was drunk. He won't remember . . . Anyhow, if you meet him, face him. Don't run."

The Marquesa put on a kimono, found the cigar she had selected at supper, and lighting it, began to smoke.

"Hello! Hello!" yelled Molly, coughing furiously. "Can't you find some asafetida?"

The Marquesa got into her bed and drew the curtains. But the smoke oozed out the crevices, mingling with the smell of the liniment, clouding the room.

"Get into bed," Molly said to Juanita, and opened the window, letting in the drowsy dawn-rattle of Royal Street.

She leaned over Juanita's bed, Juanita smiling up at her sleepily from a tumble of dark hair.

"Poor kid!" thought Molly, putting out the light, closing the door softly. "Poor little kid! . . . She's not much younger than me, but she seems like a kid—*my* kid . . . Lord, I'm gettin' soft."

The door of Divitt's office was locked and she went home by way of the Tijon patio and through the little gate.

Gabreau in his short bed heard Molly as she came through the gate. There were few sounds these nights that Gabreau did not hear. Many the draught of orange-flower water and stronger sedative had Conchita given Gabreau in her passionate solicitude that he should sleep.

"You don' haye no time mooch in bed. You got slip den or you be seeck. How dis place gon' *ex*-eest—eef Gabreau seeck?"

"But he *kees* her, Maman! He jerk 'way de veil and he kees her mouth. It mo' worse dan when she kees him light—thoo de veil."

And Gabreau would roll away from the cup Conchita offered, and grind his forehead into the pillow.

"Now, now my cherub . . ." in her crooning Spanish.

Conchita knew how keenly Gabreau had watched at the gate, hoping that Ledbetter would come. Gabreau would forbid his entrance as he had been instructed, and Gabreau would do more. He would follow Ledbetter into the dark street, and on some pretext, perhaps with the hint of a message from Juanita, would lure him into an alley and have it out with him. But even Conchita believed that delay would soften Gabreau's desire for vengeance. Even Conchita did not guess that Juanita's leaving the parlors, her entrance into the world under the wing of the Marquesa—for what purpose he surmised all too accurately—conjured up such visions of her meetings with Ledbetter as tossed him like driftwood in midseas.

"He will see her close. He will mebbe not know her. He mebbe will. Anyhows, he will love her. He will spik soft. He will give her mooch flowers and presents. She will listen. . . . Oh, *Madre de Dios!* . . ."

TONIGHT Conchita, to soothe him, had lighted the candles before the picture on the improvised altar. Her aging eyes had not seen in the chromo the likeness that had drawn Gabreau to buy it. She sensed that love had been in a measure to thank for its presence there, for the labor he had spent in building the little stand, in selecting the white cloth, the candlesticks; had felt that Juanita was no doubt the [*Turn to page 139*]

At the harp she became remote again, something with quiescent wings that he could not reach

Marita, indolently graceful in her beauty, was designed to be a queen of hearts

SOME OTHER DAY

But for the passing of twenty-four hours this might have been another story

By Shirley Seifert

"HERE you are, Marita! It's all finished!"

"Thanks, old dear!" Appreciation came, muffled, from the interior of the bathroom.

Sally Douglas laid on her older sister's bed a frock of dark brown silk crepe, demure, severely plain, but lifted to grace by deep cuffs and a wide collar of pleated shell-pink chiffon. Sally had spent an hour pressing this dress and restoring it to the desired effect of ethereal loveliness. Her fingers, strong, graceful, smoothed the pleated collar; and a smile of amusement touched her lips as she went back downstairs.

She could hear her friends scolding: "You make a slave of yourself for your family, Sally Douglas!" She would have answered them: "Nonsense! You know Marita can't do things for herself. Besides, tonight I was glad to help her. Marita has a new beau—oh, a marvelous man, young and rich and handsome! I think she's going to marry him. Won't that make everything fine—for me?"

The Douglas maid was off for the evening. Mrs. Douglas was ill. Marita was going out with her beau. Because of her work on Marita's costume, Sally still had the dishes to wash; but she let them wait while she turned off into the living room to think about Marita's romance. It was a shabby place, that living room, but made comfortable with deep old chairs and a fireplace, for which Sally managed to buy logs each winter. It was before an open fire that she got straight with her complex world. That was the chief requirement Sally made of life—to have things straight.

Marita's beau! That was like a fairy tale. He was the executive head of a new manufacturing company which had opened offices in the city; and Marita had gone to see him, answering his advertisement for a secretary. Not that Marita was habitually a working girl; but occasionally, when she was desperately in need of money, or low in spirits, she would ask for a position. And she usually got one, too, because she was so beautiful that people forgot to ask what she could do.

Two sisters more different than Marita and Sally Douglas couldn't be imagined. Sally was pretty enough in a shadowy sort of way, with her soft dark hair and her large dark eyes and her clear skin and her patrician trigness of line; but she was the reserved, self-contained, capable type. Marita was designed to be a queen of hearts. Her hair was chestnut brown, with coppery glints; and her brown eyes had flashes of red fire in them. She was tall, with the slender, indolent grace of one who would find service in a poverty-stricken hovel. People said she was like her father.

This father, Walter Douglas, had been a successful attorney, but pneumonia had overtaken him at the height of a career that was still a legal and social tradition in his native city. He had left his family only a small insurance annuity and a house too large for them to maintain, but too large and old-fashioned also to be readily salable. They still lived in it, but it took managing, Sally's managing.

Sally had been thirteen at the time of her father's death. She had been crushed by [*Turn to page 127*]

No appetite can resist it!

Your choice:

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
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Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Right from the heart of the luscious, red-ripe tomato! All of its rich, healthful, sunny goodness captured for your table! The pure, tonic juices. The luscious tomato "meat." Strained through mesh as fine as pin-points, to a smooth puree. Blended with golden creamery butter. Seasoned "just so." That's Campbell's Tomato Soup — the favorite of the Nation — the soup you want again and again.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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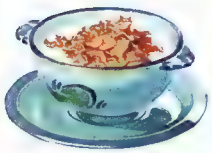
wake-up wake-up wake-up wake-up wake-up

When school bells start to ring children need the quick energy of this *wake-up food*



Here's a breakfast treat that gives young America a head start for a day in school. Post Toasties, crisp and golden brown—energy flakes swimming in milk or cream. Post Toasties is the wake-up food. Delicious to taste, easy to digest, quick to release its store of energy to the body. A great dish to help keep little folks alert. For breakfast, for luncheon, for light wholesome suppers, serve your whole family Post Toasties. It's the wake-up food!

POST TOASTIES

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The Wake-up Food

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

Dr. McCollum has long been known to readers of McCall's. With this issue he begins to edit a new page devoted to the latest scientific discoveries about food. Professor of biochemistry at Johns Hopkins, discoverer of two of the vitamins, pioneer in popularizing the "protective diet," Dr. McCollum is recognized as one of the greatest living authorities on nutrition.

OUR DAILY DIET

New facts about food and health

Edited by E. V. McCollum, Ph. D., Sc. D.

YEARS from now, a certain group of men and women will look back with pride to the part they played in a remarkable research conducted for the purpose of finding out whether diet controls the health of the teeth and gums.

That research, started a year ago, is now half finished.

The principals are three hundred and fifty-six boys and girls, aged seven to seventeen, whose permanent teeth are in their formative period.

The director is Doctor Milton Theodore Hanke of the University of Chicago.

The children live in the orphanage at Mooseheart, Illinois, a model institution of its kind. They eat plenty of good, nourishing food, ordered for them by a trained dietician. When Dr. Hanke examined their diet he found it perfectly balanced, except for a deficiency in vitamin C. This is the vitamin which a great many persons do not get enough of, because they do not realize its importance. Oranges and lemons contain a large proportion of it; so do tomatoes, cabbage, peas, bananas, grapefruit, and other fruits and vegetables.

Before Dr. Hanke began the Mooseheart experiment, he had come upon some startling facts. In cooperation with the Chicago Dental Research Club, he studied the cases of one hundred and sixty-three persons, who suffered from some kind of dental disorder—tooth decay, gum irritation or pyorrhea. In each case he found the diet was deficient in vitamin C. When the patient changed his diet to one prescribed by Dr. Hanke, improvement set in. Spongy gums that had bled easily were converted into soft gums that did not bleed even though they were brushed rather vigorously. Soft gums became firm. Tooth decay was arrested. Also, a combination of good food [*Turn to page 42*]

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN

"They all believe! Miscou . . . you, M'sieu! Even you are ready to believe me guilty!"

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

"Did you kill Daisy?" Neeka, in answer, scorns to bargain for the freedom that is already hers

By Nell Shipman

LOVE, M'sieu Policeman —that word is dead between us. And tonight I go away where I hope I never see any human-beast." Before the man could speak, *Neeka LaRonde*, with *Giekie*, her great gray malamute, had vanished into the gathering dusk. *Robert Carlyle*, corporal in the Mounted Police, had been captivated by Neeka's dusky beauty. And she, simple child of the wilderness, had not dreamed that the Mounty might be telling a lover's tale just for the telling. But *Mrs. McDonald*, the wife of the Factor of Neepawa, who knew the world of Mayfair—and the world of men—had warned the girl, and Neeka's pride had flared. Her chance for vengeance came with the release of *Randall*, the wife-killer, whom Carlyle had brought into Neepawa. This act would balance against Carlyle's treachery, against his supposed attentions to *Daisy Dell*, the dance-hall girl, Daisy who was to marry *Miscou*, Neeka's dark-skinned half-brother.

On the day that Daisy and Miscou took their marriage vows, Neeka returned abruptly from the forests. And within the hour of her home-coming, Daisy was found strangled to death.

Then quietly Neeka disappeared, fled with the finger of guilt pointing after her. Did not *Jules Cartier* hear Neeka cry out: "I could find it in my heart to kill you!"? They did not know that Neeka had met *Kippewa*, the blindman. And if they had, could they have believed the tale Kippewa told her—a sordid story of a dance-hall girl who had loved him, shot him and left him to die in the snow, because of her greed for gold? Yet the long arm of the law, personified by Carlyle, could not reach Neeka, for Neeka had found her way into Hidden Valley. There she was happy and safe—until a pack of famished wolves attacked.

Part V

THE tide was turned. Giekie, victorious, staggered up and the six wolves broke and ran, the dog in hot pursuit. Neeka lay in the blood-spattered snow, silent, and still, about her the broken bodies of the dead wolves. As if to cover these pitiable objects, the first blizzard of the year came roaring up over the edge of the Barrens, sweeping down upon the beaten, impotent figures with a torrent of wind-blown ice.

Roused to consciousness by the fury of the storm, Neeka tried to pull herself up, but [*Turn to page 34*]

Are you the Type that needs the flattering hat brim

. . . to hide a complexion that's being ruined by "faulty desquamation"?

Those adorable hat brims! They generously hide skin defects. But why be content with mere concealment? Exchange that faulty complexion for a skin of true loveliness.

THOSE adorable drooping hat brims! How kind they are . . . in hiding complexion faults!

But why be content with mere concealment? It is so easy today to exchange a deficient complexion for one that is radiantly lovely!

For in just ten minutes, you can give yourself the famous facial that women once crossed seas and continents to secure. For, originally, a genuine Woodbury facial treatment could only be had at the hands of the famous skin specialist who created it.

Today, this proven skin treatment may be had *in soap form* . . . at your nearest drug store or at any toilet goods counter, for daily use in your own home.

Woodbury's does three things for the complexion that no other cosmetic will do as well:—*It assists Nature in its process of desquamation, gently removing the tissues of dead skin. It purges the pores of all impurities that cause blackheads and pore-enlargement. And its continued use gives to the complexion that glowing tone, that silken texture, that peach-bloom clarity of "The skin you love to touch."*

Woodbury's costs a trifle more than toilet soaps. But it is truly an economy, a finer milled soap . . . it lasts longer. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters . . . Or mail coupon for a liberal sample together with samples of the famous Woodbury Creams.

Why Woodbury's does what no toilet soap can possibly do

No mere toilet soap can approach Woodbury's in stimulating desquamation to the normal point. For Woodbury's is no more just a soap than a Reboux millinery masterpiece is just a hat. Woodbury's is a skin specialist's entire treatment created for your convenience in the form of a cake of soap. Its costly, secret oils have a special affinity for the natural oils of the skin and together they accomplish that vital process of desquamation. These ingredients are far beyond the reach of ordinary soaps, which merely clean the surface skin without helping to remove the dull and embedded mask of old cuticle.

Try this for Ten days

Bathe your face gently with warm water. Rub up . . . in your hands . . . a creamy lather of Woodbury's. Massage it gently into the skin, rubbing from the chin up toward the temples. Rinse off the lather with warm water. Your skin tingles. Glows. It's soft. Smooth. Firm. You literally feel the change—with the old dead cells washed away. Now you tone up your fresh new skin with a vigorous splashing of cold water. And then—if you want to give your face its final touch of radiance—go over it with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel. Do this . . . regularly—your complexion will *feel* and *look* refreshed and rejuvenated . . . aglow with new loveliness.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
1519 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
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Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of the two Woodbury's Creams, Face Powder and Free Booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... .....*State*.....

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 32*]

the icy blast lashed her battered, bleeding body with the stinging force of a whip. "Giekie!" she whispered, "to me!"

But there was no response. The dog had failed to overtake the swiftly running, uninjured wolves and had turned back, trying to retrace his trail to Neeka by the blood he had shed.

Neeka stared into the whirling, screaming vortex of the storm and saw it again—the Light, the Face! It was riding the hurricane now even as it had flickered among the snowflakes.

And now the Face was kind. So sad, so patient, so filled with strength and promise of peace. "Death is beautiful!" cried the dying girl, staggering to her knees, bracing her torn body against the stinging lash of the storm. "I am glad he come for me." But when she gained her feet and looked once more through the swirling snow, she found the Face changed. It was her father's! And, moreover, it was not merely a luminous, beckoning, intangible Light, for there was a body—her father's body! He seemed to stride to her through the storm, strong, comforting, brave and splendid. He held out his hand to guide her. "Come with me, Neeka," he said, very clearly, above the howling of the wind demons.

Confidently, smiling wearily, she took the proffered hand and followed him. The going did not seem hard, although the way was long and the wind tore against her, seeking, it seemed, to cut her soul from her body. Hand in hand with that Spirit which was her father she went on, dimly conscious that, though she could see him so plainly and could feel the steady grasp of his dear hand, he yet was not really there.

She was aware of great pain, of blood that froze and congealed on her wounds, of weakness and intense suffering but, also, of security; such confidence as she had not felt since when, as a little child, she walked beside her living father down some dark and fearsome lane, at night, her baby hand in his, his eyes and strength her trusted guide, his very presence proof against unknown terrors.

The blizzard-swept Barrens were no more than that winding dark lane of long ago and with like confidence the Spirit of her father led her from the stormy plain to a narrow pass, a canyon, out of the angry wind, deep with drifted snow and sheltering, in its heart, a tiny cabin.

"It is the house of my father," she thought, accepting its presence in this strange, wild spot as naturally as in years past she would have accepted their arrival at their own front door in Neepawa. "My father hav' brought me home," she whispered. And now she found that the Spirit, the Face or Light, whatever it had been, was gone. But it did not matter. She was home.

SNOW was drifted against the door of the cabin but the latch, with its bit of frozen rawhide, yielded to her touch and she staggered in. The door swung to behind her. She was safe from the storm, from the wolves, even for the moment, from Death, safe in the house of her father!

And it was a cozy cabin, this of Jacques LaRonde and Rufus Whipple, to which their heiress had come out of the storm! Six years of prospecting in its vicinity had given the partners ample time to make their house weather-tight and to fill it with homey comforts. Even the Big Strike, made near the end of their tenancy, had not kept them from enjoying their shack in the wintertime, when mining was at a standstill. Long treks over the Divide to Alaska, by dog-train, had harvested them sled-loads of canned goods, comfortable bedding, even magazines and papers.

Neeka thought that the neat, prim arrangements for housekeeping, the cupboards of pans, dishes and tinned things, the storage shelves, lined against rats and safe from freeze, the carefully laying away of blankets and clothing, all bespoke her unknown benefactor, Rufus Whipple. The less utilitarian, beauty-seeking things, the handcarved candlesticks, the comfortable hide-upholstered chairs, the fur rugs, the wide, deep stone fireplace, these, and the birchbark framed pictures on the walls, she recognized as the work of her father.

Snug, weather-tight, the little cabin on the claim bespoke its joint owners in every nail and carefully freighted bit of window glass. The home-made broom hung on a peg, tidily, near at hand a dustpan fashioned from an oilcan. The wash bench was a miracle of neatness and the cooking arrangements worthy of a woman.

It was many weeks before the refugee noted these details. At first there was the slow recovery from her wounds the exposure she had undergone and the horror of the winter trail. For all these things the partners had provided. There was a medicine chest of ointments and tightly-rolled bandages and an abundance of stacked firewood, graded as to need; kindling and chunks for the cookstove, logs for the big fireplace. Food was handy, plenty of tea, coffee and chocolate; tinned soups and meats which even the enfeebled fingers of the sick could contrive to open; preserved fruits, milk, bacon, sugar, flour and the other stables. With the first inkling of returning strength, she baked a bannock and shared the luxury with Giekie who, nearly dead, had followed her blood-stained tracks to the cabin.

They made their uphill struggle to health together, girl and dog, aided, at every weary step, by the forethought and the tender solicitude of the two men who had left the little house so well provided. Rufus explained their motive in a letter which Neeka found in a box, among some other papers, and addressed to herself, Miss Neeka LaRonde.

"Dear Madam:

"Sometimes the good Lord acts in queer ways and should He not see fitten to let me reach you with the letter I am on this day setting out for to carry to you why you, no doubt, will be coming here yourself and finding what me and your father has left you.

Philip's message—a few scrawled lines on a telephone pad—pleading for him, and she was going to marry Bruce

A woman's conflict is the theme of this startling story in the

November McCALL'S

"Miss Neeka, I've knowed of you for so long through your father who loved you and who was my pardner and best friend, that I like to think of you as my own daughter.

"And should the Lord get one of them queer-acting streaks of hisn, like I mentioned above, and not let me live to enjoy the cabin and the mine with you. I'd like for you to have it all for yourself. I am therefore leaving my half-share of this claim to Miss Neeka LaRonde, like your father is leaving you his share in the letter I am taking to you today.

"Yrs respectfully, Rufus Whipple.

"P.S. There ain't no other heirs. All the kin I've got is a second cousin up to Canterbury Center, N. H., and he ain't worth a tinker's damn.

"N.B. I think you'll find everything ship-shape. If them pesky trade-rats get in there's a trap behind the kitchen woodbox. Jacques and me used to drown them. It was quicker.

"R. W."

Dear old man! Dear father! Everywhere the evidence of these two! Near the letter, stowed safely in a metal box, were several pokes of gold and the size of the nuggets proclaimed the mine very rich. There were other papers in the box showing that the claim had been properly recorded and everything was, as the old man had written, "ship-shape."

THIS then, was her inheritance! Neeka thought of Daisy and the secret hinted by Kippewa. Daisy had known of the mine and was planning to come to it with Miscou. How strange! What did the mine matter, or the gold? What counted was the love of her father and, yes, of Rufus Whipple. Poor old man! She kissed the letter, tenderly, and put it away.

On the cabin wall was a photograph in a frame of ivory inlaid with gold, a beautiful frame but no more lovely than the pictured face it enclosed. It was a woman, with blue, or soft gray, eyes, under a smooth, fair brow. The lips curled daintily, the little nose was straight and patrician and the soft, long line of the throat fell like a song. Neeka thought the lady the most beautiful she had ever beheld. Across one corner of the photo was written: "With all my love, Dorothy."

"Dorothy," said Neeka. "Your name is so lovely as you!" She decided that Dorothy must have been the wife of Whipple, and, since he said there was no one of his own family to enjoy the mine, she must be dead. "That is too bad," she sighed. "But, Madame Whipple," she addressed the smiling portrait, "you will now be in that nice countree where is my father and your husband!" She made a little curtsy to the photograph and, ever after, its presence on the wall saved her from loneliness. The pictured eyes, she fancied, followed her every move about the cabin with a look so tender and so filled with understanding.

With her returning strength, she made little forays about the canyon, but all mining operations were long buried under the snow and the eternal dark now enwrapping the world forbade much outdoor discovery. But one day, in a brief respite from the storm battles now occupying the heavens almost continuously, she ventured out in a parka, and rounding a bend in the canyon, came upon a spot which, even under its piled snowdrifts, suggested the loveliness abiding there in summer. And, in this protected haven among the rocks, she found that for which she had searched ever since the spirit of her father, summoned to the border-line between the worlds, had guided her to the safety of the cabin.

With the words of Kippewa ever in her memory—"the skelton of ol' man LaRonde"—those dreadful words portending so fearsome a picture, she had looked, in terror, about the snug and neat interior of the cabin. But there was no skeleton, no hint, even of death. The figure of speech had been the raving of a sick and dying man, riddled with fever.

Rufus Whipple, she now knew, from his letter and from the methodical care shown in the appointments of the cabin he left unbarred against her possible arrival. would never have abandoned her father's body to the wolves. Somewhere there must be a grave and here, at last, in the curve of the canyon, Neeka found it.

Barely visible above the snow was an edge of narrow board and, scratching away the drift, she revealed the arms of a whittled Cross bearing this simple legend: "Here lies my partner, Jacques LaRonde. Died Oct. 25th, 1902. He was a good man, R. I. P." Neeka kissed the words and patted the snow gently so that the cross was covered with its kindly shroud. In spring, she promised herself, the grave should be made a garden of flowers.

THERE seemed no reason that Neeka should not dwell forever in the canyon cabin. She was safe from pursuit and, by harvesting throughout the short summer, storing dried fish, game and berries, she would be amply provided for any number of years. What need for the gold in the tin box or that still waiting, unmined, in the rocky walls of the canyons? But sometimes, in the evenings, when she sat by the log fire with Giekie curled at her feet, Neeka thought of the nuggets and, taking down the tin box, opened the pokes of gold dust and let it sift through her fingers, like fine tobacco. Then she would arrange the golden nubbins according to size, wondering at their probable value. Here, she thought, was something of more intrinsic worth than the strength of her body or the skill of her hands. With gold she might buy—anything!

There were books in the cabin; English novels, some magazines and stacks of old newspapers and, spelling her way through the printed pages the recurrence of the gold motif struck her forcibly. In the outside world gold was god. As she read and played with the nuggets, the plan dawned slowly in her mind. She would go Outside and buy Miscou his freedom! She pictured herself journeying to Edmonton and visiting the chief of all the Mounties, or even the King himself! and offering all the treasure the mine contained if only Miscou might be forgiven.

And now she watched eagerly for the days to lengthen and for the first signs of thaw. The end of March, she decided, was the time to start South and her preparations were simple but painstaking. No need, this time, to bother with a rifle, for her pack would contain the provisions she needed, with tackle to catch fish for Giekie as they went along. That and the gold, some blankets and a new dress which she fashioned from a Hudson's Bay blanket and planned to wear when she got "Outside."

Daily she scanned the sky and watched the snow for signs. By a mark on the cabin wall she saw that the drifts were settling, lowering as the snow melted.

Then one day, at noon, the sun glimmered faintly from a rift in the gray sky and Neeka clasped her hands and cried out with joy. That [*Turn to page 36*]

Mrs Howard Spreckels

A CALIFORNIA BEAUTY

HER SALON • IN THE FORMAL FRENCH MANNER • IS A FITTING SETTING FOR HER PATRICIAN BEAUTY

THOUSANDS OF MILES from Paris, yet a *salon* as French as if its windows opened on the Champs Elysées . . . its rose and blue and treasure pieces of old French furniture a perfect setting for the patrician beauty of Mrs. Howard Spreckels, in deep blue lace, wearing her sapphires and diamonds.

Mrs. Spreckels is one of the best-known members of this distinguished California family. Widely traveled, she is as much at home in Paris, London and New York as in her native San Francisco. A gifted hostess, she entertains brilliantly at her country estate, with its charming rose gardens, at Burlingame.

Chiseled, *soignée*, her aristocratic beauty has the enchanting coloring of a Quentin de La Tour pastel . . . eyes of gray, hair like a copper beech in sunshine, skin delicate and clear.

Pond's is proud to number Mrs. Spreckels among the beautiful society women who attribute their fresh, clear complexions to use of the four famous preparations.

"East, West," says Mrs. Spreckels, "Pond's is best.

"That wonderful Cold Cream! It cleanses so perfectly, and the exquisite Tissues are the one satisfactory way to remove the cream.

"I like the Freshener for its charming faint perfume and because it counteracts oiliness without unduly drying the skin. The Vanishing Cream is an ideal powder base—it keeps one fresh and trim through the longest day."

Follow these four simple steps of Pond's Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

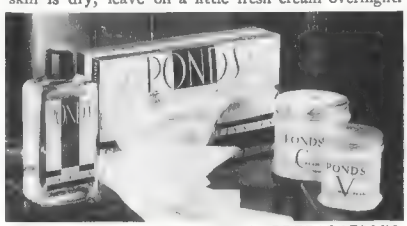
Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent.

(New! Tissues in peach-color—the enchanting hue preferred by Paris—now on sale, as well as white.)

Third—pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse immaculately with the Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues. If your skin is dry, leave on a little fresh cream overnight.



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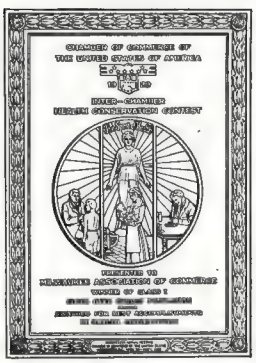
"Business is Business"



Sketched from Bronze Plaque Awarded to

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

in the Inter-Chamber Health Conservation Contest held under the auspices of

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN . . Cities more than 500,000	CLASS 1
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK . . . Cities 100,000 to 500,000	CLASS 2
EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY . Cities 50,000 to 100,000	CLASS 3
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK . Cities 20,000 to 50,000	CLASS 4
SIDNEY, OHIO . . . . . Cities under 20,000	CLASS 5

SOME years ago it was thought that Big Business had to be hard-hearted in order to be successful. Today, people know better and employers have learned that they get more faithful service and are more successful if their employees are contented and healthy.

Today we take comfort in the assurance that medical and health scientists, philanthropists and humanitarians have the solid backing and support of the biggest business men in the country. And, modestly, Big Business gives as its reason for lending its powerful, invaluable support—"business is business".

Cities which have promoted and are promoting far-sighted health programs are reaping rich rewards. Their citizens are happier and their cities offer attractions to new industries and to people of wealth and leisure.

When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States offered prizes last year to cities which would do most to improve health and sanitary conditions, 140 cities entered the National Health Conservation Contest. This year it is expected that a larger number will compete for the Bronze Awards.

Statisticians estimate that there is an annual loss in the United States of billions of dollars due to the needless loss of lives. When these lives of valuable workers are sacrificed, their families suffer and the cities in which they live are made poorer.

If you live in a city which wants to reduce its deathrate, your city's business organization (Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade) may obtain the active cooperation of America's greatest business organization, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Last year health experts visited 80 of the cities which entered the National Health Conservation Contest. Your community may obtain the advice of such expert health counsel as may be needed, free of charge. A trained health expert will visit your city and search for danger spots. He will make recommendations for a constructive health improvement program which you can help to carry out.

For full information regarding health programs and the National Health Conservation Contest, the Secretary of your Chamber of Commerce or other similar body should address the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America at Washington, D. C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 34*]

afternoon she worked hard, putting the cabin to rights for everything must be left immaculate against her return with Miscou. It was her cherished plan to bring him back with her and, together, pick up the old, bright threads of their life as it was in Neepawa, before the coming of the Snowbird.

When she and Giekie returned to the cabin, Giekie stopped short before the door, growling. Something was inside! The door stood open and there were tracks in the snow! Bristling his antagonism, the dog marched in but fell back upon his haunches in dismay when he encountered a brown bear who sat, with calm dignity, in the doorway; a loaf of bread clasped to her bosom. Behind her was a wrecked larder and, inside her, was more food than she could safely stow.

The bear grunted and pushed the unfinished bread away. She was sleepy and her round, brown head looped over. Neeka came near, knowing she must pass the bear and drive her away or be kept from the cabin all night. Giekie whined warning: "Look out, she's got pins in her pads!" Neeka put one foot on the door-sill. Now, if the bear were vicious, she'd soon find out.

Jerking up her sleepy head, Bruin eyed the foot, reached out her paw, tentatively, and encircled Neeka's ankle. Then she looked up into the girl's face and reared so that they stood at an equal height. Both paws on the girl's shoulders, she reached out a long, pink tongue and bestowed a moist and bread-crumbed kiss upon her cheek. Neeka patted the fat brown shoulder. "You are no wil' bear, *ma chèrie*," she said. "Maybe you hav' been pet of those two nice mens, my father and M'sieu Whipple, eh? You miss those mens an' come here to fin' them?"

Completely at home, the bear ambled to a bunk in the corner, climbed in, grunted and, curling herself into a compact, five hundred pound mass, calmly fell asleep. Neeka called Giekie and laughed at the disgruntled protest in the dog's stiff-legged walk as he marched into the cabin. "Your nose she is twist, eh?" she teased. "But don' be jealous, Giekie. Is it not good to hav' frien's once more? That big brown girl mus' hav' been great pet of my father. We will call her 'Lolo,' eh? An' when we come back here wit' Miscou she will be wait for us. Only," she added, looking ruefully about the disordered room, "we mus' fix the door so she cannot come in while we are away for she is one untidy womans!"

BUT, when the time for departure arrived, Lolo refused to be left behind. Brought up from cubhood by humans, she had learned to rely upon them and love their companionship. The winter of LaRonde's death, when Whipple went away, she was denned and did not realize her loneliness until the following spring. Then, try as she might, she could not work the door-latch which Rufus had left so cleverly strung that only human fingers might lift it. Throughout the summer she hung about the deserted cabin, waiting, but, with winter, sought her old den and hibernated, heavy-hearted. The first signs of warmth brought her out, hungry, shaggy and still lonely, and she found the cabin door open and, inside, the sweet, human smell she craved. Nor, once found, would Lolo allow this creature, who reminded her of Jacques, but more lovable, far from sight.

Slipping away with the graying of a dawn in late March, Neeka and Giekie thought to evade her, but when they stopped for a snack at noon the girl felt a warm snout thrust against her neck and discovered Lolo, ready to seat herself upon her ridiculous tail and join in the lunch. Giekie groaned protest but Neeka submitted to the inevitable. "Though," she said, "it will be hard to take Lolo about in the big cities, but she love us an' want to come so it is all right!"

AND so the trio traveled together down the world to meet the spring. Neeka's route took her to Eden Valley for she had a mind to visit it before going on to Neepawa. Three days' journey to the West was the Tribe who had contributed so much to her last fall and she wanted to repay them, in gold, before she set out for the South.

April was peering over the rim of the wilderness when the travelers neared the Hidden Valley. About to make camp one night, Neeka's keen ears caught a sound like the ring of steel on wood, flung from tree to tree of the forest wall surrounding her. Giekie heard the noise also and was uneasy, but Lolo, being hungry, paid no attention.

The girl made supper without a fire and, in the moonlight, leaving Lolo asleep, crept through the woods. After a half-mile she bade Giekie wait for her at the base of a tree while she climbed into its branches, then swung squirrel-wise, through the trees, sometimes climbing high in her aerial path or dropping almost to the ground; swinging, silently, from branch to branch or climbing, swiftly, up a tree-trunk and crawling out upon a likely limb and dropping, surefooted, to the haven of a branch on the neighboring tree.

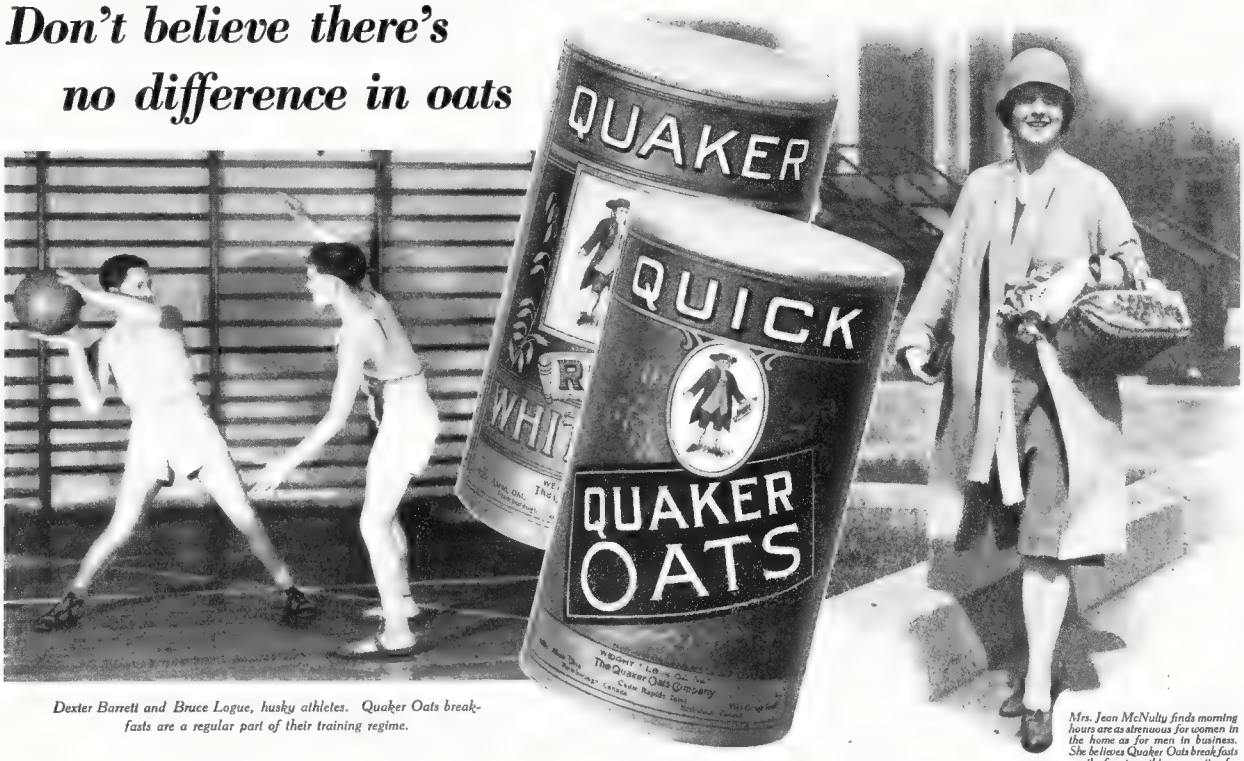
Leaving no tell-tale tracks on the melting snow, she gained what seemed to be a solitary camp and, peering down through interlacing branches, saw a man asleep upon the ground. Moonlight flickered faintly on his face and she nearly betrayed herself with a cry when she recognized the sleeper. It was Carlyle!

Scurrying frantically now through her overhead forest lane she gained the tree where Giekie waited, bade him follow and raced off to her camp where she stuffed her things into her knapsack, waked Lolo and begged the sleepy bear, if she loved her, to follow quietly. Not stopping for food or rest, the trio again gained the Hidden Valley.

There Neeka established Giekie and Lolo in her old cave and, binding the dog by stern command to wait for her, she sped away to find Carlyle and spy upon him. For several nights she watched him from tree roosts above his makeshift camps. She judged by

[*Continued on page 58*]

Don't believe there's no difference in oats



Dexter Barrett and Bruce Logue, husky athletes. Quaker Oats breakfasts are a regular part of their training regime.

Mrs. Jean McNulty finds morning hours are as strenuous for women in the home as for men in business. She believes Quaker Oats breakfasts are the finest possible preparation for these "4 hardest hours of the day."

Millions recognize the superior flavor . . the *richer nutrition in* Quaker Oats

70% of the day's school work falls in the morning, according to recent school surveys. To protect children against nervous and physical strain, nutritionists urge this hot stamina breakfast.

CONSIDER the importance of the child's breakfast. He has just finished a 12 hours' fast. He is facing the 4 most strenuous hours of his day. Breakfast must provide sufficient energy to meet these morning demands. It must supply the extra nourishment which is the margin of safety for growing children.

Such a breakfast is Quaker Oats. It has more to offer children than ordinary oatmeal because Quaker always retains the vital part of the oat. This is where Nature stores the richest part of her 3 great protective foods, minerals, vitamins, protein.

A more nutritious oatmeal

Thus Quaker provides 50% more protein than highly milled cereals. And protein is in continual demand by every living cell of the child's busy growing body. It's the building food that repairs worn-out nerves and muscle tissues. 65% of Quaker is pure energy food. There's abundant vitamin B to improve appetites. Plus the roughage to make laxatives unnecessary.

Quaker Oats is richer, more satisfying, because it's made of choicer, more flavory oats. These selected whole oats are not only heat-seasoned in closed containers for 36 hours. In addition, *and this is important,* they are roasted in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness.

This roasting pre-cooks Quaker so that it cooks deliciously done in 2½ minutes . . . faster than any other quick oat. It gives Quaker that luscious, nut-sweet flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

⅓ more oats than ordinary packages contain

In addition to richer nutrition, Quaker gives you one-third more oats than most millers pack. Safeguard these precious growing years with the breakfast which protects against morning fatigue. Quick Quaker cooks done faster than toast or coffee. If you've time for breakfast . . . you've time for this best of breakfasts.

Your grocer has both the regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Look for the Quaker name and the Quaker figure on the box. They are your guarantee of finer flavor, richer nutrition.

"Our child specialist advised Quaker Oats for Susan when she was just a baby," writes her mother, Mrs. Hubbard. "She has it every day and is just as healthy and active as this photograph shows."

The finest oat flavor known

1 ***Richer flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has been able to imitate.

2 ***Fastest*** of all quick cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.

3 ***"Most nutritious*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

4 ***Health qualities unsurpassed*** — 16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—abundant vitamin B to protect health.

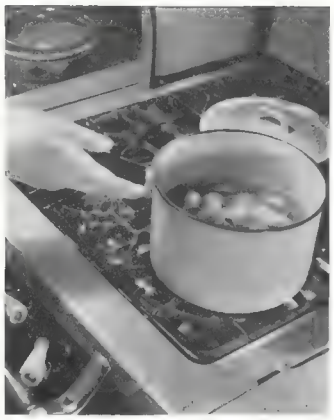
For other products with that famous Quaker quality, try Scotch Pearled Barley, delicious for soups.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Oats . . . *two kinds . . . at your grocer's*

Step 1—Remove dried fruit from the box

Step 2—Wash thoroughly; no soaking needed



Step 3—Boil until tender, plump and juicy

READY FOR ANYTHING

By Sarah Field Splint

Director, McCall's Department of
Foods and Household Management

UNTIL quite recently, we thought that every good housekeeper should have an "emergency shelf." It was usually a small corner in which we tucked away two or three cans of vegetables, fruits, and fish to await the great moment when unexpected guests arrived. Can't you remember the thrill you got from showing what an attractive meal you could prepare from a limited food supply?

But scientific discoveries are now making possible the preservation of almost every kind of food; and the emergency shelf, in order to keep pace with the times, must expand into a whole row of shelves containing a complete assortment of staple foods for everyday family use. Our modern idea about marketing is to do as little of it as we can!

Perishables—fresh fruit, vegetables, meat, eggs and butter—must, of course, be bought in fairly small quantities; but enough canned and packaged foods can be ordered at one time to last a week or a month or even six months!

There are many days when it means everything to a homemaker not to have to think about making up a marketing list. Perhaps there is illness in the family, or she is sewing, or housecleaning, or writing a paper for her club; or, the weather may be very hot or cold or rainy. What a comfort it is then to know that the materials for a day's or several days' menus are in the house.

Just now most of us are putting our houses in order for the winter. If in addition to checking over our stocks of linen and china and winter clothing, we plan a permanent food supply, we'll save ourselves a lot of time and worry later on. We ought always to have on hand cereals, macaroni, and rice; canned soups, fish, meat, vegetables, milk; fruits (canned and dried); jams and preserves; pickles and relishes; salad dressing; gelatine and jelly powders; packaged cheese; and sweet and salted crackers. If our storage space is small, we shall not be able to buy a large quantity of any one article, but we can renew promptly. I can testify that I have saved myself a lot of wear and tear since I adopted the motto: "Ready for Anything."

Following are some "marketless" menus which I find helpful:

Anchovy appetizers
Consommé Julienne
Olives *Toasted crackers*
Chicken à la King
Chutney *Asparagus, brown butter*
Plum pudding, hard sauce
Coffee

Preparation Suggestions—Spread anchovy paste on rounds of toasted bread; garnish outside edge with hard boiled egg yolk put through sieve. Turn soup into saucepan, season more, if desired, and heat thoroughly. Make a cream sauce, add chopped pimiento and sautéed mushrooms, cut in pieces. Add chicken, diced, and heat thoroughly. Drain liquid from asparagus and heat in pan in which some butter has been browned. Heat pudding in can and serve hot with hard sauce.

Cream of tomato soup
Chowchow *Whole wheat crackers*
Frankfurters and sauerkraut
Artichoke salad, French dressing
Mince pie with cheese
Coffee

Preparation Suggestions—Heat soup, add a few grains of soda, and mix with an equal quantity of hot milk. Serve immediately. Put frankfurters in boiling water and cook slowly until tender. Turn sauerkraut into a saucepan and heat thoroughly. Marinate artichokes in French dressing. Serve as cold as possible. Serve the mince pie hot with cheese.

Lobster cocktail
Saltines *Ripe olives*
Hot tongue with spinach au gratin
Parsley potatoes *Hot rolls*
Roquefort cheese *Bread sticks* *Raspberry jam*
Coffee

Preparation Suggestions—Cut lobster in pieces, mix with cocktail sauce and set in refrigerator. Heat spinach, drain and chop. Mix with a little white sauce, put in greased baking dish and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven about 20 minutes. Heat tongue. Allow 20 to 30 minutes for cooking potatoes. Chop parsley, add to browned butter and pour over potatoes.

Corned beef hash
Pickled onions *Stewed tomatoes*
Canned peaches *Chocolate wafers* *Coffee*

AT LAST—IT'S READY

We're talking about our newest booklet—ALL ABOUT CURTAINS. We all worked hard to have it ready for you before you start your fall renovating . . . for it tells how to make curtains, how to hang them, what kind of rods go with what kind of curtains, and just how to give your home a fresh charm with attractive window treatments. Why don't you send for a copy today? It's only twenty cents—in stamps. The Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Preparation Suggestions—Open can of beef, chop and mix with equal quantity of chopped cooked potatoes. Season to taste. Put a little milk in frying pan with a little fat; heat; add hash and cook until brown. Open can of tomatoes, add a tablespoon chopped onion and heat to boiling point. Season with salt, pepper and sugar and simmer for 10 minutes.

Creamed dried beef
Potato chips *Buttered string beans*
Hearts of lettuce, Russian dressing
Prune whip
Coffee

Preparation Suggestions—Pour boiling water over the dried beef, let stand a few minutes, and drain. Combine with hot white sauce. Serve very hot on toasted bread. Heat string beans and season with salt, pepper and butter. For salad dressing, mix ½ cup mayonnaise with 2 tablespoons Chili sauce. Open can of prunes, press pulp through sieve and mix with whipped cream. Sweeten to taste. Set in refrigerator.

Creamed salmon and peas
Pickles *Celery*
Hot baking powder biscuits
Fruit salad

Preparation Suggestions—Make a white sauce, add salmon and peas and heat thoroughly. Baking powder biscuits may be made and baked in 20 to 25 minutes Chill fruit salad and serve with mayonnaise mixed with whipped cream, or with equal parts of cold orange juice.

The following suggestions will help you give added variety to these or any other menus:

Main Dishes

Salmon, heated, and served with Tartar sauce
Tuna fish and olives heated in tomato soup
Shrimp and peas heated in cream sauce
Lobster broil—pieces dipped in seasoned butter and broiled
Baked beans or spaghetti baked in green pepper shells
Tuna fish, or chicken, browned with spaghetti and cheese
Chicken heated with chicken gumbo soup
Corned beef baked with kidney beans
Ham and pineapple slices, heated thoroughly in oven, and served with noodles

Salads

Green lima beans and beets with mayonnaise and chopped pickle
Asparagus tips and peas, French dressing
String beans and pimiento, mayonnaise dressing
Pear stuffed with cream cheese, Russian dressing

[*Continued on page 42*]

Just try Swift's Premium baked like this!

FIRST, spread with peanut butter and mustard a thick slice of Swift's Premium Ham. Next, cover the tender meat with milk and bake until thoroughly done. And then taste it, and taste again . . . savoring to the full that wonderful new flavor. The smooth richness of peanut butter, the lively tang of mustard—how well they accent Premium's own mild, matchless savor!

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium seal—which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

WHERE THE FAMILY GATHERS

By Mary Davis Gillies

ISN'T it surprising the way our taste in decorating changes and grows better? Even in the last ten years, standards have improved, and manufacturers of furniture and fabrics have made finer things available at more reasonable prices.

Although few of us can scrap the accumulation of furniture we have and start over afresh, yet we *can* build up a program of gradual replacement with good pieces of lasting beauty. This charming and colorful living room was planned as an idea-room. Look at it as a complete unit, visualize it as a background for gracious family life and genial entertaining. Then divide it into its parts and perhaps one feature, or several of them, may fit in with your plans for reconstruction.

The room is small, only 12 by 15 feet, yet mother has a sewing table, there are friendly books for the literary members of the family, there is shelf-room to take care of the radio, a desk to encourage correspondence, a card table for the casual game of bridge, tables a-plenty for Sunday night tea, chairs just where you want them, and an indispensable sofa. You didn't even miss the fireplace, did you? Which proves, of course, that even though *your* apartment or house doesn't have one it can be cozy and attractive just the same.

If you have a fireplace you are that much ahead, for the same furniture groupings can be used. If there is only one group of windows and the opposite wall is blank, the card table with the lid lifted, a chest of drawers, or a long table with an attractive picture grouping above it, will fill the space and leave the rest of the room undisturbed.

Perhaps your present plans just allow for refinishing the walls. Then you will be interested in the sunny yellow paper with the azure blue-beige-and-gold diamond motif, and the jade green woodwork. The combination has just the right degree of informality for a small living room, and the color balance is so perfect that it could be used in either a dark or a sunny room.

Since a pleasing background is the foundation of an attractive room, perhaps you can have simple bookcases built into each corner, while the walls are being changed. Composition board and molding can be used to block off the space above the windows, or for that matter the bookcases could run straight to the ceiling and the

false drop over the windows could be omitted. Any carpenter can easily contrive such a scheme, and at once make *your* room different from the million of other box-like living rooms the country over.

It may be that draperies are troubling you. Those shown here are delightful. In order to make the room seem larger and brighter, the whole group of windows has been treated as a single unit, and then to hold the group together, a trim little scalloped valance backed with buckram finishes off the top.

THE chintz is really quite unusual. It has a nut-brown ground enlivened with a graceful, conventionalized design in gold, tangerine, blue, and green. It was chosen first, and the whole room built around it. The draperies are lined with gold sateen and finished with a dull green sateen binding. The glass curtains of deep gold rayon make sunshine even on rainy days. They are finished at the top with French pleats and are hung with rings so they can be easily pushed apart.

With the background thus far developed, a green or brown floor covering would be selected in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, but don't you like the blue one, just because it's different? It might be a rug, leaving a two-foot border of hardwood floor, stained a dark brown and waxed. But if you own your house, a carpet which completely covers the floor will make your small room seem larger, and in this day of dependable vacuum cleaners, it will be no more trouble to care for than a rug.

The chairs are small in scale and were chosen in order to make the room seem larger. In other coverings they might be called boudoir chairs, but for this room they are just as comfortable as larger chairs and are much more suitable in size. The plain little club chair in the illustration is covered in tangerine velveteen, the modified wing chair is upholstered in a blue striped cotton taffeta, an inexpensive but durable fabric which is also used on the three side chairs. The wing chair (not in illustration) to the left of the secretary and the sofa may be slip-covered or upholstered in the chintz which is used for drapery.

To complete a smooth rhythm in upholstery colors, the pad on the window seat at the opposite end of the room, is covered in the dull orange velveteen, though rep or linen might be used.

If you have any "holes" in your living room, study the lines of the secretary, the drum table and the card table at the end of the sofa. They are beautifully proportioned eighteenth century reproductions, and you can add them to your room one at a time. The desk should usually stand open, as the papers in the pigeon-holes, the desk pad and the small accessories give a room a comfortable, lived-in-look. The desk chair, too, is very graceful. It has a slip seat, so that new covers can be easily put on it.

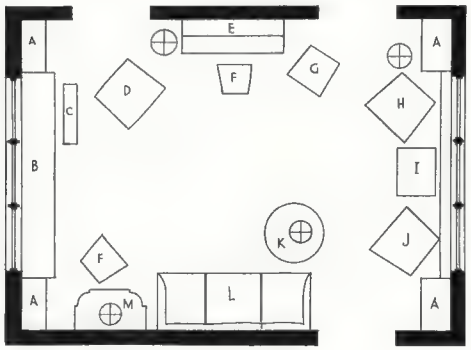
A simple bridge lamp, not shown in the illustration, divides its light between the desk and the wing chair beside it. And just because they make a particularly harmonious grouping, notice the relationship between the classic lines of the lamp and the drum table. The sofa was thoughtfully supplied with two lamps so that both ends could comfortably be used for reading. The height of table lamps is particularly important. If they are too low or if the shades are too dense, they are very annoying.

A SINGLE long mirror with a narrow gilt frame, over the sofa, gives this rather small living room a pleasing sense of spaciousness. The open doors of the adjoining sun room also help to make it look larger. In the sun room, jade green Venetian blinds, terra cotta colored crash curtains, and flower pots carry over the color scheme of the living room.

It should be possible to find the furnishings illustrated here in the shops where you trade. And as you read this article, your furniture dealer may be arranging a Furniture Style Show as his share in a national program. To see his exhibits will add to your knowledge and your appreciation of finer furniture.

●

A Built-in bookcases
B Window seat over radiator with tangerine velveteen pad
C Drop leaf coffee table
D Wing chair covered with chintz
E Mahogany secretary desk
F Side chair of mahogany with seats of blue striped cotton taffeta
G Armchair, same style as F
H Club chair upholstered in tangerine velveteen
I Mahogany sewing table; drawers and drop leaves
J Small wing chair upholstered in blue striped cotton taffeta
K Drum table and lamp
L Sofa with slip cover of chintz
M Card table and lamp
⊕ Lamps



WHAT A KITCHEN KNIFE CAN TELL YOU ABOUT WASHDAY

A KITCHEN KNIFE and easier washdays! They may seem miles apart. And yet . . .

Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha and cut into it. As the blade eases through the big, generous bar, what do you see? . . . from top to bottom a smooth, velvety texture that plainly says, "This is unusually good soap!" But don't stop here, for the best is yet to come.

Hold this soap up to your nose and sniff. Naptha! You can smell it. Plenty of it *all through the bar.* Naptha, you know, is an unusual dirt-loosener. It is combined with the good golden soap by a special process that keeps it there, on the job to the last thin sliver.

So every time you use Fels-Naptha, you get the help of two safe, active cleaners instead of one. Plentiful naptha working hand-in-hand with good golden soap. Briskly, busily, this sturdy pair loosens the most stubborn dirt and washes it away without hard rubbing. And that's why millions say Fels-Naptha is the real washday bargain. It brings you not more bars, but more help. *Extra* help that saves *you!*

Next washday, try Fels-Naptha. See how much quicker and easier it makes your washing; how sweetly clean and fresh it gets your clothes. Notice, too, how gentle Fels-Naptha is to the hands. That's because it loosens dirt so quickly that you don't have to keep them in the water long.

Another advantage—there's no fussing, no special directions with Fels-Naptha. Use it *your* way. Use it in tub or machine. Soak or boil your clothes with it, just as you wish. Being a soap, Fels-Naptha naturally works best in hot water. But unlike many other soaps, Fels-Naptha will turn out a sparkling wash in lukewarm or even cool water.

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars to-day. Or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton — then you'll have *extra* help aplenty for all your washing and household cleaning tasks.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

© 1930, FELS & CO.

McC.-10-30

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

Busy hands, by the thousands, now have this marvelous beauty care—right in the dishpan.

The beautiful hands of leisure are no lovelier than the hands of the woman who uses Lux.

··Need your Hands say··

"I Have No Maid"

YOU need never be ill at ease, uncomfortably self-conscious—even in the company of women who have maids to do all their work. Your hands need never broadcast 'dishpan' though you wash dishes three times a day!

Modern young homemakers by the thousands are now keeping their hands white and smooth and young—simply by using Lux for dishes and all soap and water tasks.

A Great Discovery

Women discovered for themselves in washing out their fine fabrics just what 305 famous beauty shops have said: "Lux gives real beauty care—keeps the hands of the woman who uses it lovely and young as the hands of leisure."

These beauty experts know the reason—know that ordinary soaps dry up the precious oils of the skin and leave hands red and rough and work-worn, while the bland Lux suds protect these oils and keep the skin smooth and fine.

Beauty Experts answer "No"

Asked "Can you tell from looking at a woman's hands whether she does her own work?" experts in 305 of the finest beauty salons in the country answered... "With all our experience we cannot distinguish between the hands of the woman with servants to do all her work and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in her dishpan."

Save the precious, flower-like beauty of your hands. Even *one* dishwashing with Lux will leave them lovelier.

This wonderful beauty care is delightfully inexpensive. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day.

LUX in your Dishpan keeps Hands Lovely for Less than 1¢ a Day

READY FOR ANYTHING

[*Continued from page 38*]

Match the can to the size of your family

Desserts

Hot toasted crackers spread with marmalade or jam

Preserved peaches garnished with toasted marshmallows

Chilled pears served with crisp, hot cinnamon toast

Whipped cream with cocoa and coconut beaten into it

Dried fruits—washed, covered with water and boiled 30 minutes to 1 hour, according to variety. Cool and serve with whipped cream (or whipped evaporated milk).

Cans come in graded sizes—all the way from the small can that holds just enough for two, on up to the big ones which are so useful for large quantity cooking. In ordering, the following table will be helpful to you:

Can No.	*Cups*	*Serves*
Picnic	1	1 or 2
No. 1	1½	2 or 3
No. 2	2½	4 or 5
No. 2½	3½	4 to 6
No. 3	4	5 to 7
No. 5	7	14
No. 10	13	26

OUR DAILY DIET

[*Continued from page 31*]

and good surgery led, within sixty days, to many complete cures of pyorrhea.

But like all careful scientists, Dr. Hanke wanted to make further tests, under highly controlled conditions. Hence, the experiment at Mooseheart.

At the beginning (October 1929), the children had *all cavities filled*. Color-photographs of their teeth and gums were taken; and their weight, height and blood condition were carefully recorded. During this past year their regular diet has not been changed; but now, at the beginning of the second year a liberal amount of vitamin C will be given them each day. The juice of one lemon mixed with enough orange juice to make a pint will be allowed for every child over ten; the younger children will receive half this amount. Besides this, they will eat from a quarter to a half head of lettuce daily, and also the milk, eggs, meat, fresh fruits and vegetables to which they have been accustomed.

This diet contains, as far as we know, *all* of the essentials for health. Adults and children who have followed it report an improvement in their general health. They say that they can work and play with less fatigue and they are better able to resist infection —especially head colds.

Even before a baby is born a mother can give him his first chance for good teeth by seeing that her own diet is balanced. And as he grows up the right food will save dentists' bills. With all the splendid research now going on, it is not too much to hope that our children's children will be blessed with perfectly healthy teeth and gums.

SCIENCE has solved another of our everyday food mysteries.

In rural communities, where the source of the milk supply is known, mothers have often wondered why one cow's milk made their babies healthy and happy, while the milk from another cow, handled under the same sanitary conditions, made their babies fretful and ill.

And while they wondered, scientists discovered that there is an astonishing difference in milk curds, the curd of some milk being ten times as tough as the curd of other milk.

Nature planned mother's milk to be exactly right for babies, giving it a soft, flaky curd which is easily digested in a baby's stomach. When cows' milk is used it must be modified. For many years, doctors have prescribed various methods of modifying cows' milk. Boiling it, for instance, will break up the curds and make it almost as digestible as mother's milk. Evaporated milk, which undergoes a boiling process, is recommended by many baby specialists for just this reason.

Soft-curd certified milk is now being sold in several large cities; wherever feeding tests have been made by baby specialists the results have been gratifying, and in many cases a remarkable improvement has been seen. Babies who were losing weight showed a gain and little or no digestive disturbance.

Babies all over the country can benefit by this discovery, for the curd test is easy to make. Anyone who is interested in making the test can get complete details from the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station, Logan, Utah. After a cow's milk has once been tested, you can trust it not to change. Once a soft-curd cow, always a soft-curd cow. The milk from Holstein cows is more likely to have soft curds than the milk from other breeds, but you can't always depend on this.

Although this milk is chiefly valuable for babies, it is also useful for adults in the treatment of gastric ulcers and other stomach disorders.

Outstanding quality, remarkable results–

yet the cost is 25¢ the large tube

HAVE you learned the lesson already learned by millions—that Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ is the most remarkable value in the entire tooth paste field?

Get a tube today and prove it yourself. Compare it with any paste at any price—and judge by results alone.

Note how white, brilliant, and lustrous it leaves your teeth.

Note how thoroughly it cleans between the teeth and front and back; how swiftly it removes ugly tartar and discoloration without harming the teeth. Its cleansing ingredients are harder than tartar and so remove it. But they are softer than enamel and therefore do not harm it.

Note how its mild fruit juices neutralize destructive acids of decay.

Incidentally, at 25¢, this tooth paste saves about $3 per year per person over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of
Listerine Tooth Paste
Recommend
Prophylactic Tooth Brushes

Buy 3 good books with the $3.00 it saves you

This is the day of the first rate dollar book. Why not buy a few with that $3 a year you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class?

TANGEE

--- the lipstick of a thousand shades

A thousand hues in one magic lipstick—Tangee! A lipstick color which is yours and yours alone...which blends perfectly with your natural coloring, no matter what your complexion. Apply Tangee and watch the color change to the one individual shade you need!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it. It leaves no greasy smear. It is permanent. And because of its unique solidified cream base, it soothes, heals and protects.

Whatever your coloring—Tangee is for you. One of its thousand shades is yours!

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ ... *Crème Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. McC-10
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name .....

Address .....

As soon as they're sprinkled with powdered sugar, they'll be ready for the Hallowe'en party. And they'll probably be served with big tumblers of icy cold cider or delicious Spiced Punch

HOSTESS RECIPES

By McCall's Food Staff

OCTOBER, with its bright blue weather, is bringing a round of parties, parties everywhere. Aren't they going to be fun? We hope some of these recipes will help you make *your* parties even nicer than usual.

Doughnuts

2½ tablespoons fat
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1 cup milk
4 cups flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon clove
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Cream fat with ¼ cup sugar, add remaining sugar and mix well. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Mix and sift flour, cinnamon, clove, baking powder, and salt together and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Chill. Roll out on a lightly-floured board to ¼ inch thickness. Cut with a doughnut cutter and fry in deep hot fat (340° to 375° F.) until a delicate brown. Drain on unglazed paper. Sprinkle with powdered sugar before serving.

For afternoon tea, cut with a small doughnut cutter, or in fancy shapes (small squares, rounds, or triangles).

Spiced Punch

1 cup sugar
1 cup water
½ tablespoon whole cloves
Juice 6 oranges
3 inch piece cinnamon stick
Juice 6 lemons
1 cup grapefruit juice
1 cup pineapple juice

Make a syrup of sugar, water, and spices. Bring slowly to boiling point and boil 10 minutes. Strain and cool. Add fruit juices and water to taste. Serve with cracked ice, or ice cubes tinted with green vegetable coloring.

Rolled Pecan Wafers

¼ cup shortening
½ cup brown sugar
1 egg
2 tablespoons flour
1/3 cup pecans, chopped
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Add flour, nuts, salt, and flavoring and mix well. Drop by teaspoons on greased cooky sheet 5 inches apart and spread out thin with back of spoon. Bake in a slow oven (300° F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Remove with a spatula and roll while hot over round wooden spoon handle. If the cookies become too cool to roll, they may be reheated in the oven.

Cinnamon Raisins

1 ¼ cups sugar
1 cup water
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon clove
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon ginger
1¼ cups raisins

Put sugar, water, and spices in saucepan and cook until sugar is dissolved, stirring constantly. Continue cooking without stirring until temperature reaches 238° F. (soft ball). Add raisins and heat 5 to 7 minutes, stirring gently. Set in pan of warm water. Take out a few raisins at a time, drain and roll in granulated sugar. If the mixture of raisins and syrup becomes sugary, add ⅓ cup water and cook about 5 minutes, stirring gently.

Cloverleaf Rolls

1 yeast cake
2 tablespoons lukewarm water
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons fat
5 cups flour

Break yeast cake in small pieces and dissolve in lukewarm water. Heat milk, add sugar, salt, and fat and stir until thoroughly blended. Cool to lukewarm, add yeast and flour enough to make a soft batter. Cover and set in a warm place to rise until double in bulk—about 2 hours. Add remaining flour and knead until smooth and elastic to touch. Put in a greased bowl, cover and set in a warm place to rise until double in bulk. Knead again until free from large air bubbles. Break off bits of dough and roll into small balls. Grease muffin pans and put 3 balls in each pan. Cover and let rise in warm place until double in size. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 15 to 20 minutes.

French Pancakes

3 egg yolks
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
¾ cup flour
1 tablespoon shortening
3 egg whites
Currant jelly

Beat egg yolks until light and lemon colored, add sugar, salt, and ½ cup milk. Sift flour and add to egg mixture with the remaining milk and shortening. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake on a hot griddle making the cakes a little larger than is usual for pancakes. Spread each cake with currant jelly and roll while hot. Place on a platter, arranging them with lapped side down to prevent spreading. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve hot.

Prune and Chestnut Conserve

½ lb. prunes
2 cups cold water
1 lb. chestnuts
1 cup sugar
¼ cup raisins
1 tablespoon vinegar
Few grains salt

Wash prunes and soak over night in cold water. In the morning cook until tender in same water. Cool and remove pits. Cook chestnuts in boiling water until tender. Cool. Remove shells and skin under shell. Add chestnuts, sugar, raisins, vinegar and salt to the prunes. Cook until thick. This is delicious with roast ham or chicken.

Calf's Liver, Spanish Style

6 slices calf's liver
3 tablespoons butter
1 onion, sliced
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 tablespoon chopped pimiento
⅓ cup chopped mushrooms
1 clove garlic
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Melt butter, add onion and green pepper and sauté until soft—10 minutes. Add tomatoes, pimiento, mushrooms, garlic, salt, and pepper. Cook slowly for 1 hour. Remove garlic. Season liver with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and fry in melted fat. Place on hot platter and pour hot sauce over it. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Veal Chops, Française

6 veal chops
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
1 cup dry bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
1 cup cream

Beat egg and add milk, salt, and pepper. Dip veal chops in bread crumbs, then in egg and again in crumbs. Fry in a little fat until a delicate brown on both sides. Add cream, cover and steam about 30 minutes—until very tender.

Have you a favorite recipe that's new and different? We'll pay $5 for it, if we can use it. Send it to Sarah Field Splint, McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York. No recipes can be returned.

SEVEN YOUNG PERSONS OF IMPORTANCE

BETTINA BELMONT

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ELLA WIDENER

LIVINGSTON LUDLOW BIDDLE, III

ANTOINETTE AND MARY PINCHOT

ELIZABETH STUYVESANT FISH

JOHN ASPINWALL ROOSEVELT

growing up well and strong with this little care so many mothers give

Seven little lucky ones! Names that are powers in Philadelphia, Washington, Newport, New York—in Virginia, and in California.

But it takes more than family prestige and an inheritance of wealth and position, to produce such sturdy, rosy youngsters. It takes a very definite health régime—and strict adherence to it.

When we asked about health programs, the answers varied slightly, though in the main they were alike. The mothers of these children believe in simple schedules, regularity, careful supervision of exercise and diet.

But on one particular point there was no variance. That was the matter of a *hot, cooked* cereal. The roll call was complete. They *all* eat Cream of Wheat, the children's own cereal.

In each case the choice was at the recommendation of a distinguished child specialist. For thirty-four years this advice has been given. Physicians have long known the value of Cream of Wheat as a food for children.

They tell mothers to start their babies out on Cream of Wheat, to keep it up during the exacting school years. First, because Cream of Wheat is exceptionally rich in energy-giving substance. Second, because it is amazingly easy and quick to digest.

Let your children have this simple advantage—the right start at the breakfast table. *Cream of Wheat costs less than one cent a serving.* Give them good hot bowls of it regularly.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

TUNE IN on Cream of Wheat Radio Program every weekday morning at 7:45. Stations *WJZ, WBZ-A, KDKA, WHAM, WLW, WJR, WLS.* Starting Sept. 29, also *KSTP, KWK, KFAB, WREN.*

FREE—a wonderful child's game

All children love the H. C. B. Club with a secret meaning. It makes a jolly game of their morning cereal. All the wonder-working material free—badges, gold stars, and big new posters with stirring color pictures of childhood heroes—Joan of Arc, Roland and Oliver, Richard the Lion Hearted. We will also send valuable child health booklet. Mail this coupon to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. G-46, Minneapolis, Minn.

*Child's Name*_____

*Address*_____

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here ☐

Famous Husbands for choosing this DATED

New Treat in Flavor–
Your grocer gets Two Deliveries a Week–Fresh from the Roasting Ovens–*Full Strength*

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., First National star, pronounces Joan Crawford a marvelous housekeeper. *"We always serve Chase & Sanborn's Coffee,"* says young Doug. *"It's the one coffee that's dependably fresh."*

ALFRED LUNT and LYNN FONTANNE, beloved co-stars of the New York stage, at *run smoothly in a one hundred percent theatrical household like ours,"* they say, *"but one thing*

EVERY can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is dated! This means the same thing as the date on the cap of "this morning's milk" bottle . . . *freshness.* Chase & Sanborn's *dated* Coffee is distributed exactly like a fresh food.

• • •

Delicious, full flavor in coffee is in direct proportion to its freshness. The aromatic oils which give coffee body and satisfying richness are volatile. They are at their peak when it is freshly roasted. Time steals their aroma away.

That is why Chase & Sanborn's Coffee tastes so good. It goes to your grocer straight from the roasting ovens by the modern "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., organized for the swift distribution of fresh foods. No storage stop-overs! No delays for re-handling!

The date when your grocer gets Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is plainly marked in large type on the label of every can. He receives two direct deliveries a week—just enough at a time to last until the next delivery. At the end of every ten days, if any cans are left over, they are collected and replaced by fresh. You will never find a can of Chase & Sanborn's

Chase and Sanborn's

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praise their Wives

COFFEE . . .

breakfast in the sun-room of their apartment in Murray Hill. *"Things can't always is always right: the coffee! We find Chase & Sanborn's DATED Coffee superbly satisfying."*

This year in "Ripples," FRED STONE, supported by two talented young daughters, again delighted doting audiences. *"As you probably know, we have never let theatrical careers interfere with our home life,"* he laughs. *"We fixed that by bringing all the family to the stage!*

"Mrs. Stone and I usually agree off stage as well as on. We both think good coffee plays an important part in home happiness, and that Chase & Sanborn's has a satisfying flavor."

Coffee that is more than ten days old. It is the first coffee ever to be handled like a fresh food . . . so that not a whiff of its superb, freshly roasted flavor can be lost.

However long your can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee lasts, it tastes better because it is weeks fresher at the start. Get a can from your grocer at once and enjoy this delectable, real coffee taste tomorrow in your own cup. You will find its extra richness . . . its fresh, full-strength flavor a magnificent satisfaction!

RICHARD ARLEN, famous Paramount star, proudly claims that Jobyna finds time, between pictures, to be a real home-maker and to see to it that Dick gets everything he likes best—including Chase & Sanborn's Coffee! *"We owe it to our friends to serve a coffee we know is fresh,"* says Dick, *"and if it is dated, we are certain we are right in our selection."*

DATED *Coffee*

tempting Prizes for tempting dishes of MACARONI *EGG NOODLES SPAGHETTI*

$5000 IN CASH

AWARDS	For Macaroni Recipes	For Spaghetti Recipes	For Egg Noodle Recipes
1st	$500.00	$500.00	$500.00
2nd	250.00	250.00	250.00
3rd	100.00	100.00	100.00
4th	50.00	45.00	45.00
Next 10, each	25.00	25.00	25.00
Next 104, each	5.00	5.00	5.00

RULES: 1. Contest open to any resident of U. S. or Canada, except those connected with the macaroni industry. 2. Awards will be based solely on the novel, appetizing qualities of the recipes. The Judges' decisions will be final. Each recipe must contain as an ingredient Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles. 3. Use pen and ink or typewriter. Write on one side of paper only. Use separate sheet for each recipe submitted. 4. In describing recipe give exact measurements. 5. In event of tie for any prize, an equal prize will be awarded each tying contestant. 6. Contest closes Dec. 15, 1930, and no entry bearing later postmark will be considered. Address Recipe Contest, National Macaroni Manufacturers Association.

JUDGES: Sarah Field Splint, Director of McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management; Maxime, chef, Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia; Jean Rich, recipe counselor, National Macaroni Manufacturers Association.

HAVE you a "pet" recipe for Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles? One that is as delicious and unusual as the "Macaroni Papoose" shown here? You can turn it into cash! $5,000 will be awarded by the National Macaroni Manufacturers Association in this new contest. Your recipe may win one of the three first prizes—$500 each!

If you do not serve Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles regularly, get acquainted now! These easily digested foods are simple to prepare; unsurpassed in appetite appeal; high in nourishment; yet so thrifty their use gives a real saving.

Read the rules, then submit your recipes. Send as many as you like, provided each contains Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles.

To aid you in winning a prize, we offer FREE "The Jean Rich Cook Book" of 70 tested recipes for macaroni products. Contest closes December 15, so mail coupon now!

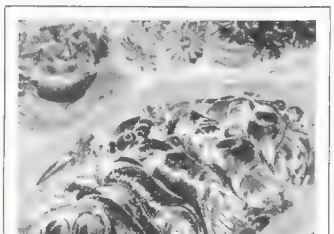
Surprise the family with

"Macaroni Papoose" from FRED HARVEY *of the Santa Fe*

½ lb. macaroni (broken into 4" lengths)
Thin slices of raw smoked ham
Horseradish
Grated cheese
½ cup milk

1. Cook macaroni until tender. 2. Spread slices of ham with macaroni, horseradish and cheese. 3. Roll slices and skewer or tie together. 4. Place in shallow baking dish with ½ cup milk. 5 Bake in moderate oven (325°) for 35 minutes. 6. Serve hot, with dish of crushed pineapple to sprinkle over each "papoose" as desired.

(*Makes 4 liberal servings*)



N. M. M. A., 1930

FREE BOOK COUPON

THE ENERGY TRIO

NATIONAL MACARONI MFRS. ASSOCIATION,
Dept. 301, Peoples Bank Bldg., Indianapolis.

Please send me, FREE, my copy of "The Jean Rich Cook Book" containing 70 tested recipes for Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles. (Print name and address)

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

LOVE IS SO WONDERFUL

[*Continued from page 17*]

called, "will you bring Mrs. Murray an ash tray?"

The sisters ranged themselves around the lamp. Miss Catherine produced a table mat which she was crocheting. Miss Lucy began to turn the hem of a napkin. Miss Jeanette polished her spectacles and cleared her throat. "Ahem! *Egypt and Its Monuments*, by Amelia B. Edwards. Published 1891. Chapter One, 'The Explorer in Egypt.' What *is* the matter, Lucy?"

I'M AFRAID," faltered Miss Lucy, "I've run out of white thread. If you could lend me some just for the evening—"

Miss Jeanette and Miss Catherine both dived into their work-baskets. Miss Lucy had her choice between two spools, one initialed "J," and the other "C." "I'll keep track," she said blushing at her own carelessness, "and pay you back tomorrow."

She helped herself alternately from "J" and "C." Miss Jeanette read Chapter One, and passed the book in order of seniority to Miss Catherine. Claudia stroked the cat, and looked from one to another of the gray heads. The darlings, reading their improving books, and doing their "fancy-work." With all respect to Dr. Freud, spinsters were the only sensible women.

Miss Catherine finished her chapter, and passed the book to Miss Lucy; but just after Miss Lucy began to read, ten o'clock struck from the black onyx clock with a gilt knight in armor atop. Miss Lucy promptly inserted a canvas bookmark embroidered with violets and a sentiment from Emerson. The cat jumped out of Claudia's lap and stood waiting. The sisters closed their work-baskets and rose—Miss Lucy put the three cats in the kitchen, Miss Jeanette lighted the hand lamps that stood on a table in the hall, Miss Catherine blew out the Rochester burner.

In the large dim bedrooms Mattie had already removed the spreads and bolsters from the high double beds. "Now that the fall evenings are growing so chilly," said Miss Jeanette, "we usually leave our bedroom doors open for ventilation."

"Perhaps Claudia is used to having her windows open," suggested Miss Lucy.

"Some people do," said Miss Catherine, "but I can't make myself believe night air is a good thing to let into a bedroom."

Claudia opened her windows; but she left her door ajar too. After the goodnights in the hall, not a word passed from bedroom to bedroom, yet she wasn't quite so lonesome with her door open. She wondered if back in the apartment in New York Fred had closed his door.

She awoke to find herself alone on the second floor, and dashed through a cold bath in a huge tub neatly matchboarded like the walls. But when she got downstairs, Mattie was just setting the table for breakfast.

The ham and eggs and pancakes daunted Claudia, who was used to beginning the day with a cup of black coffee and a cigarette. After breakfast the three sisters scattered to their tasks. Miss Jeanette inspected the icebox, ordered the meals, and made a chocolate custard. Miss Catherine looked over the washing and did the mending. Miss Lucy betook herself to the tall iron plant stand that occupied the bay window in the dining room.

"We're always busy," she said to Claudia, as she snipped dead leaves and turned each plant through half a circle, so that in reaching toward the sunlight it wouldn't grow one-sided. "In a house like this, there's so much to do. We're never idle a minute."

Claudia helpfully turned a plant that Miss Lucy had already attended to. Miss Lucy unobtrusively turned it back as she went on. "After dinner I'm going to walk down town and do a little shopping. Perhaps you'd like to come with me?"

The Skinner house stood on an old street pretty well down town, so Claudia and Miss Lucy set out on foot for Chapman's, where the sisters always did their shopping. As they passed the house next door Miss Lucy nodded toward it. "That is where Mr. Monroe lives. He's always awfully kind about helping us when our insurance needs to be renewed, or difficult things like that. In fact we sent for him when your telegram came. We wanted to answer at once, but we weren't sure the office was open in the evenings."

"Is he a young man?" asked Claudia.

"Quite young. That is, he's really sixty-three, but he doesn't look a day over fifty-eight. He has lived alone since his mother died. He was a most devoted son. I'm sure you'll like him. He always comes to tea on Sunday evenings."

Claudia pricked up her ears. An unattached man, and a steady called! That sounded like business. In a house where even spools of thread were marked, beaux surely could not escape branding.

They turned in between pink marble pillars, passed beneath a ceiling painted with dolphins, and skirted a portrait of the founder hanging over a fireplace where a log burned neatly on polished andirons.

"I always like to deal with Chapman's. I feel that I can trust them," said Miss Lucy, selecting one spool of white cotton of a particular brand.

"Why don't you buy two spools?" asked Claudia. "Then you wouldn't run out again so soon."

Miss Lucy looked distressed. "A second spool might get lost or something," she pleaded.

SHE bought only one. Yet when they stopped at a tearoom she ordered more than six people could eat, and looked hurt when Claudia reached for the check. "You're my guest, dear," she said in mild reproof.

They had a little side room to themselves. "I believe Lucy has brought me in here to talk to me," thought Claudia.

Sure enough, over her second cup of tea Miss Lucy asked, "Have you a picture of Cousin Fred with you?"

Claudia fumbled in her handbag and produced a snapshot; it showed Fred and Claudia canoeing in Canada the previous summer, their lithe young bodies poised for the same sweep, their smiling young faces turned toward the camera. "Oh!" breathed Miss Lucy. "Isn't he handsome?"

"Yes, he's nice looking," said Claudia.

[*Continued on page 51*]

Get cake like this with ordinary flour?

Not in a month of Sundays

CARAMEL LAYER CAKE (2 eggs)

$1^{2}/_{3}$ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
$1^{1}/_{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
$^{1}/_{2}$ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
$^{1}/_{2}$ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Spread Caramel Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

CARAMEL FROSTING

3 cups brown sugar
1 cup water
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
Cream

Boil sugar and water until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water (238°F.) Add butter and vanilla, and remove from fire. When cold, beat until thick and creamy. Thin with cream until of right consistency to spread.

All measurements are level

THIS recipe is here to show you something. Run your practiced eye over it, and realize . . . Such a recipe, made up with *ordinary* flour, would give you . . . the most ordinary sort of cake. Nothing to boast about, that's sure!

Yet . . . make it with Swans Down Cake Flour, and see! Tender, and light, it will turn out to be *cake that* IS *cake . . . the pride of a cake-maker's heart!*

Its crust . . . crispy, no heavier than a wisp! Its texture, all through, wonderfully fine and velvet-smooth! You'll marvel that just two eggs and very little shortening *could* make such perfect cake!

To get anywhere near as good a cake with ordinary flour, you'd have to add eggs and shortening—you'd have to follow a far more lavish recipe!

Would you have guessed that flour makes such a difference as that? It does. Here is the reason:

Why SWANS DOWN *makes such a difference in cakes*

All flours contain gluten. In ordinary flours which are milled primarily for yeast breads, the gluten is tough, elastic—perfect for yeast's slow leavening, but entirely too resistant to the egg whites, baking powder, and other leavens used in cakes.

But Swans Down, which is milled especially for cakes, is made of soft winter wheat—because only in this wheat can you get the delicate gluten which cakes require. This gluten, quickly responsive to cake leavens, plays an important part in the success of your Swans Down cakes.

And the difference in Swans Down doesn't stop there. Swans Down is made of the choicest part of the wheat kernel only. Sifted and resifted through silken meshes, Swans Down comes to you 27 *times as fine as ordinary flour!*

No wonder Swans Down can make this simple little caramel cake so wonderfully good! No wonder it can make butter cakes, sponge cakes, angel foods, *all* cakes better than ordinary flour can ever make them. No wonder Swans Down permits you to save on eggs and shortening—permits you to save more than its trifling extra cost—and gives you—*finer cake!*

Ask the prize winners at the state and county fairs. They know the importance of using Swans Down. In cake contests throughout the country, it is just about a foregone conclusion that Swans Down cakes will win more prizes than all the other cakes put together!

Send for this wonderful recipe booklet and a helpful wire cake cooler that you'll prize!

Send! Send 25c today, for "Cake Secrets" . . . the most complete booklet on cakes you ever saw! 127 recipes—for cakes, pies, cookies, quick breads! With it will come the most practical little wire cake rack, on which to cool your cakes in no time, and ice them, too. All for 25c.

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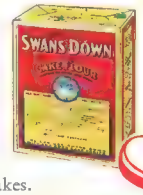


SWANS DOWN
CAKE FLOUR

A Product of General Foods Corporation

MAKE THESE TESTS
when you make your first Swans Down cake

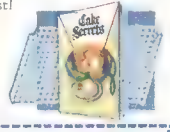
LOOK AT THE CRUST! *Touch it! It is ever so crisp and tender . . . daintily thin . . . springy, under your fingers! Swans Down makes an amazing difference in crust alone!*

NOW CUT YOUR CAKE! *Look at its grain. Did you ever see anything so fine and even? Swans Down cakes are so light and fluffy, that* feathery *is the only word to describe them!*

NEXT, BREAK OFF A MORSEL! *Press it gently, to feel its texture, so tender . . . so delicate! Never tough or "bready" . . . Here is one of the most striking characteristics of Swans Down cake.* It feels like velvet!

AND NOW TASTE IT! *Light . . . fine . . . here is cake worth the making! Here is . . .* cake at its best!

SEND! Get your copy of "Cake Secrets" and your cake rack . . . both for 25c.



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Enclosed is 25c (stamps or coin) for a copy of "Cake Secrets" and your practical wire cake cooler.

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Fill in completely — print name and address

In Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

31 Easy Fruit Desserts and Salads

Keep this page in your kitchen. A remarkably handy reference list in planning meals for every day in the month . . . . . .

Desserts and salads—you know how they are. Dozens of them at your finger tips, and then when you actually get down to planning a meal, nothing that seems to have quite the right touch of distinction—of newness—of taste-appeal. Yes, keeping desserts and salads interesting and attractive is a problem. But it isn't half so much of a problem when your pantry is well-stocked with Del Monte Peaches, particularly Del Monte Sliced Peaches ready for instant use.

For there are mighty few other fruits which lend themselves to such an enticing array of salads and desserts. Take *hot* desserts, for instance. Here's one that will bring three rousing cheers from the family some cold winter day when a fruit dessert—especially a *hot* fruit dessert—has its greatest appeal. Simply spread 2½ cups of Del Monte Sliced Peaches over the bottom of a baking pan, sprinkle with sugar, dot with butter, add 2 cups of soft, stale bread crumbs, pour 1 cup water over, and bake in a hot oven. Then to add a touch of perfection to something that already seems perfect, serve it with sauce made from the peach syrup.

Sliced Peaches with leftover cake

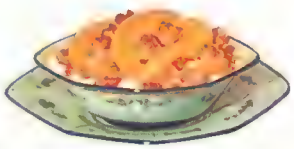
And here's another hot dessert, equally good—Peach Souffle. Brown a half cup of bread crumbs in melted butter, add a cup of peach syrup, sweetened, and cook 20 minutes in a double boiler. Then add chopped Del Monte Peaches, beat the yolks of three eggs into the mixture, fold in the beaten whites, bake in individual molds, and serve with hard sauce. Or for another dish—Peach Rice Pudding. Make it with 1¾ cups of cooked rice and a cup of Del Monte Sliced Peaches, placed in alternate layers, peach syrup added, baked in a hot oven for eight minutes, and served with cream.

These aren't even a start however into the list of hot peach desserts. You can use Sliced Peaches as a shortcake filling with buttered baking powder biscuits, or leftover cake. You can serve them in pastry shells, topped with a fluffy mound of whipped cream or with butterscotch sauce. You can insert them in the center of baked apples, or place a layer on your gingerbread before it goes into the oven, or bake them in individual tartlets, covered with crispy, delicately-browned meringue.

As for *cold* desserts—what's easier than Del Monte Peaches frozen right in the can? What more, pleasing to the eye and the appetite than Peach Frangipane? Make a sauce of ⅓ cup of sugar, 3 tablespoons cornstarch, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, and 2 beaten eggs. Add 1½ cups scalded milk and cook over hot water until thick. Remove from fire, add 1 cup cake crumbs, and 1 teaspoon orange extract. Cool, pour over the peaches and chill.

Sliced Peach gelatine

Then there's Butterscotch Peach Tapioca. You add to the cooked tapioca brown sugar melted in butter and stirred into milk, then two beaten eggs, and a cup of Del Monte Sliced Peaches. Fold into the mixture the sweetened and beaten whites of 2 eggs, brown quickly in a hot oven, and serve cold. There's Peach Coupe—sliced peaches covered with ice cream and garnished with whipped cream and orange sections. There's Peach Mousse—peaches pulped and mixed with an equal amount of whipped cream and a little gelatine. There's peach custards, and peach junkets, and peach filling for jelly roll, and peaches added to custard and cream and apple pies, added to cornstarch and bread pudding, to floating island and gelatine desserts. Oh, yes—and Dutch Peach Cake, made with Del Monte Sliced Peaches instead of apples, on soft biscuit dough; and that perennial favorite, Peach Upside Down Cake—sliced peaches candied in a frying pan with 3 tablespoons butter and ¾ cup brown sugar; then cake batter poured over them, and the whole cooked in a moderate oven.



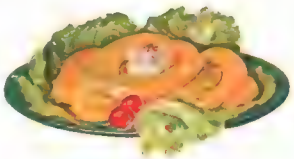
Sliced Peaches with cereal

And when it comes to *fruit salads*, peaches deserve a special mention on the roll of fame. Was there ever a fruit salad so tempting that it couldn't be made more so by the addition of peaches? Why, Del Monte Sliced Peaches alone, on cool, crisp lettuce leaves, make as delicious a salad as you can imagine. And if you add to them sliced canned pineapple, cheese balls, and your favorite salad dressing you have something which comes close to being a work of art.

Sliced Peach shortcake

Speaking of cheese with peaches, *there's* a combination which all by itself presents a world of salad possibilities. Sunflower Salad, for example, made with cream cheese blended with mayonnaise, placed on lettuce, and encircled with peach slices to represent sunflower petals—or diced cheese and pimiento olives, added to warm gelatine, flavored with peach syrup, and then poured into a mold filled with Del Monte Sliced Peaches.

And in case you want to fuss a bit, here's a molded peach and cheese salad that will be greeted with exclamations of delight. To make it, dissolve softened gelatine in boiling Del Monte Peach syrup. Sweeten to taste, add ¾ cup Del Monte Sliced Peaches and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Chill half the mixture in a mold until firm. Then place cheese balls—cream cheese seasoned with green peppers and paprika—on the chilled gelatine, add the other half of the mixture, and chill until the whole is firm.



Sliced Peach pineapple salad

Varied as these suggestions are, however, they fall far short of covering the subject of peaches. We haven't mentioned how inviting Del Monte Sliced Peaches look and taste with the morning's cereal—the countless ways they can be used in fruit cups, and cocktails, and sherbets—the breakfast dishes such as peach omelet, sweetened with peach syrup and folded over peach slices. That's why you'll surely want a copy of "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Serve Them." The book is offered free below.

But of course you'll want to enjoy some of the sliced peach treats suggested above, even before you get this book. Just remember that Del Monte Peaches are always the finest peaches grown, carefully selected, fully tree-ripened fruit from the world's finest orchards. Even then, only half of this selected fruit is good enough for Del Monte. Tender, luscious, golden peaches you're always proud to serve.

And they're packed two ways—halved, for use in desserts and salads; and sliced, ready for use by themselves or in any of the dishes described above. Several convenient sizes of cans, but always the same delicious flavor. *One* quality, Del Monte Quality, in every can—no matter where you buy.

Sliced Peach jelly roll

Why not have your grocer send you a supply of Del Monte Sliced Peaches today? See for yourself how their use adds new charm to old dishes and suggests a world of new ones—how Del Monte Peaches in the pantry simplify the whole dessert and salad problem.

And write for the Del Monte Peach booklet mentioned above. With it, we'll send you "The Del Monte Fruit Book" and 5 other handy Del Monte recipe books and folders—all free. Just address Dept. 640, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Just be SURE you get

DEL MONTE *Sliced Peaches*

LOVE IS SO WONDERFUL

[*Continued from page 48*]

"You must be very happy with him," whispered Miss Lucy half to herself. "I think love is so wonderful."

Not wishing to say what she thought of love, Claudia was silent. But Miss Lucy, still scrutinizing the picture, went on, "I was in love once. Very much in love."

"So was I," thought Claudia. Aloud she asked, "What happened?"

"We were engaged. But Papa and Mamma didn't think I ought to get married before Jeanette and Catherine. You see I'm the youngest."

"You mean they made you give him up?"

"Oh, no! But they asked me to wait awhile. Then Mamma was sick for a long time, and after that Papa, so you see I couldn't have left home anyhow. And men get tired of waiting."

Miss Lucy's lip quivered like a child's. But when she looked back at Fred in the picture, she smiled softly. "One year while we were still engaged, he went to Paris. Paris was very far off in those days. He got there just before Christmas. On Christmas morning he sent me a cable to say, 'Merry Christmas.' Wasn't that wonderful?"

"You darling!" said Claudia. Miss Lucy blushed.

That evening an ash tray was placed for Claudia when they sat down about the reading lamp. Miss Lucy measured, and paid back the thread she had borrowed. Then she took up *The Monuments of Ancient Egypt,* and went on with her chapter.

Claudia, sitting in the shadows, looked principally at Miss Lucy. "I wonder if it's too late—" thought Claudia. Her mind strayed to Fred, figuring how soon she could hear if he wrote directly after she left home. Then she jerked it back to Miss Lucy. Her old lover was only a beautiful memory; but Mr. Monroe from next door was coming to tea on Sunday.

HE ARRIVED at the stroke of six—a ruddy, white-haired man, who wore his eyeglasses on a black ribbon and sported a carnation in his buttonhole. He discussed Mussolini at some length, and quoted from an editorial in the "New York Times." It was all directed at Claudia. This would never do.

"If you'll excuse me," murmured Claudia, "I want to telephone."

Mr. Monroe sprang to his feet. "I'll let you in my house, and you can use my 'phone."

"We ought to have a telephone ourselves, on account of burglars," said Miss Catherine. "But I can't persuade Jeanette to have one put in."

"I believe Miss Jeanette would really enjoy taking a poker to a burglar," said Mr. Monroe.

Miss Jeanette led the laugh at her own expense. Claudia said, "Just for that, Jeanette can walk with me to the corner drug store." Mr. Monroe protested politely, but he sat down again.

Miss Jeanette carried the lamp when Claudia went upstairs for her coat. Claudia called Miss Catherine to help her look for a missing pair of gloves, which were in her pocket all the time. Miss Jeanette paused in the search to ask, "What do you think of Mr. Monroe? Isn't he just as well-informed as the men you meet in New York?"

HE WAS much better informed than the men Claudia met in New York, and she said so. Then she asked casually, "Does he believe there's safety in numbers?"

"He's the friend of all of us," explained Miss Catherine.

"But why doesn't one of you marry him?" asked Claudia audaciously. "It's so handy to have a man right in the family."

"Marry Mr. Monroe?" echoed Miss Jeanette.

"That would mean leaving the other girls!" cried Miss Catherine.

"Just going next door," insisted Claudia. "You'd still see one another."

"But that would break up everything," said Miss Jeanette.

And Miss Catherine decided firmly, "Things are so pleasant just as they are."

But why should she be an advocate of marriage, Claudia wondered on a rainy fall Monday. Toward the close of a long morning she demanded, "What time does the mailman get here?"

"Oh, he passed long ago!" said Miss Lucy. "He doesn't often stop, except around the first of the month when Chapman's bill comes. I expect he'll stop much oftener now that you're here. And of course we have an afternoon delivery."

Late in the week Claudia wrote to Fred, just to say that she was well, and her cousins seemed glad to see her, and not to bother writing if he was busy. It was a letter full of loneliness and hurt pride, if he read between the lines; but she couldn't come out and say she was in the wrong, when she wasn't.

In the house the sisters shared Claudia as scrupulously as they shared Mr. Monroe, but on little excursions Claudia went with Miss Lucy.

When they approached the old house on their return from an excursion, Claudia's heart would beat fast; faster still when Mattie came to let them in, and in the dimness Claudia saw the white shapes of letters on the hall table. Her friends had found her out now, had been amused by her description of an Adamless Eden, and were inviting her to visit them when she tired of the old maids. But however many letters were waiting for her in the afternoon, when the Eastern mail was delivered, the letter Claudia wanted was never among them. She heard indirectly that Fred had sublet their apartment, and was working hard. Nobody ever saw him.

One dull winter day the sisters were helping Mattie with the orange marmalade. Claudia returned from a solitary walk, realizing desperately that it was once more Saturday afternoon, and a whole blank Sunday lay ahead.

She resolved not to wait for the mailman. Then she took up her station behind the long lace curtains, and waited for him anyhow. It was too late for the last delivery. No, there he came

[*Continued on page 52*]

Oooooooo

WITCHES!

They walk abroad on Hallowe'en and cast their magic spell over all we do. So let's give a gay party and drive evil spirits away. Send for your copy of *Hallowe'en Fun* today (ten cents in stamps). The Service Editor, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio

Wheatena *is sun-browned*

—because it is the cereal made from the entire wheat kernel . . from wheat ripened in sun-drenched fields . . browned by the same natural rays that turn your skin to healthy tan.

Wheatena *is nourishing*

—because it contains the precious food materials that nature packs so generously into the sun-browned kernel of wheat . . the minerals, vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates and nourishing oils.

Wheatena *is delicious*

—because the unique roasting and toasting process used at the Wheatena Mills gives it a delicious, nut-like flavor you'll find in no other breakfast cereal.

Wheatena *is quick-cooking*

—because the same roasting and toasting process that gives Wheatena its flavor also prepares it for *quick-cooking* in the home. It's ready for the milk or cream in two minutes.

Wheatena *is inexpensive*

Costs less than 1¢ *a dish*

—because each yellow and blue package of Wheatena gives you 30 or more generous servings at a cost of less than 1 cent a serving.

3 delicious servings FREE

We want you to taste the delicious flavor of this wonderful SUN-BROWNED wheat cereal—Wheatena. Just mail this coupon and we'll send you 3 generous servings FREE.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ McC-10-30

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

A fair skin with your new furs

It's the first note in the autumn

"SYMPHONIE"

This new powder-blend creates the creamy skin-tone so flattering with fur-fashions.

"SYMPHONIE" is the newest word in the style-world! It's the name of a remarkable powder-blend that matches your skin so perfectly and enhances it so subtly that you behold yourself in the beauty of a "natural" complexion . . . the smart complement of the new clothes.

"Symphonie" blend in Armand Cold Cream Powder is keyed to the exquisite flesh-tones found in Old-World portraits . . . those translucent tints that seem to glow with mellow beauty.

All women in general, blonde and brunette alike, possess these same underlying flesh tints; and "Symphonie" discovers them, emphasizing their pearl-pink quality.

Follow directions in the package for applying this new blend in Armand complexion-powder and behold a loveliness that is quick to come and not soon to go!

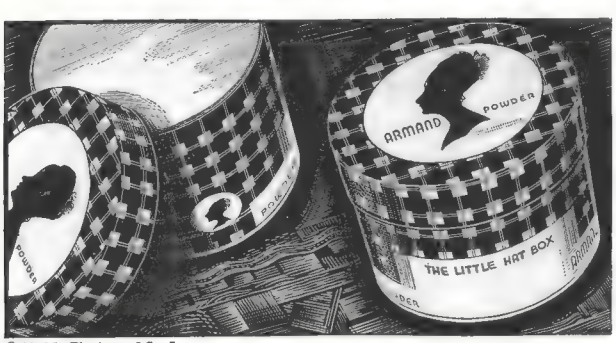
"With the new clothes, the new complexion." . . . Stunning red tweed suit collared in white fox, by Saks—Fifth Avenue; complexion by Armand; compliments by everybody!

Armand "Symphonie" Powder (or your choice of four standard tints), $1 the box. Zanzibar tone in Armand rouge and lipstick is the perfect color-note for "Symphonie."

—with a fineness of texture to surprise and entrance you!

ARMAND

"SYMPHONIE" POWDER



© 1930 by The Armand Co., Inc.

LOVE IS SO WONDERFUL

[*Continued from page 51*]

—came, and passed right by. Claudia turned away with a little sob.

There in the dimness behind her stood Miss Lucy. "Didn't you get your letter, dear?" she asked kindly.

To her own horror Claudia sobbed again. Then she muttered hastily, "I think I have a little cold. Or maybe I've been smoking too much."

"Why don't you ask Jeanette for some camphor?" suggested Miss Lucy. "That's very good for a cold."

"I think I have some aspirin in my trunk," said Claudia, and went upstairs.

AMONG the many things aspirin is good for, what ailed Claudia is not included. She stood in the darkness, pressing her hot forehead against the glass of the bay window in her bedroom, thinking, thinking, until her thoughts seemed to bore a hole in her head.

Her quarrel with Fred had begun about money. How could people quarrel about money? But it didn't signify how the trouble began, all those weeks and weeks ago. This was no longer a quarrel, it was a breach. It was practically—face it, Claudia, your generation calls things by their names—it was a separation.

With dim unseeing eyes Claudia stared down at the sidewalk under a row of leafless elms. All at once somebody stepped into the view. It was Miss Lucy, with a shawl over her head. And Miss Lucy turned into the walk of Mr. Monroe's.

From the bay window where Claudia stood, Mr. Monroe's front door was plainly visible. Miss Lucy's ring was answered by the housekeeper, then Mr. Monroe himself came to the door. He stood aside, plainly inviting Miss Lucy to enter.

She shook her head, and talked earnestly for a minute. Mr. Monroe produced pencil and paper, and Miss Lucy scribbled a few words. He read them over, shrugged doubtfully, then nodded. He was still standing in the doorway when Miss Lucy scuttled home like a frightened rabbit.

At supper she made no mention of her escapade, but her color was brighter than usual.

She stayed home from church the next morning complaining of a headache, Claudia went with the others. When they got back, Miss Lucy said her headache was better, and when Mr. Monroe came to tea, she chattered and laughed like a young girl.

Monday Claudia took her walk very late, to keep herself from watching for the mailman. On her return she saw Mr. Monroe just turning on his porch light. Impulsively she called to him, and latchkey in hand, he turned and came back to her.

"I want to talk to you for a minute —alone," said Claudia. "Put it down to the bad manners of my generation, or tell me right out to mind my own business, but please, please, listen and think it over."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Monroe. "Have you had news? You seem excited."

"It isn't I. It's Lucy."

"What about Lucy?" he asked.

"She's such a darling. And it isn't too late—it isn't a bit too late—for you to ask Lucy to marry you."

Mr. Monroe stared, then he blushed like a schoolboy, then he laughed.

"What's funny about that?" asked Claudia huffily.

"Funny you should apologize for your idea, because it isn't at all a new idea. I asked her years ago."

"But I didn't even know you'd singled her out from the others."

"I was Jeanette's beau to begin with. Forty years ago Jeanette looked very much like you. When she wouldn't have me, I asked Catherine. I've asked all three of the sisters to marry me, but none of them would ever leave the others."

"Why," gasped Claudia, "you—you old Mormon!"

She was backing away from him when a taxi drew up to the curb and a young man stepped out of it.

"There he is now!" said Mr. Monroe.

It didn't even occur to Claudia to wonder how Mr. Monroe knew who Fred was. She simply fled for cover.

Fred caught her in the vestibule. He had an awful lot to explain; but a ton of explanations isn't worth a kiss in the dark, and the touch of a bearded cheek against a smooth one.

When Claudia finally recovered enough to take him inside, the sisters all came exclaiming over him.

Under cover of their fluttering, Fred remembered the explanation that was Claudia's due. "I've closed out my account," he whispered. "A man has no business in the market unless he makes money. You were right about that."

"I'm always right," said Claudia smiling.

"You sure are," agreed Fred in all seriousness. "I knew I was acting like a pig, but I'd have gone on acting like a pig if it hadn't been for your telegram."

"What telegram?" asked Claudia.

He produced the telegram from the pocket over his heart. Claudia glanced at it. "Come and talk things over. Lonesome for you. Love. Claudia."

No need to ask which one of them had done this. Even if Claudia had not known of Miss Lucy's mysterious errand to Mr. Monroe, and her absence from church when Fred's reply was due, the only one of the sisters who knew the language of love was Miss Lucy, who had had that memorable cablegram from Paris in the days when Paris was a world away.

And when Claudia looked accusingly at her, Miss Lucy looked straight back at Claudia and said, "Your cold's better today, isn't it?"

"Much better," said Claudia.

AFTER supper Fred and Claudia sat in the parlor. The sisters clustered around the Rochester burner.

Miss Jeanette was reading aloud. Miss Lucy, smiling to herself because Claudia's happiness was her happiness too, reached into her workbasket. Then she gasped audibly.

"I don't know where my thread goes to," stammered Miss Lucy. "I'm all out of white again."

Two spools marked "J" and "C" were shoved toward her. She helped herself from them in turn, measuring her thread carefully, so that she could pay back tomorrow. Forgery and an intercepted telegram sat lightly on her conscience. But she'd have to stop being so careless about her work-basket.

A good old friend DONS A GAY NEW DRESS

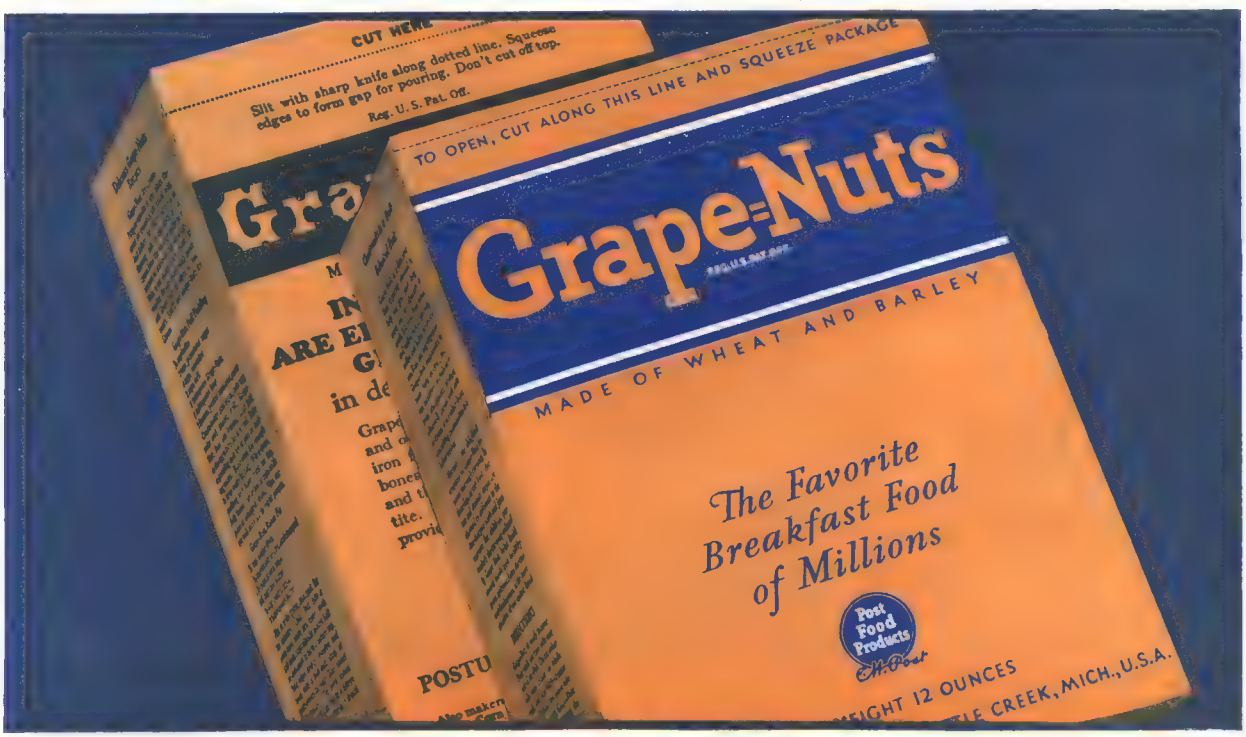
"THERE'S A REASON"

PROBABLY the millions of people who enjoy Grape-Nuts would like to know why the package has been changed . . .

Well, the chief reason is that we wanted to make the package brighter, gayer, more suggestive of the fresh deliciousness of Grape-Nuts.

So now Grape-Nuts comes to you in a colorful, sunny *new* package, a package which is as appealing to the eye as Grape-Nuts is to the appetite . . . A package that brings a suggestion of the crunchy crispness of Grape-Nuts—the nut-like goodness of the plump, meaty, golden-brown kernels—the teasing delicousness of an ever-so-delicate tinge of purest malt sugar.

Maybe your grocer hasn't received the new packages as yet. It takes time to distribute over the whole country, you know, and naturally the new package will reach some localities sooner than others. But whether you buy Grape-Nuts to-day in the old package or the new package—the food itself is the same delicious food, the same wholesome, energy-giving food that has been a national favorite for many years. And the new package has the same generous quantity as the old. Grape-Nuts is a product of General Foods Corporation, and is sold by grocers everywhere.


CUT HERE
Slit with sharp knife along dotted line. Squeeze edges to form gap for pouring. Don't cut off top.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
TO OPEN, CUT ALONG THIS LINE AND SQUEEZE PACKAGE
Grape-Nuts
MADE OF WHEAT AND BARLEY
The Favorite Breakfast Food of Millions
Post Food Products
CH. Post
NET WEIGHT 12 OUNCES
BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U.S.A.

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Buy it to-day for breakfast to-morrow

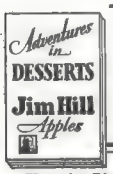
Snap
Your teeth into a
Jim Hill
Apple

M-M-MMM! Fragrant . . . tangy . . . *appetizing.* That's Jim Hill aroma. Just a foretaste, though, of Jim Hill *flavor!* Snap your teeth into a rosy-cheeked Jim Hill apple, and enjoy such apple goodness as you never knew before!

More than four hundred skilful growers, in the sunny, fertile State of Washington . . . "Nature's Chosen Apple Land" . . . set as their standard, *the peak of perfection,* in apples shipped all over the world, under the Jim Hill label. Only the flower of the crop . . . grown right, picked right, packed right, and shipped right . . . can bear the Jim Hill Brand.

There is some good dealer near you who carries Jim Hill Apples. Find him. . . and enjoy Jim Hills. . . Jonathan, Delicious, Spitzenberg, Rome Beauty, Stayman, Winesap, the finest of each variety, in season. The name Jim Hill is as good as a guarantee of quality and flavor on the apples you buy.

Jim Hill
the World's finest
Apples



New thrills in "different" apple recipes, to vary your menu! 10c in stamps, to cover mailing cost, brings you "Adventures in Desserts."

Wenatchee District Co-Operative Association
Dept. M1, Wenatchee, Washington

Gentlemen: Enclosed is 10c in stamps. Please send me "Adventures in Desserts."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

He knew he could trust her to sign important letters when he had to catch a train

HOW TO KEEP A JOB

By Owen Ford

NO ONE can honestly say to you: "Do so-and-so and thus-and-thus, and you'll never be fired." Business isn't as simple and certain as that. But there *are* definite qualities which have proved to be business assets . . . qualities which any of us can acquire and which will help us to keep any job that we *really want to keep.*

If we tried to find one word to sum up these qualities, we'd probably hit on "personality." Some people make the mistake of thinking that personality is concerned only with surface things, such as the right sort of clothes and complexion and smile. But don't you think it goes deeper than that? Don't you think it's really an expression of the stuff we're made of—our *character?* Loyalty, courage, honesty, patience . . . these may sound like old-fashioned words, but they're just as important today as they were way back in the beginning.

TEN "BE'S"
FOR BUSINESS GIRLS

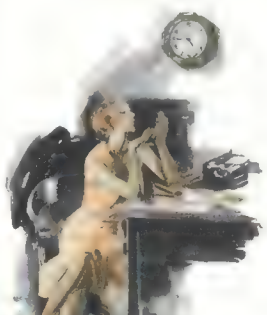
Be—

RELIABLE
INDUSTRIOUS
LOYAL
DISCREET
OBLIGING
TACTFUL
PATIENT
TOLERANT
ENTHUSIASTIC
CHEERFUL

Developing your personality means growing more skillful in the art of getting along with people. This isn't so easy in business, because you don't choose your office associates as you do your friends. To make yourself popular with them, you must be tactful and considerate and tolerant—and make up your mind firmly that you'll be above those petty jealousies which so often lead to unpleasant bickering.

Getting along with your boss is largely a matter of making yourself really useful to him. That doesn't mean just being on hand to answer his telephone and type his letters; it means having a genuine interest in helping him make a success of *his* job. He has a right to expect this; your time in the office and your loyalty belong to him.

Does this sound as if he were getting the best of the bargain? Fortunately, that isn't so; for the more you help him, the more you'll help yourself. While you're learning all the ins and outs of his work, you're preparing yourself for a better job. While you're finding new ways to make yourself indispensable to him, you're developing a richness of character that will stand you in good stead all your life.



The five-o'clock girl can see no further ahead than the tips of her rosy nails

It's easy to spot a girl who's headed for success . . . There was Mary, for instance. She started as a clerk—young and inexperienced, but blessed with an eager sort of curiosity. It didn't take her long to master the details of her job; and then, instead of being satisfied with herself for doing all that she was paid to do, she looked around for more work to conquer. She soon realized that she'd get ahead faster if she knew stenography, so she went to night-school; and before she had finished her course, she was taking occasional letters when the others were busy.

She made fewer mistakes than most beginners, because she knew what the letters were about. The men she was working for liked to dictate to her; she was always cheerful and enthusiastic and if she was overworked, and often had to stay overtime, no one heard about it from her. One of the men was promoted last spring and he took Mary up with him as his private secretary. He knew he could depend on her loyalty and her intelligence. He knew that if he had to catch a train at five-thirty, he could leave important letters for her to sign and be perfectly sure that she wouldn't make any stupid mistakes in them.

Mary is still young, but she's making more money than her handsome brother Bill who is always changing jobs because the firm doesn't appreciate him. Mary isn't a beauty, but she keeps herself immaculately groomed, and she has a friendly smile and eyes that look interested when you talk to her. Everyone likes her and if they had a personality contest in her office, I'm quite sure she'd win it.

Girls who are more interested in themselves than they are in their jobs will never get very far in business. The competition is too keen. While they quit work at four forty-five to study the color of their new nail polish, some more ambitious girl will be staying late to study the job ahead. And that reminds me of one final word of advice: spend all the time you can learning the job ahead of you, *but never neglect your own job to do it.*

Cinderella 1930

Valerie's breath came in short, excited gasps...she wondered if the couples dancing past her could hear the pounding of her heart.

She had never dreamed it could come true! Ever since schooldays she had secretly adored Hal...had cheered him through countless football triumphs.

But Valerie herself had none of the glamour and beauty to awaken a like response. Sallow of skin, nondescript as to hair and eyebrows, even her clear blue eyes were lost in the monotone of her skin and coloring.

But tonight...everything was different! Hal had cut in on every dance...his eyes followed her wherever she went—and now the real moment had come! He was telling her that he loved her.

● Valerie had learned the secret

The ugly little duckling who had envied the fresh loveliness of other girls was tonight the most exquisite of them all. The sallow skin had given way to a satin radiance of an opalescent brilliance...her eyes were aquamarine pools of liquid light—and these had brought new amber glints to her hair.

Valerie had discovered that the clever placing of Pompeian Bloom (a vibrant, pulsing color of Medium tint) and a smooth, invisible dusting of Pompeian Beauty Powder (in the mysterious Nude tone) would give her that "tanned-blonde" effect which Hal found so enchanting.

● It's only natural

Millions of women of every type of coloring prefer Pompeian Beauty Powder for perfectly natural reasons. It spreads evenly and smoothly...it doesn't cake...it clings for hours.

After years of experimenting on living models, Pompeian has produced five perfect colors...each a blend of countless shades, as subtly wedded as are the shades with which Nature colors the skin itself. One of these is a tint which will flow smoothly into the tones of your skin.

● The bloom on the skin

Pompeian Bloom is vibrant, shaded coloring which has none of the unnatural solidity of a single tone. Each of the five tints is a blend of many, many living shades and the effect is one of a glowing color, pulsing below the skin.

Pompeian Bloom comes off on the puff without crumbling and spreads creamily on the skin. It clings loyally and lastingly.

● The price is important, too

An alarming amount can be spent on toiletries if one is not a knowing shopper. Before you realize it, your toilette expenses can have cut into your dress allowance. And how unnecessarily! Because Pompeian Powder has such vast, world-wide popularity, it is possible to produce the purest, finest quality for the amazingly low sum of 60c. Pompeian Bloom is another matchless value. In a dainty metal case, with mirror and long-life puff, it is 60c.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, INC., New York, N.Y., Elmira, N.Y. and Toronto, Canada...(*Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.)

● Do you know your type?

Your most potent charms? How to enhance them? Mme. Jeanette de Cordet—skilled specialist in feminine beauty—describes and prescribes for 24 types in her elaborate booklet on making the most of your looks. The coupon below tells how to secure it.

Send for your copy of the new Pompeian Art Panel

The illustration in this advertisement is by Clement Donshea, master painter of beautiful women. It has been expensively reproduced—in full color—in the new Pompeian Art Panel, size 7⅞ x 28½, suitable for framing. Its artistic and decorative value will appeal to you. Send for your copy.

Enclose 10c. You'll receive the Art Panel—Mme. de Cordet's booklet—and samples of two other toilet necessities—Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

● Be sure to PRINT name and address

Mme. Jeanette de Cordet,
Dept. 12-10, The Pompeian Laboratories,
Elmira, N.Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel and a copy of booklet "Your Type of Beauty." Include the samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

(In Canada, address 10 McCaul Street, Toronto)

POMPEIAN

BEAUTY POWDER AND BLOOM

LIFT YOUR FEET

By Hildegarde Fillmore

THE average American is far wiser about the importance of shock absorbers on the family car than about the need for shock absorbers on the human body. Though most of us know better, many modern women still wear the wrong kind of shoes for the hardest work their feet must do. High, tapering, teetering heels on shoes cut out so low at the sides that they give no support to the delicate arches of the feet, were never meant for walking or working. Yet we continue to wear them. And we give the flimsiest excuses for doing so.

"Good, scientifically constructed shoes are so expensive," we complain.

Or, "I just can't seem to get fitted right. The salesman always wants to sell me shoes that are too short."

Or, "I'm so used to wearing high heels all the time that I could never get used to any other kind."

All of which, to be perfectly frank, is the bunk.

When we consider the wearing qualities of well-made, correctly designed shoes, we must admit that they are not really expensive, particularly if we buy two pairs at once.

As for fitting problems, it's perfectly true that many shoe salesmen have found by bitter experiences that it's easy to sell too-short or too-narrow shoes to many women. The feminine eye has decided that they look better than shoes fitted with the *weight on the foot*. When a salesman asks you to *stand* on his measuring stick, you can be pretty sure that he knows his business.

To consider those women who are used to high heels, it is a fact that the change to the proper height of heel for walking should be a gradual one. When the tendon of Achilles is shortened by high heels, it shouldn't be stretched suddenly by the lowering of the heel. Even though your feet are accustomed to high heels, you may some day belong to that estimated eighty per cent of the population who suffer from foot troubles.

DIDN'T women, years ago, imagine that they had to wear corsets laced so tightly that the vital organs were horribly compressed? In some respects the feminine weakness for high heels is as much a relic of the past as the wasp-waisted figure. Delicate, cut-out shoes and extremely high heels may be suitable for dress-up occasions, but we ought to wake up to the fact that these spikey-heeled things are as inappropriate for active daytime wear as trailing chiffons would be for early morning marketing.

What we need, I think, is a real program of foot education. I know of no better system to say that girls will not heedlessly ruin the health and beauty of their feet if they can avoid it. Dr. Helen D. Denniston, Director of Therapeutic Gymnastics for Women, sketches the foot health program at the University of Wisconsin:

"When an entering student takes her physical examination she also gets a thorough foot examination. We explain to her any defects she may have and tell her about the weekly foot clinic and the corrective gymnasium classes. The Friday noon foot clinic is very popular. Instead of being called upon constantly to advise on shoe and foot troubles, instructors save time by giving most of their advice at this period. Necessary foot strapping and padding is also done at this time.

"We take movies of good and bad feet, and of exercises for correcting foot defects. During at least one gymnasium period, talks on hygiene of the feet are given. At the time of the physical examination, posters showing good and bad types of shoes are prominently displayed—these posters designed by students majoring in physical education."

DR. DENNISTON says that the entering college student confuses style with beauty. Many girls never acquire a real knowledge of harmonies in dress. And in some cases, she tells us, "the college girl can afford only one pair of shoes at a time and so she buys formal shoes for both dress occasions and campus use.

"It is interesting to observe," Dr. Denniston adds, "that there is a real contrast between the type of shoe worn by the girl student in the spring and in the fall. When they enter college, most of the girls are wearing high heels; but as spring approaches, the majority turn to the sport type of Oxford."

It is her opinion that the nature of the hilly Wisconsin campus may have something to do with this, since high heels are so uncomfortable for walking. But the constructive program of education carried out in her department undoubtedly has much to do with it, too.

In most of the large universities, as well as the women's colleges, similar programs have been worked out.

At Barnard College, Marjorie Paul Tuzo, Head of Corrective and Remedial Work of the Physical Education Department, holds a shoe exhibition in cooperation with the representative "good" shoe companies. A machine which gives an impression or print of the foot is used. Around this print the director then draws an outline of the shoe the girl is wearing.

Miss Tuzo says, "This opens the students' eyes to the fact that their shoes are not fitting their feet, but that their feet are being made to fit their shoes."

At the University of Utah the director has devised games that develop weakened foot muscles.

At Stanford University, Dr. Bertha Stewart Dyment, Medical Advisor and Director of Physical Education for Women, lays special stress on the effects of fatigue and shows how it is greatly increased in women by any foot disability. Realizing that the correct type of shoe won't be worn by the modern girl for formal dress occasions, Dr. Dyment places her insistence upon dressing the feet sensibly and comfortably while the weight of the body is being borne on them.

THE attitude of college women is sure to influence the style consciousness of girls and women everywhere. What the college girl has had so carefully outlined for her, the rest of us can do for ourselves. Unless we belong to that small minority of women who, since the early 'teens, have been properly fitted and correctly shod, we should have a thorough foot examination first. A good podiatrist can point to defects that are just beginning to show, and advise simple home treatment—to be accompanied, of course, by correct footwear.

Where feet suffer from extreme disabilities, the orthopedic surgeon should be consulted. One doctor told me that in most of the really serious cases that came to him the deformities could have been corrected by proper footwear when they first began to be apparent on the feet. Callouses and corns, though they may seem unimportant, are warnings that feet are probably being abused by narrow or too-short fittings. In some cases, though comparatively few, too-large shoes cause a similar difficulty.

Sometimes the orthopedic expert will tell you to have a shoe made to order, or fitted with special appliances that will give your foot a chance to lift itself out of the invalid class. Sometimes he will say that the right type of factory-made shoe alone will do the trick—good, well-fitted leather around those bridge-like arches; toe-room in front sufficient to allow toes to lie flat; heels broad enough and firm enough to prevent constant sharp jarring on the spinal cord; heel leather fitted snugly and comfortably, hugging the heel instead of pushing the foot forward into the toe. There are so many interesting types of Oxfords nowadays in correct shoes that it is safe to recommend this style for women who are wise enough to know that arch difficulties are beginning that may lead to painful sagging later on. Other types of footwear also provide necessary strength and support.

In the higher education of her feet, the college girl learns exercises that strengthen the weak muscles. Try these during the day; they should be done barefoot to get the best effect: Grip a marble or a pencil with the toes and push the pencil or hold the marble for as many steps as possible. For testing muscles, take the rising-on-toes exercise: Rise on the balls of the feet, first with both [*Turn to page 120*]

"It's like me as my shadow"

says BETTY BRONSON

"but my shadow follows . . . while this new perfume leads me! On and up . . . to new imaginings, to quicker thought, to lighter laughter. My new perfume commands me to keep step with Youth! Sweeps me into its glorious rhythm . . . who'd want to escape? Not I! I intend to wear this buoyant perfume always . . . to meet life under its dauntless spell. I intend to grow no older than its name, its mood . . . both are SEVENTEEN!"

Eight Toiletries!

exquisitely scented with the fragrance of Seventeen

The Perfume . . . of course! Inspiration for all the rest . . . setting the rhythm . . . guiding your mood. Smart, modern, in its French-cut flacon. *Powder* . . . to leave upon your skin . . . not alone the fragrance . . . but the tinted sheen . . . the delicate texture . . . the peach-bloom softness . . . of youth itself. *Dusting Powder* . . . clean, fresh, elusive, as a bath powder should be. *Toilet Water* . . . very discreet . . . very refreshing . . . and like the perfume as its shadow. *Sachet* . . . to breathe into every garment the characteristic fragrance of *you*. Lasting . . . delicate . . . such a subtle way to wear your favorite perfume. *Compact* . . . stunningly beautiful . . . in black and gold . . . the powder faintly scented. *Talcum Powder* . . . soothing and refreshing for sensitive skins. *Brillantines* . . . to leave a shimmer and the faintest possible scent upon your hair.

Seventeen

Don't let your shoes *put age in your face*

AS a famous beauty editor says, "Tired feet write tired lines in the face. Never was this more true than now when we women are so amazingly active."

Do you realize what it would mean to *your* good looks never to suffer another moment of foot strain? The Selby Arch Preserver Shoe gives you a wonderful new sense of lightness and freedom. Your feet *feel* youthful, *look* youthful, and their complete lack of tension is reflected in face and carriage.

Every cause of foot fatigue is eliminated by the exclusive patented Selby Arch Preserver construction. Strained arches; crowded bones, muscles and nerves; metatarsal distortion . . . all are prevented by this scientifically designed shoe.

Think of enjoying all these comforts in models so slenderizing in contour, so graceful in arch and heel that you would buy them for their style alone!

At the first opportunity, ask your Selby dealer to show you the Selby Arch Preserver Shoes illustrated and others equally as fashionable. But in the meantime mail the coupon for our free booklet "Feet and Faces." It gives you information every woman should have.

Most styles $10.50 and $12.50
Others up to $18.

Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. Not genuine without it. Made for women, misses and children by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, O. For men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE "KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

FLORIS

MINUET

The Selby Shoe Company, 310 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio. Please send free copy of "Feet and Faces" and name of dealer.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City. . . . . State. . . . . .

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 36*]

his clothing, long hair and worn boots that he had been a great time on the trail. He was gaunt, she thought, with a pang, and weary. Once she dared examine the contents of his pack as it hung below her in a tree and, the following morning, Carlyle found the first of the mysterious gifts—a brace of partridge—lying beside his frying pan and dropped, apparently, from the sky for there was nary track nor mark to explain the donor. This was the beginning of his "Bright Angel of the Trail" —the unknown benefactor who left him, from time to time, gifts of fish and game.

BUT the secret of his search remained unsolved for there was nothing to tell the spy that he looked for Neeka LaRonde. He seemed to circle the vicinity of the Hidden Valley and, once, he spent two days climbing to the ridge overlooking her paradise. Neeka breathed a prayer that Giekie might not flash his plumed tail in the sunlight below. But the next day the Mounty left the ridge and made off in another direction.

Weeks of this aimless dodging brought her no nearer a solution nor to the achievement of her mission in the South; and the moments when she was near Carlyle, perched, unseen, above his camp, only served to forge the bonds of her unwilling love.

Impatient of this game of hide-and-seek, she took Giekie from duress, left the bear ensconced in the valley and journeyed to the distant Tribe whose debt still remained unpaid. She took a poke of nuggets and, the better to serve her purpose, wore the old white doeskin dress—relic of the Northern trail. It lent her a ghostly appearance in the moonlight and, when she stood for an instant on the ridge above the Indian encampment with Giekie looming, wolf-like, at her heels, there could be no doubting the sensation she created about the campfires. The Loup-Garou had come back!

Giving the excitement time to die down, she waited hidden behind the rocks until the fires were deserted, blankets dropped across doorways and darkness enfolding the camp. Then she ventured to creep up to a teepee, lying flat on the ground and barely breathing. Inside a woman was whispering; "It was the Werewolf? Do you think it was the Werewolf?"

A man's voice replied, doubt struggling with the fear in his tone: "Perhaps. Or the spirit of that woman, returned to haunt us. Tomorrow I will seek the man who searches up and down our valleys and I will tell him we have seen the ghost of Neeka. Then will his hunt be ended and our game no longer disturbed by his restless feet."

Their frightened voices dropped to silence and Neeka quietly slipped away, first leaving three nuggets wrapped in birchbark at the curtained doorway.

Her mind was a tumult. So it was Neeka LaRonde for whom the Mounty searched! What a dangerous game she had played these last weeks! Capture meant the betrayal of her plans for Miscou! Why, she asked herself, bitterly, had she hung about this policeman's camp, like a moth at the candle flame? Without further loss of time she must evade him, slip away to the South, to some outside city, where there would be a lawyer like the one in her book! But, before returning to the Valley to collect her pack and the remainder of her gold, she would permit herself a silent farewell of Carlyle and of her love.

She could scarcely wait for night and the moonlight to swing through her overhead lane, leaving Giekie, under orders to remain quiet and not move, at the foot of a tree. Before long she came to a tall spruce some twenty yards from Carlyle's camp. He had halted in a small clearing and she might not venture nearer so the "good-bye" must be whispered at a distance.

"Goodbye, M'sieu, Sweetheart!" were the unspoken words of her heart.

Slowly, as one might drop a curtain regretfully upon some well-loved scene; shut out, forever, a picture never to be forgotten, she released her hold upon the boughs and the needle-tips swished together gently but not before she had spied something moving in the clearing below—a shadowy, gray something which came bounding into the moonlit space.

IT WAS Giekie; dear, disobedient, beloved Giekie! Unable to call him, order him back, the girl in the spruce tree saw the dog run eagerly to where his friend lay sleeping.

Carlyle sat up with a smothered shout, sleep befogging his vision. "It can't be—you!" Neeka heard him cry, then, "Giekie!" and his arms were about the ecstatic dog who whined and leapt and squirmed with joy. Bob, too, was laughing, though the sound verged on half-choked sobbing.

"For God's sake, old man," he was saying, "tell me where she is? Tell me where Neeka is? Is she safe? Is she my Bright Angel? She is, isn't she, old man? Neeka!" he had risen and was calling. "Are you out there in the shadows? If you are, come to me!"

Come to him? All the forces of nature seemed to tug her from her shelter in the spruce! Nothing mattered in all the world save to go to the man she loved.

She slid down the tree-trunk and Carlyle opened his arms. Without a word the girl fled to their haven.

Words failed the lovers for many minutes. They simply clung to one another, so starved for the touch of hands and lips, words did not matter.

But at length the springs were released and their spoken thoughts tumbled incoherently, sifted through kisses, tears and smiles. They sat upon Carlyle's blankets, piercing the pattern of the past, tracing the tale down through the long months, Carlyle questioning, Neeka responding. Each told of loneliness and the dangers past. The misunderstanding that had driven Neeka from Neepawa was touched upon and brushed aside like an old cobweb. "I was a wicked, stupid girl," she said. "And I was a blind fool!" he insisted.

At last the direct question was voiced: "Neeka, did you kill Daisy?"

"Do you think I did, m'sieu?" she countered, in a low voice.

A white line she was to learn to dread reshaped his lips. "I didn't! I wouldn't! When they sent me up to

[*Continued on page 61*]

Even a Queen *couldn't get away with it*

NEVER more would Nahid, loveliest of the Ruman princesses, see the face of Darab, King of Kings.

He had stormed her Father's Province to woo and wed her. Now, by his command, she was leaving the great palace, a cast-off.

Oh, the ignominy of it, the disgrace, the heartbreak. For in the brief months that followed their marriage she had come to love this bold, relentless warrior who had swept through Persia, bending Province after Province to his power, to make her his Queen.

With saddening clearness the memory of her wedding day came back to her . . . it seemed but yesterday . . . the golden litter in which she rode, a jeweled crown upon her head . . . the great nobles that escorted her, each with a gift . . . the camels weary beneath their burden of rich brocades and carpets . . . sixty bridesmaids in her train, each with a golden goblet in her hand filled with the royal jewels . . .

How happy she had been. Now like a criminal scourged from the city, she was being sent back to her Father. *For Darab had found her breath not sweet.* It was the one flaw in her loveliness. But it was the flaw Darab could not overlook or forgive.

CHAPTER IV OF THE SHAHNAMA, FIRDAUSI'S GREAT EPIC HISTORY OF PERSIA, DESCRIBES NAHID'S TRAGEDY THUS:

*"She was sleeping * * *,*
All gems and colour, scent and loveliness.
But verily her breathing was not sweet,
And grew disgustful to the king of kings,
Who shrank and turned his head away from her
Upon the couch because her breath was foul.
The monarch of Iran was grieved thereat,
His mind was troubled, and his soul all care.
They summoned skilful leeches to Nahid,
And one of them, a shrewd and prudent man,
Examined till he found a remedy—
A herb whereby the gullet is inflamed,
Called in Ruman tongue 'iskandar.' This
He rubbed upon the palate of the queen,
And caused her eyes to water lustily.
The fetor fled away, her palate burned,
Her face shone like brocade; but though the Fair
Was sweet as musk, Darab had ceased to love her.
The monarch's heart turned coldly from his bride,
*And so he sent her back to Failakus, * * *"*

That was in 120 B. C.—two thousand and fifty years ago. Today, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is still the unforgivable social fault, the offense extraordinary.

"AND SO HE SENT HER BACK TO FAILAKUS, * * *"

THE insidious thing about it is that its presence is usually unknown to its victim. Furthermore, halitosis is widespread; indeed, few escape it for the simple reason that conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise at almost any time in the mouth.

Among its commoner causes are decaying or poorly cared for teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, temporary digestive derangements caused by excesses of eating or drinking, and minor infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The one way of making sure that your breath is beyond suspicion is to gargle with full strength Listerine every morning and every night and between times before meeting others. Because of its germicidal* power, Listerine first strikes at the cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Even such hard-to-efface scents as those of onion and fish yield quickly to it. Keep Listerine handy in home and office. And carry it with you when you travel. It puts you on the safe, polite, and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

***Though non-poisonous, safe and healing in action, full strength Listerine is at the same time a swift and powerful germicide. Repeated tests show that it kills even such stubborn organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus), the Bacillus Catarrhalis (catarrh), and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science).**

Prove it! Prove it! ...it does act twice

TEST CALUMET'S DOUBLE-ACTION THIS WAY

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's Double-Action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with Calumet Baking Powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how Calumet acts *twice* to make your baking better. Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's *first* action—the action that Calumet specially provides to take place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients.

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of *hot* water on the stove. In a moment, a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This is Calumet's *second* action—the action that Calumet holds in reserve to take place in the heat of your oven. Make this test. See Calumet's *Double-Action* which protects your baking from failure.

Millions of women know Calumet's DOUBLE-ACTION makes better baking

THEY *know*—the millions of women who praise Calumet, *The Double-Acting Baking Powder*. They have seen for themselves that Calumet's marvelous double-action brings new perfection to baking! New confidence of success! New pride in everything they bake.

Enjoy this great satisfaction of turning out one baking triumph after another. Let Calumet's Double-Action make your biscuits lighter, fluffier than ever before—your cakes more delicate, more delicious.

Calumet's *first* action begins in the mixing bowl. It starts the leavening. Then, when you put the batter into the oven, the *second* action begins. It carries on the work of leavening. Up! . . . up! . . . it keeps raising the batter and holds it high and light until your cake is beautifully baked. . . Another delightful advantage—Calumet's perfectly controlled leavening action permits you to store cake batters until you are ready to bake them. Batter, poured into the baking pans, covered with a damp cloth and waxed paper, may be kept in the refrigerator for several days without loss in quality. Think of the convenience!

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all are alike in their action. Not all will give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients, in exactly the right proportions to produce perfect leavening action—*Double-Action*, your assurance of perfect baking results. That is why Calumet is *the largest-selling baking powder in the world today*.

Get a can of Calumet and try the recipe given here. Notice how little Calumet it calls for. The usual Calumet proportion is even less—only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to a cup of sifted flour. A splendid economy which the perfect efficiency of Calumet's leavening action makes possible.

FREE—New Baking Book! You'll find recipes for all the good things shown on this page in the new Calumet Baking Book. It's free! A wonderful collection of novel cakes and quick breads you'll love to make. Mail coupon—TODAY!

PLUM ROLLS . . AFTERNOON TEA BISCUITS . . PATTY'S BIRTHDAY CAKE . . RAISIN BREAD

PLUM ROLLS

1½ cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter or other shortening
½ cup milk (about)
1 can (2 cups) plums, seeded and drained

(All measurements are level)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually until soft dough is formed. Roll ¼ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cover with plums. Roll in long roll, pressing edges together. Cut into 1½-inch slices. Place in greased pan and pour plum sauce (made from plum juice and water, thickened and sweetened) over them. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) 30 minutes, basting often. Serve hot, with sauce poured around them.

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The Double-Acting Baking Powder

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Fill in completely—print name and address. ©1930, G. F. CORP.

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[*Continued from page 58*]

find you I was determined to establish your innocence. But, in Neepawa, the evidence against you is mountain-high. I couldn't believe it, I still don't, in my heart. And if I did," he blurted, passionately, "if you really killed her in some mad, terrible moment, I know now it would make no difference. I love you so!"

If the daytime sun had replaced the limpid silver of the moon, her world could not have been more lightened.

"Ah, m'sieu," she cried, "then that makes everything all right!"

But he sought more assurance, more proof, more binding words. "Tell me yourself, Neeka, that you did not do it! I will believe you."

She hesitated; that awful hesitancy which, in the unspoken language of the heart, is so easily misunderstood and may mean much or nothing but, when reduced to the faltering speech which necessarily follows, is fatal to perfect trust. She said: "What of Miscou?"

"He lives on Wekusko Hill," Carlyle replied, slowly, his unanswered question and the moment of hesitancy lying between them like a fold of ugly, impenetrable stuff.

"Wekusko Hill?" she echoed, wonderingly. "It is where we play together many times as children. Why does my brother live there and not at home in our cabin? Is it because they hunt him?" she demanded. "Does he hide there from the law?"

CARLYLE shook his head: "The whole thing was too much for Miscou. He is not quite right, here," he explained, touching his brow.

"You mean he is mad?" she gasped.

"I am fraid so, at least, for the time. He has her with him—her grave, you know. Oh, my dearest, I would not have told you! I can't hurt you further. She had gone paperwhite.

"But you must!" she insisted, launched now upon a torrent of words which must carry her to destruction. "Does Miscou, mad and alone on Wekusko Hill, keep watch by the . . . by Daisy's grave?"

He explained and, as gently as he might, added: "You see, dear, Miscou, too, believes you guilty."

"Miscou believes . . . ." she repeated the words, like a child saying his lesson. "But he couldn't!" she protested, "Miscou couldn't! It would be impossible because he . . . " Words! They were wickedly trapping her again, betraying her! She must keep silent. The others, even Miscou—himself guilty—believed, nay, swore that she . . . . And Miscou was mad! Miscou, whom she had faced death to defend!

"Speak, dear! Tell me everything!" Carlyle begged, afraid of the stark whiteness blanching her face. She broke into sobs, twisted herself from his embrace and rose. "Oh, dear God," she cried, "They all believe! Miscou . . .you, m'sieu! Even you are ready to believe me guilty. You think I could hav' done that thing!"

"I don't, Neeka," he protested, "I cannot. We must go back together and, somehow, prove your innocence." He arose, stood beside her. "I swear, before God," he said, humbly, "that we shall never be separated again!" He turned to the girl, cupping her face with his hands. "Neeka, promise me you will trust me to take you outside, let me fight for you and secure your freedom. You love me, don't you?"

"I love you." she whispered.

"Then, will you trust me? Come with me?"

She extended her bare wrists. "You are able to take me, m'sieu. I hav' surrender, hav' I not?" she asked.

He pressed kisses on the cool, brown flesh. "Not that way, beloved! Not as my prisoner! But freely! Look, hand in hand, this way . . . down to the outside world! Oh, trust me! Somehow I'll find a way out. They shall believe in you! I'll make them!"

She did not answer. If all the world was so sure of her guilt, then why bother to combat their certainty? Did she care? Not one whit! "The world," she said, facing him, defiantly; "The world can go to hell!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I don' care what it think or does! I only care—for you! No, wait," she thrust him from her, "before you kiss me anymore I ask you somethings. Tell me . . . . this is the second time I mak' to you this offer, m'sieu, an' I know now it is not right to do so for I hav' read in books an' learn many thing. But I don' care. I hate the world. I love you an' I hate the world. I don' care for what it say or believe! I kill Daisy, or I not kill her . . . it is no difference! What matter, m'sieu, is you an' me. Our love. That is worth all the world. No, don' speak yet, listen! I hav' a place in the Nort'. It belong to my father. This winter I find it and it is a ver' rich place, a gold mine. But, better than that, it is a place of love an' peace so fix we can live there forever and ever an' no one shall know. Will you come there, m'sieu, wit' me?"

"Gold mine!" Trapped by the words all the gossip and evidence he had heard in Neepawa crowded his mind. "How did you find that mine?" he demanded, riding, rough-shod, over the naked path of the heart she had bared to him. "Did you know of it before . . . . before Daisy was killed? Tell me, for God's sake, Neeka! So much depends upon that!"

She considered. "Yes. I know of it, though I did not think much at the time. My mind was all filled wit' the word of my father's death."

"But you knew that Daisy and Miscou were planning a journey to this gold mine? That they had a map?"

"A map?"

"Isn't that how you found your father's mine—by a map?"

HE WAS holding her at arm's length and speaking sternly. "Answer me, Neeka! It was that map, wasn't it? Didn't you quarrel with Daisy to get that map?"

She twisted from his grasp, hurt by his expression and his words. What was this foolish talk of maps? He had not answered her question, her terrible, beautiful question! "You hav' not tol' me if you will go away wit' me to the Far Countree!" she cried.

His mental torment made him impatient. "Oh, sweetheart, you know I would! Nothing in all life could be so wonderful! But, don't tempt me, beloved! Can't you see it would be running away, admitting your guilt? Don't you realize it is your duty, and mine,

[*Continued on page 62*]

THE HANDS OF THE HOUSEWIFE

BECOME THE HANDS OF THE HOSTESS

WHEN company comes, are your hands dry and harsh from washing vegetables? Are they pitifully red and rough from "fixing three meals a day"? Very likely—unless you keep them soft and white with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Make a practice of keeping a bottle of Hinds on your handiest kitchen shelf. Reach for it at the end of every hand-roughening job. The last thing at night, too, rub it in freely. This soothing lotion will soften and protect the most delicate skin. Do get a bottle from the nearest drug counter. The first few applications will show that housework hands can be *lovely* hands.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

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(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

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NOTABLE WOMEN WHO USE AMBROSIA

Miss Marilyn Miller
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Mrs. D. R. Forgan, Jr.
Mrs. Marjorie Letts
Miss Ruth Kresge
Mrs. Frank P. Book
Miss Clara Bolling

DOCTORS PREFER LIQUIDS FOR THOROUGH CLEANSING

A $25 VISIT TO SKIN SPECIALIST

(Actual transcript of conversation July 15, 1930)

Mrs. A. . . . Doctor, what shall I do? My skin is getting terribly coarse, and some of the pores are so clogged they look like tiny black dots on my face.

Doctor . . . Let me see. Yes, just as I thought. The excretions from the oil glands have become inspissated, that is to say, hardened, in the pores. The greasy kind of dirt that's in the air today sticks to these impurities. Thus you get blackheads.

Mrs. A. . . . You mean my face is *dirty*?

Doctor . . . Yes, that's just what I mean. You're only one of thousands of women today who rarely get their faces clean. You've probably used a superficial method of cleansing that doesn't remove modern dirt. The result is blackheads, open pores, and a dull, sluggish complexion.

Mrs. A. . . . But how shall I keep my face clean?

Doctor . . . The best way to remove greasy dirt is with a liquid. Pour the liquid on cotton and wipe gently over your face and neck. Go over your face again with a fresh piece until no more dirt comes off on the cotton. Give your face this thorough cleansing with a liquid at least once a day.

Mrs. A. . . . Will that keep the pores small?

Doctor . . . Yes, unless there is a systemic condition. If blackheads recur, look after your diet. Eat less sweets, get plenty of exercise; stay out in the open air.

KEEP FACE CLEAN THIS WAY

If you have blackheads at all, or if your face sometimes feels that it isn't quite clean, try Ambrosia at once. This new liquid instantly cleanses pore-deep, leaves the face feeling cool, clean, refreshed. Fine texture and clear, natural color are restored with the regular use of Ambrosia. Write now for generous free sample. Dept. 10-M, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dept. 10-M, 69 York Street, Toronto, Can.

4 ounces $1.00 8 ounces $1.75 16 ounces $3.00

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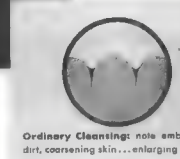
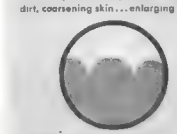


Ordinary Cleansing: note embedded dirt, coarsening skin . . . enlarging pores.



Pore-Deep Cleansing: no dirt left to make large pores. Skin gets fine again.

TO CLEANSE YOUR TYPE OF SKIN

normal skin:
Saturate absorbent cotton with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck, repeating until fresh cotton does not show soil. Then pour a little Ambrosia in the hand and pat over the face. Continue patting till dry to help skin absorb softening oils.

dry skin:
Cleanse as for normal skin. At night give dry skin added lubrication it needs by stroking on a softening cream. Soon skin becomes less dry. Then cleansing as for normal skin will keep it soft.

oily skin:
Cleanse oily skin frequently during the day with Ambrosia so clean pores can function normally. Rinse with cool water after each cleansing to stimulate circulation and remove surplus oil.

AMBRŌSIA
the pore-deep cleanser

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

[Continued from page 61]

to face the music and fight the good fight? When we have won—then . . . "

"Then, m'sieu?"

"We will be married."

"Married? You hav' forgotten . . . ?"

"That you are a half-breed? No. And I don't care. That means nothing to me, now; I love you."

Suddenly a deep growl from Giekie warned the lovers of danger. They faced the direction Giekie pointed and Carlyle quickly thrust Neeka behind him. "Get out of sight at your first chance," he whispered.

COMING to them through the moonlit forest was the figure of an Indian. He paused at the camp's edge and lifted his hand in the native salutation. Carlyle called Giekie off and held him by the ruff for the dog was growling, threateningly. Neeka, the man was aware, had slipped silently into the shadow of the trees so he faced his visitor coolly. "What can I do for you?" he asked.

In his pigeon-English the Indian conveyed the fact that he had journeyed many miles from the camp of his Tribe to find the White Chief and tell him that the woman for whom he sought was dead. He, and others of his Tribe, had seen her, three nights ago, standing upon the rocks above their campfires. They thought her a spirit, the more so when gold was later discovered at the doors of tepees.

Keep in step with the world in
WHAT'S GOING ON
A monthly McCall feature

Advised by his friends, this man had come to tell the policeman of the ghostly visitation so that his long search in the mountains might be at an end. But now he found the White Chief in company with the dog they had beheld on the ridge and, undoubtedly, it was a real dog and no spirit! Also the visitor had glimpsed the woman herself, in the flesh, standing by the White Chief and speaking with him. So, she too, was no ghost!

Turning, his arms folded beneath his blanket, the Indian then addressed the trees within whose shadows hid the woman who was not a ghost. In his own tongue he thanked her for the gold she had brought to his people, saying that each accepted it as payment for certain articles they now knew she took from them. He wished her peace, bade Carlyle farewell and solemnly took his departure.

When he was gone Bob, keeping a tight grip upon Giekie, called Neeka, "He's gone, dear, and the jig is up. They know I have found you," he said.

There was no answer from the shadows.

Carlyle made a rapid survey of the surrounding woods calling the girl, softly, at first, then angrily. She had given him the slip and had run away once more! Returning to his camp, he fastened a strip of rawhide about Giekie's throat and retained one end as a leash. "Now, old man," he commanded, "you find Neeka!"

The dog circled among the shadows where she had hidden and took off, rapidly. They passed, swiftly, from the timber to a rocky canyon, crossed a turbulent stream bridged by a fallen log, and went down the banks of this river, skirting boulders and deadfalls; clambering up the precipitous sides of the cliffs that lined the water course, or dropping to occasional stretches of spongy tundras.

It was broad daylight when Giekie brought up at last upon a narrow ledge overlooking a broiling pool—a whirling maelstrom of water churned to an angry white at the foot of a thundering cascade. From this devil's pot the river disappeared beneath a high, unscalable rock wall, towering to the sky and bellying out like the side of a ship.

Carlyle looked at Giekie in amazement for the dog was straining at his leash, snapping at the water below and seeming to want to dive into its threating depths.

"You think she has gone into that?" Carlyle asked the dog. "Has she run from me and killed herself? Do you think that, Giekie? Is Neeka in there?"

The tawny eyes of the Malamute met his own. Their honest, clear depths answered the man. "She is there. Neeka is there. Go to her!"

"I believe you, old man," said Carlyle, quietly. "If she is there, and dead, we'd rather be with her, wouldn't we? If there is a way out . . . . if that damnable green slide leads somewhere and she is at the end of it. . . . Well, either trail is better than staying here, so long as it is her trail! Here goes!"

He unfastened the rawhide from Giekie's throat and, almost together, they dived. In the flooded water it was a long time before they gained the blessed air. Twice Bob struck his head upon the rock roof of the subterranean tunnel and was forced to go under again. Nearly strangled he whirled past the cavern mouth and into the broader reaches of the river, twisting, like driftwood, in the clutches of the current. Half-drowned, he felt the rock bottom of the shallows rasping his body, slid over a boulder, grasped the slippery sides, tore his hands on jagged flint and was flung against a partly submerged log-jam. He clutched painfully at the slimy wood and gradually drew himself out of the racing, roaring froth of the river. As he gained shore he saw Giekie crawling to land at a curved, sandy beach a few yards further on. They met and sank together upon the grassy bank. "You win!" said Carlyle wearily. "I think you are the bravest dog in the world!"

"Giekie hav' come through many time," he heard Neeka saying. "It is you who are brave to come wit' him!"

TIRED and bruised, Carlyle made no attempt to move, content to lie upon the soft grass and look at her. "The water has made your hair curl about your face, Neeka," he said, dreamily. "And each curl is like a kiss. Will you kiss me?"

"Not just yet," she replied, "but soon, I hope, many times!" She told him how she had guessed the trick he played with Giekie. "I knew you would follow me," she added, "else I would not hav' run away!"

M'SIEU SWEETHEART

After a while Carlyle lifted himself to his elbow and looked about. The girl, with eager eyes, followed his gaze. "That way an' that way," she explained, pointing East and West, "the walls go up straight. You could not climb them unless you grow for yourself some wing. To the Nort' is the River. You hav' jus' come in by that gate. I no think you could swim back, against the current, eh?"

"No," said Carlyle, slowly, "we couldn't. And what happens that way—to the South?"

She mused. "When we are dry an' I hav' made breakfast for you an' Giekie, I will show you that way. Come," she added, holding out her hands. "Breakfast! We must begin our housekeep' in the Valley!"

He held her close. "Nothing is changed," he insisted. "We will get out of this Valley and I'll take you South, just as I have said. But, dear Father above, I wish we were prisoners here, forever!"

Since the morning when Neeka dared the flooded river gate and lured her pursuer into the valley trap, one limpid twilight had deepened to dusk. True to her word, she had showed Carlyle the southern blockade. "It go this way for maybe two or three miles," she said, "then comes the Cedar Swamp a terrible place! Peoples could not live going through there!"

HE SAT upon a log, eyeing her sternly. "How did you first get into this valley?"

"Through the river, m'sieu, same as you and Giekie."

"Yes, but how did you get out again? I know you have been here many times. How did you get Lolo in when she came with you, as you say, from the North? How did you bring the things for the cave? Not by throwing them over the mountainside or by floating them down stream. No, Neeka, there is a trail out of this valley and you know where it is. You've got to guide me to it."

She shrugged slim and expressive shoulders. "A trail? I don' know. Maybe so, maybe so! You fin' him, M'sieu Policeman an' you is welcome to him," she said, and sauntered away. Bob put in two sweating hours of search, traveling the length of the barricade, penetrating its maze at the most likely spots, only to return to his original starting point, baffled, scratched and weary. Late in the afternoon he came back to Neeka's cave on the cliffside and acknowledged defeat. "Why don't you show me the trail, Neeka?" he demanded.

"Because I don' want you to go! Because I will not go wit' you! Because you swear to Le Bon Dieu, out there in the forest, that we never, never more be separate. In my heart I too make that vow. What if we go outside, come through that deadfall, that Cedar Swamp an' reach the outside worl'? What then? Peoples would take you from me. Is not that so? They would tear us apart an' make us to break that vow!"

"But only for a little time," he reasoned. "Only while we put the fight And I would see you, everyday!"

"I suppose," she injected, bitterly, "you would come to that—what you call the cage they put bad peoples in, eh? A jail? Is that it?"

"Oh, Lord! Don't make it so hard!" He buried his face in her lap and she stroked the thick masses of his hair, curling the ends over her finger. "See," she said, after a silence deep with meaning, "I hav' made a gol' ring for my finger! Jus' like a wedding-ring, eh? Give me your knife an' I cut the hair so to keep my ring."

"Don't fool!" he begged.

"YOUR knife or I pull!" she warned. He obeyed and she played Delilah. When Carlyle looked at the yellow hair twined about her finger the strength of resistance seemed to rush from his veins in a flood and he drew her to him, felt the soft pliability of her waist, the gentle up-curve of her breast, sought her lips and covered them. Then, almost roughly, he put her from him and stood up, facing the candid eye of the silver lake below. "Was ever a man so tempted?" he thought, and a breeze ruffled the still surface of the lake so that it shimmered a winking reply.

Neeka snuggled contentedly into her cushions and played with the band upon her finger. She spoke:

"Why should we go back?" she pleaded. "Who is to care? The worl' is so sure I kill Daisy! Let it be so! They will always think that and be satisfy. They will shake their heads an' say: 'Oh, that bad womans!' But they hav' not caught me in their trap! I am free! Free to be happy—"

"Happiness must be earned, Neeka," Carlyle interrupted, ashamed of the sing-song repetition of his lesson. "Duty comes first."

"Duty?" she challenged. "A word! All words, empty words. Hav' we not paid wit' every drop of ourselves? Paid? Le Bon Dieu know we hav' paid! Else, I know, He would not hav' brought us together to this place. Do you not trust an' believe Him? Would you refuse His gifts?"

"Gifts?" He looked down at her in the gathering dusk, at the white flame of her face and the pools marking her eyes; the pulsing eagerness, curled among the mosses, which was her body. "You would have me disloyal, unfaithful to my trust," he said, at length. "A cad who would take you, run off with you and hide, forever. Liable to arrest and black disgrace if we were ever found. Fugitives from honor, justice, duty and from our very selves for, sooner or later, that bleak thing—conscience—would make itself heard. It always does, Neeka, and we would suffer as we have never suffered in all these months of search."

"But I hav' no fear of that thing you name, that 'conscience.' If our minds are full of love they are full of God, m'sieu, an' then there is not room for devil words."

He was humbled before her faith. "Then you are willing to give yourself to me and go away with me, forever and ever?"

She looked up in some amazement. "I do not understand," she said. "'Give myself to you'? That is done, long ago. We hav' already giv' ourselves to each other. Now there is jus' one people. When you say las' night, before God, we will never separate, why . . . . why, there is no more to say."

"Married under the stars, wedded before God!" he half whispered and her quick ears caught the words. She rose. "I am glad you understand," she said, simply.

He dared not trust himself to touch her, yet. "I must get away and think," he muttered and stumbled down the cliffside. Neeka looked after him and sighed. "Ah, those trap!" she thought. "Those word-trap! He fight to be free but the trap hold him!" And she breathed a little prayer for him to the moon as it rounded the rocky promontory of the mountain, sailing, in silvered serenity, the un-charted sea of the sky.

[*Continued in* NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

1930 is the 150th anniversary of Walter Baker & Co. Company

The weekly treat became a daily delight

and Jimmy's weight went up

FORMERLY, Jimmy had known cocoa only as a special reward. On days when he was asked to stay home and study while the other boys played baseball, or to mow the front lawn instead of going fishing, Baker's Cocoa had been held forth as the lure.

But now he was underweight, and so he was going to have cocoa every day. Well, well, well—life was pretty good after all. Too bad, thought Jimmy, that he hadn't become underweight a lot sooner.

As you might expect, it was only a matter of time before Baker's Cocoa accomplished the same result in Jimmy's case as it has with thousands of other growing children. Steadily, encouragingly, his weight began to go up.

For every growing child

Naturally, Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk is an ideal food drink for *every* growing child. Do you realize how much valuable goodness each delicious cupful contains?

Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk offers in wonderfully flavorful guise, all the wholesome benefits of milk — and the added nourishment of Baker's Cocoa. Indeed, Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk provides an abundance of precious food elements — proteins, carbohydrates, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin A, Vitamin B — a banquet of those valuable food materials which help every child become strong and sturdy and alert.

In a recent survey, 77% of the dietitians, professional nurses, editors of women's magazines said "Baker's Cocoa is best." The pick of West Indian cocoa beans is obtained for Baker's Cocoa. Still more important are the unique knowledge and skill that enter into their blending—the accumulated experience of 150 years. No wonder Baker's Cocoa is so smooth and rich in flavor. No wonder that grown-ups enjoy it just as keenly as do children.

Write for recipe booklet: Walter Baker & Co., Inc., Dept. C-10, Dorchester, Mass.

BAKER'S COCOA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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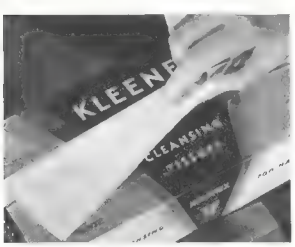

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CANDLELIGHT

[*Continued from page 19*]

silver drippings on them, that you got for Christmas from Aunt Amy?" said Arthur in a scandalized tone. "Why, sis, you think more of those candles than of anything you've got!"

"Bring them here. You can find them in the dark."

William lit the third match. It was almost burned out, when Arthur came stumbling with the candles. William touched their wicks. They stood in small, cheap glass holders, and Jessie put one on the sink, and one on the kitchen table.

"Now, all be good, and I'll fry the squirrels," she told them.

William got his hat and coat. "I'll be going," he said.

The least one began to cry. Jessie looked at William. The candlelight played softly over her face. The shabby kitchen seemed kinder, gentler. Outside, the rain fell without ceasing.

"Don't go, William," said Jessie. "I'm sorry I said that. Eat with us. Please!" William looked at her. His eyes were shining. She had never spoken so softly to him before. She was always either outright difficult, leaning backward in her pride, or she was teasing and mocking.

He took off his coat without even a feeble word of protest.

Jessie rolled the pieces of squirrel in salt and flour and fried them in drippings. She made corn cakes, with sour milk and soda. She made milk gravy over the squirrels, until the rich smell of them filled the little old house. She sliced two huge late tomatoes, and brewed a little tea for herself and William.

THEY all sat down to eat about the kitchen table, with the two gay pink candles burning on it. The baby in his high chair beside Jessie tried out his small white teeth on a squirrel's tibia. They ate in a polite, appreciative silence. There was plenty of squirrel. Tom told William that they hadn't had anything but sorghum and mush for breakfast and lunch.

"I was washing," said Jessie, quickly; "I didn't have time to cook."

She is thin as a rail, thought William. He had stuck to his story of having had supper, and only drank a cup of tea, for politeness' sake. Jessie's head, in the candlelight, above the V-neck of her gingham apron, was the loveliest thing in the world. Her red hair, brushed back cleanly was dark in the half light.

Her fiery brown eyes, and firm mouth, the lovely milk white of her skin, with the faint shadows of hunger on the cheeks and under the eyes, filled his throat with aching. The storm was abating a little. They discussed briefly the possibilities of the lights coming on again.

"It sounded to me like it hit the transformer," said William. "If it did, we won't have any lights on the mountain tonight. Remember last August, the lights were off two days." The rain came down as heavily as ever, but there was not, now, so much lightning. The squirrels were promptly reduced to a platter of bones. The last spoonful of gravy had been spread on the last corn cake.

Surfeited, the boys lay back in their chairs and gave a feeble cheer.

Jessie then got up and began to gather up the dishes, stacking them in the chipped blue-enameled dish pan. William took a tea towel from the clean wash, and wiped and polished everything for her. The least one was asleep in his high chair. Jessie lifted him out, and stripped off his small shabby garments by the open oven door. She washed his face and hands gently without waking him, and put on his nightie and carried him into his bed, and sent Tom in to sleep with him. Tom could have one candle to undress by. "Make Arthur go, too."

"Arthur's got to study," said Jessie, "You're not scared, are you?" Tom went off forlornly, at this, and Arthur spread his geography out on the kitchen table and leaned his sandy head above it. Jessie went in to tuck Tom in bed, and bring back the candle. She sat down across from William, and there followed a silence in which they listened to the rain. Arthur folded one arm over the pink and blue Middle Atlantic States and laid his cheek on the back of his hand and went to sleep at once.

Jessie said to William, not looking at him, "I've a job."

"You have! But you can't go to work, Jessie. You're not eighteen. You can't work at the factory, or at the mill. You've got to stay home till you're eighteen."

"I can do housework," she said; "the law allows it." William's face grew red, then white. Poor as they were, Jessie had her traditions, her "Yeoman's" pride, which did not admit of serving.

"You could," said William; "but you're not going to."

"I am, though. I'm starting Saturday. For Mrs. Murgaty. She says I can sleep at home. I work from seven in the morning till the supper dishes are done. That's about six, most days. Only when she has company, I'll stay later. I'll get a dollar every day, and my meals."

"You can't work for Mrs. Murgaty. Everybody knows how hard she is to work for. She's never been able to keep a girl more'n a week." She only wanted Jessie as an excuse to keep track of Pa, he thought.

"There's no one else near enough, that I could come home nights. I've got to sleep at home, on account of the baby. Pa goes out—"

"I know what you'll do. You'll get up at four or five, and cook and clean, and work here, and then you'll work there all day and come home and work till ten, 'leven o'clock here. You can't do it, Jessie."

"I'm going to," said Jessie.

"What are you going to do with the least one?" said William.

JESSIE'S face grew white now, her lips very thin. She folded her hands tightly together. "Mrs. Burns is going to look after him for me. The boys and Pa can do for themselves."

"Jessie, if you'd marry me—I'd take care of all of you."

"I wouldn't let you take my family on you," said Jessie. "Pa'd never work another lick, 's long's he lived." And then, as though ashamed of this disloyalty, she added, "Anyhow, I can't marry, without his consent. Not till

[*Continued on page 66*]

Come one · Come all

NATIONAL HOME FURNISHINGS STYLE SHOW

in your community
Sept 26th Oct 4th
daytime and evening features

Your local Furniture Merchant, displaying the emblem shown below, invites you to be his guest at the National Home Furnishings Style Show to be held in his store, as in other leading furniture stores throughout the country, Sept. 26 to Oct. 4.

Plan now to attend. A visit will repay you many times over. For here you will find the newest modes in furniture, floor coverings, lamps and home decorating accessories. You will see the beautiful new finishes, the latest upholstery fabrics, the contributions of the entire Home Furnishings Industry to the comfort and convenience of your home! * * * Bring the family. Young and old will enjoy this educational treat. Unique features are being planned for both daytime and evening guests. Advertisements in your local newspapers will carry details. * * * Keep abreast of home furnishings progress. A well-furnished home, in this advancing age, means much to your future. Thus the slogan, "First Furnish Your Home—It Tells What You Are," is indeed worth heeding*** The National Home Furnishings Style Show . . . in your community September 26 to October 4 . . . Don't miss it!

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CANDLELIGHT

[*Continued from page 64*]

I'm of age. And he says I'm too young to marry. He's always saying that."

"Yes," said William bitterly, "you're too young to marry, too young to work in the mill. You're only just old enough to work like a slave for him and the boys, to wash and iron and cook and clean, and worry. And go out to do for Mrs. Murgaty."

THEY were silent again. The candlelight brooded over them. In the tender light Jessie laid her hand on the table. It was a thin young hand, firm and strong. William put his great palm over it, and Jessie suffered it to lie so.

"I'm not like myself," she said after a minute, faintly; "I'm not like myself tonight. I think maybe it's this candlelight. It makes me feel—William, shall I tell you how it makes me feel?"

"Come over here, and tell me," he coaxed. He drew her by the hand. He made the most of her gentle mood. She rose and went around the end of the table, and he pulled her down on his knees. Her arm lay around his neck, her head on his shoulder. He held her gently.

"Tell me," he whispered, and she said softly, so shyly that he could hardly hear the words. "It makes me feel as if all the things Pa talks about and prays about might be true. Golden streets, and a great white city, and harps, even. I think I can see them, in the candlelight. You know that song he loves to sing, 'There's a city, foursquare'."

"I know, I've heard him."

"It's so beautiful, William. I always liked it, though I tried not to, for Pa and Mrs. Murgaty would sing it in church, and then we'd come home, and there Ma'd be, in bed. She never got up after the least one came. And I knew how Pa was to her, always faulting her, always acting like his life was ruined on her account, always praying for strength to bear his cross. How'd you like to be a sick woman, and called a cross, William? Ma never had a dollar she didn't fight for. He'd say no one understood him. He believed it. But tonight—seems like there is beauty, and love. Do you suppose, William?"

"I know there's love, Jessie."

"And other things, too? White dresses, and little white beads—not pearls, of course, but made to look like them? And thin stockings, and white slippers, and a red couch to sit on? Things like that? Like the mountain, in the morning, when the mist is in the valley, and the miner's houses are all hid away. And the sun shines out so bold. Like that. Like the least one, when he's clean and hasn't any ragged rompers on. Wide streets and a white city, and happy people. Can things like that be true, William?"

His eyes were wet with tears. Gently he kissed her soft rose mouth. Love gave him wisdom.

"Things like that are true—in your heart. Jessie, they're true for you, because that's the way you are, shining, and good. You'll make them all come to you, thinking of them. I'll make them come—I love you enough to do it, Jessie."

"I want Arthur to go to school, and I want Tom to learn to tell the truth and do his share of the work, and not talk pretty. And I want the least one to be happy. William?"

"Yes, Jessie."

"William, I want you to be happy, too. I want you to have everything clean and nice around you. I want you to have children to love you and be like you. I can't see any golden streets, thinking of your happiness, William. Just a small white house, and a pretty garden, and a swing, under the trees. I can't see any grand houses for you, William."

"The little house in the lane will do," he said, "if you can see a red-headed girl in it."

"Yes," she said faintly, "I think I can see her."

She stood leaning against him, looking at the candle where it had burned in its glass stand on the kitchen table. He had never known her so gentle, so filled with mysterious currents and vague charm.

She spoke in a fluted voice, "That's only three ways, William—to run off and get married, or to go to Mrs. Murgaty's, or to stay on here. And surely, in all this great world, there's more than three ways to work things out. Surely there's hundreds of ways we haven't thought about. Why, when the electric lights went out—and the lamp was empty—we found the candles. Something will come for us. I feel it, now."

Someone was knocking at the kitchen door. Jessie drew away from William. Arthur's young cheek was red and firm, above his dark hand. The rain was falling in a gentle drizzle from the eaves. Jessie opened the door. A neighbor stood there with a lantern in his hand.

"Jessie? You ain't gone to bed? Oh—it's you, William."

"Come in, Jake."

"No, I'm mud to my knees. I just came to tell you, Jessie—your Pa's been hurt. He got a fall, coming down the mountain in a hurry, in the storm, and broke his leg. Old Ezra found him, and brought him down on his mule. They took him in to Mrs. Murgaty's, as the first place they got to. The doctor's there now. Can you come?"

Jessie ran, crying, to get her sweater and hat. William shook Arthur, and told him his father was hurt, and left him to keep the house and watch the younger children. William got his coat and cap. They set out, Jessie between the two men, the lantern swinging before them. The village streets were running with water. Little lights glowed here and there, a candle set in a window, the dim shine of a lamp. They walked across the town, past the new church, and came to Mrs. Murgaty's big house, where she lived all alone on the money inherited from her first husband. This house, too, was poorly lit. They went in at the front door.

MRS. MURGATY, her large red face wet with tears, and shining with excitement, received them. She didn't even notice the mud. She said, "My blessed child! He's all right. The doctor says it's a very simple fracture. But he'll be laid up for weeks. But you mustn't worry about that, for he's to stay right here with me. I'll look after him. Just put your things on that chair, and come on up."

William followed softly behind them. When they got up there, the door was

[*Continued on page 68*]

Each year new millions discover this priceless secret of removing film from teeth

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Removing it works a miracle in teeth's appearance —gives far greater protection from decay.

THE public at large is learning much about the care of teeth. Diet, it knows, plays an important part in developing resistance to decay and other troubles.

Frequent visits to the dentist have become a widely practiced safety measure.

And, in the care of teeth at home, people by the scores of thousands are discovering the miracle that follows a new and modern method.

Film must be removed from teeth

On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking —teeth become unsightly.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely *film must be removed.*

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . Yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

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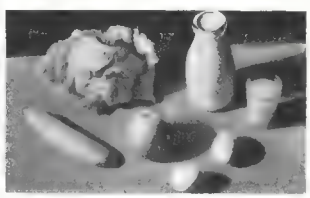
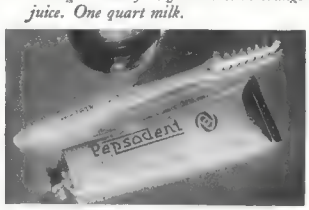
Pepsodent

—the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

Do These Three Things to have strong, healthy teeth



1 *Follow this diet daily: one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart milk.*



2 *Use Pepsodent twice a day.*

3 *See your dentist at least twice a year.*

Clara Bow— Betty Bronson— Janet Gaynor—

You—

Every Woman must face her own particular

Close-up Test

A GIRL'S lovely skin is an instant attraction, say 45 Hollywood directors. A whole audience is swept by enthusiasm when the close-up brings the radiant loveliness of a star near to them.

And every woman must meet the scrutiny of close appraising eyes. Does your skin quicken the heart like Clara Bow's, Betty Bronson's, Janet Gaynor's? It can.

For the lovely screen stars have discovered a sure way to complexion beauty. Clara Bow, the bewitching little Paramount star, beguiling Betty Bronson, Janet Gaynor, the beloved Fox star, are among 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood who guard their smooth skin with Lux Toilet Soap.

The Broadway stage stars, too, have enthusiastically adopted this fragrant white soap. And even in Europe, the beautiful screen stars insist on it for *their* beauty.

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with . . .

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

CANDLELIGHT

[*Continued from page 66*]

closed. The doctor was in there, with another neighbor, and an electric torch. Pa's voice came out to them, strong and clear. He was praying in a loud hearty tone.

MRS. MURGATY was in great excitement. She said to Jessie, who sat, very small on a chair, before the other's majesty. "I've been thinking what we'd better do, with your pa laid up, Jessie. I think maybe you'd better start work tomorrow—better come in the morning. I'll have him to look after, and you'd better bring the least one with you, so he won't worry. The boys, now—maybe William can look after them."

"They can sleep at my place," said William; "I'll send Arthur down every day to feed Jessie's chickens, and I'll give them their breakfast and supper."

Jessie had never liked Mrs. Murgaty so well. She did not look so hard, in the candlelight. The woman moaned a little.

"And to think how selfish I've been, not wanting all of his children here, in my nice house, when the Lord was showing me my duty plain as day! I've changed now. I'll look after all of you, Jessie. The Lord has put his mark on your Pa. I see now what a man he is—not like other men, not guided by the same rules—he's a free spirit walking in the Lord's pastures!"

William's eyes grew very knowing.

"I'm glad Jessie's Pa is here, Mrs. Murgaty. He thinks such a lot of you. He thinks you're the finest woman in this town. He's told me so often. I told him what you said about him, yest'day, and his face shone with joy."

Jessie sat looking at William in open-mouthed amazement. But she could not very well challenge him right there. William went on and Mrs. Murgaty listened to him, and to the intoning voice beyond.

"Anyone else would just say they couldn't have this bother," said William. "But you're too kind. I don't know how Jessie'd do, now, without you to look out for her, and the least one. It'll make a mighty big difference. When Jessie's eighteen, in the spring, and we get married, we'll take the least one with us, but till then, she needs a friend like you, to look out for her."

THEY went in, after a little while, to see Pa. He was lying high on his pillows, his leg, set and in splints, under a light cover. Pa wore one of Mr. Murgaty's striped night shirts. He was not bad-looking, with his thick hair, and brown mustache, his thin lips and bright eyes. Mrs. Murgaty stooped over him with infinite tenderness.

"Praise the Lord," he whispered hoarsely.

Jessie kissed him in her own practical way. She said, "I'm glad you're not hurt worse, Pa."

"My daughter," whispered Pa, "my young bough, my little garden."

William felt slightly ill. But Pa was in earnest. He closed his eyes. He asked the Lord to look after Jessie and the least one, the motherless babe, and to send some friend to care for his boys, the lads walking in the shadow of want: and Mrs. Murgaty and William accepted the burdens.

It was an hour later when Jessie and William walked slowly home in a rain drenched world, where a few stars shone above the mountain.

They stopped at the kitchen door, and kissed one another.

THEY'LL be married," said William, "before he gets up and around. And they'll get along. They understand each other instinctively. She can afford to have a husband like Pa, and he'll not rule her, with prayers or fasting, like he did your mother. They'll have a grand adventure. Can't you imagine it?"

"But she can't have the least one," said Jessie, and William laughed.

"Didn't you see how it took hold on her, what I said about us getting married in the spring, and taking the least one with us? It's been bothering her, for all she thinks your Pa is so grand. He is grand, too, Jessie—in his own way. Maybe it's wrong to think that religion ought to go with character. Maybe religion's one thing, and a kind heart another. He wanted to get away from her, and he didn't want to. But he'll never manage it now. You won't find it hard up there, while your Pa's there, now that he's invoked the Lord on her."

"You oughtn't to talk so William," she whispered; "'Tain't right."

"Might be we can get married Christmas, instead of waiting till spring," William said as if he had thought it safely through. "He'll give his consent, when he's married. And oh, Jessie—I want you to stay a girl—and have it easy, and be happy and laugh a lot. I won't ever let you drudge and work for me, my sweet one!"

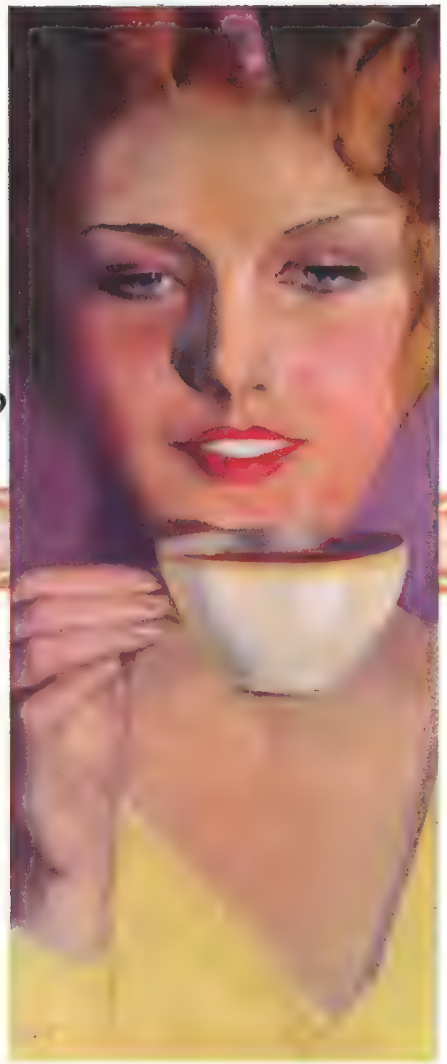
SHE leaned against him dreamily. "William," she said, "when we move into your place, and paint it white, and put dotted swiss curtains at the windows, I want to shine up those old brass candlesticks of Grandma's, and let's always have pink candles to burn, when there's just you and me. Shall we?"

"I promise it. And now, you go in and sleep. I'll come and take you and the least one up there tomorrow, before I go to work, and I'll look after the boys," he said.

Arthur was sleeping at the table. The pink candles were burned down. Little pools of pink wax shrouded the glass candlesticks, and the two flames guttered in their centers. Jessie stood looking at them. For a moment it came back to her again, the sense of space, of beauty, of order. A great white city, and wide bright streets of gold, harps, and wings, and deep sweet music, wide fields of flowers, and birds with spangled wings, throats pouring out songs—all the lovely candle-lit world of romance and beauty and love, hers now, forever.

She took the candlesticks up and spoke to Arthur. "Get up now, brother, and go to bed. Tomorrow's another day."

What's *your* favorite mealtime drink?



Two million families say "Postum!"

Here's why...

FIRST of all, Postum tastes so good! If the cup on this page could come to life and you could lift it to *your* lips, a delicious flavor would greet you! A distinctive, full-bodied flavor—mellow, rich, and smooth.

We'd like you to meet this fine flavor, personally. Try a cup of Postum, today! Drink it plain—or, if you like, add cream and see the deep, rich color lighten to gold . . . then *taste*. You'll admit that we're right about that flavor!

After you've finished your cup, you'll discover that Postum has more good news for you. This drink has none of the unpleasant after-effects that beverages containing caffein so frequently have. Postum won't interfere with your sleep, or set your nerves on edge. It won't give you headaches or indigestion. *Postum contains no caffein.* It is made from whole wheat and bran, skilfully roasted and blended. A drink that the entire family can enjoy, in perfect safety!

This test will help you!

Millions of men and women have made a simple test that has *proved* the benefits of Postum. Try it . . . give up beverages containing caffein and drink Postum with your meals, for thirty days. At the end of that time, you'll find yourself feeling better—working better—looking better, too! Like the men and women who have already made this test, you'll call Postum *your* favorite mealtime drink!

P.S.—Postum is very easy to prepare, and costs less than most other mealtime drinks. *Only one-half cent a cup.* Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, *free*, as a start on your thirty-day test. Be sure to indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

Here's a wonderful way to make children love milk!

Instant Postum made with milk is sure to meet with your children's approval! It looks so "grown-up"—especially when it is served in a cup—and it tastes *delicious*. You'll give your approval to this mealtime treat, too, for it is one of the most nourishing, wholesome drinks in the world. Let your children begin to enjoy the benefits of Instant Postum made with milk, *today!*

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THE NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN

Safely to the journey's end. LONG TRIPS are pleasant in the new Ford because of its easy-riding comfort. The restful, well-upholstered seats invite you to sit back and relax and enjoy the panorama of the passing miles. Steadily, evenly, you travel along because of the specially designed springs and four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers. They cushion the car against hard jolts and bumps and smooth your path along every highway. Equally important to the enjoyment of motoring is your confidence in the mechanical reliability of the Ford. No matter where you go—near or far—day or night—you know it will bring you safely, quickly, comfortably to the journey's end.

Ford

READING AND WRITING

[*Continued from page 7*]

of a sweet, and there were hints that even Elihu Root, after disentangling some problem of international law, would send his intellect out to play in the bogus excitement of a detective story. Once this notion had become widespread, we all had to take up the same practice for fear the neighbors would think we were not quite right.

Now that it is considered *de rigueur* to read detective stories, I hope that it will occur to our better authors that it is quite all right to write them too. I am still unconvinced that a detective story would not be more enjoyable if it were well written. It cannot be a coincidence that the few really good detective stories ever produced in the English language—and you could count them on the fingers of a man who had worked about a buzz-saw—were contributed by men who really knew how to write.

The output of clumsily fabricated, loutishly written detective stories is staggering. Of one English practitioner of the art, it is reported, I believe, that he turns out one a week, and, from such of his wares as I have sampled, I should think that he must do a lot of loitering while he is about it. Then I cannot abide the tales which (with considerable success, let me admit), the punditical Willard Huntington Wright has been turning out under the pen name of S. S. Van Dine. His recurrent character is one Philo Vance. I do not know whether I am the more maddened by the insistent exhibitions of Master Vance's recondite culture (particularly in *The Scarab Murder Case*, when he reads cuneiform writing at sight and lapses into idiomatic Arabic at the slightest provocation), or by his egregious incapacity as a detective, when (as in *The Green Murder Case*), he does not lift a hand until all the innocent characters have been murdered, thus arriving at the guilty party by what might be called, with very admirable restraint, the process of elimination.

Indeed, my only new enthusiasm in this field is a newcomer named Dashiell Hammett, who writes with something of the Spartan economy of a Hemingway. Once upon a time, Mr. Hammett was himself a detective. He tells a tale with conspicuous skill, and, if I have not led this discourse with his name, it is because his best books are not, strictly speaking, detective stories, at all, but rather stories about detectives in which any mere unraveling of mystery is ruthlessly subordinated. Still, I wish to recommend *The Maltese Falcon*.

I mentioned "the few really good detective stories ever produced in the English language." Of course, I was not thinking of the many excellent short stories produced in this form; for instance, the tales wherewith Edgar Allen Poe started the ball rolling, nor of the incomparable Sherlock Holmes yarns with which Conan Doyle improved upon the master. If such short flights are to your liking, I recommend several volumes by an Englishman named H. C. Bailey, wherein are recounted the adventures of an engaging amateur named Reginald Fortune.

No, I was thinking rather of full-length detective stories. In my time I have come upon three good ones. One was *Trent's Last Case* by E. C. Bentley. Another was *The Red House Mystery*, written (in a virile interlude), by the same A. A. Milne, who usually fabricates fearfully whimsical verses for the kiddies about itsy-bitsy Winnie the Pooh. The third—do I have to name the as yet unequalled forerunner of them all?—was first published in 1868. I mean *The Moonstone* by Wilkie Collins.

Even as I hold up that masterpiece as a mark for our more literate authors to shoot at, I should admit, perhaps, that the confection of such a mystery is more of a black art than it looks. One could gather as much from all the failures to equal *The Moonstone*. You may remember what happened to Charles Dickens when the fascination of his friend Collins' book goaded him into trying to write one like it. He died in the attempt.

WORDS AND MUSIC

[*Continued from page 8*]

the essentials; and any radio set that will transmit anything will transmit melody and rhythm. But symphonic music is a more perishable article. The *quality* of the sound is one of the features of a symphony orchestra—not only the tone colors of the instruments, but the refinement of tone with which they are played. Dynamics, too—the alteration and graduation of loud and soft playing—are important.

Second—and this is important—take your radio concerts as seriously as you would if you were paying to hear them. The more nearly you duplicate the conditions of a real symphony concert, the more likely is your radio concert to sound like a real one.

It is impossible to predict all the good concerts that will be given this fall and winter, but you will be safe in reserving Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon and evening. For these are the occasions of the four best radio concert series now being given. It is hardly necessary to mention them. Walter Damrosch conducts over WEAF every Saturday night during the season. To this series I would award the palm: for (1) high average of conducting, (2) interesting and exceptionally varied programs, (3) delightful announcing (Mr. Damrosch is, with the exception of Leopold Stokowski, the only person I have heard who knows how to talk about music over the radio), and (4) virtually perfect transmission.

Almost equally fine is the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra over WOR on Sunday afternoon. These concerts offer, among other conductors, the transcendent Toscanini. Just before the Philharmonic, on Sunday afternoons, is a series of extraordinarily good symphony concerts by the orchestra of the Roxy Theater in New York (WJZ, 2 p. m. E. S. T.). The fourth of the first-class regular series is the Atwater Kent concert, on Sunday night over WEAF. Here you will always find a good orchestra and world-famous soloists.

Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra will broadcast again this season. Just now it is not possible to say when the concerts will take place, but there will be at least three of them. Stokowski's three concerts last fall were the finest single concerts I have ever heard over the radio.

And speaking of conductors—any concerts that you see announced under the batons of Ludwig Laurier, Cesare Sodero, and Josef Pasternak, are likely to be worth hearing.

Wrinkles *creeping in because your skin is thirsty* + + DRY

—how this luscious, quick-melting cream restores natural moisture and promotes lovely skin texture

Now that Summer's over and Winter's almost here, give a thought to your complexion. Burning sun and air . . . fatless diets . . . icy winds and arid artificial heat . . . what a dreadfully drying (and aging) effect they have on your skin.

Look at it. Taut and dull, with little lines showing. Feel it. Parched and drawn. It couldn't be anything else, robbed of its natural moisture.

Put it off no longer. Your skin simply must be aided to harmonize with modern living. Begin today an authoritative treatment that quenches dryness. That gives your complexion the tender, nourishing stimulation that restores natural moisture and lovely firm skin texture. The treatment of world-famed skin specialists that so many women everywhere now follow.

Cover your face and throat (generously) with Woodbury's—the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. With just no rubbing at all, you can feel it sinking into the pores. Then, as you gently wipe it off, dirt and blemish-forming impurities come with it. And, because the fine, light oils of this luscious, white cream lubricate and refresh even as they cleanse, the jaded look, the little lines, the flaky roughness disappear. Your skin looks and feels and *is* smooth and soft and stimulated.

Then, for a powder base and to further protect your skin against dryness, you have Woodbury's Facial Cream—fluffy, greaseless and vanishing.

You can get the Woodbury Cold and Facial Creams in 50c jars and 25c tubes (for traveling)—also all the other Woodbury beauty aids—at drug-stores and toilet goods counters. Or, if you'd like a generous trial set of the Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder, just send 10 cents in stamps or coin to John H. Woodbury, Inc., Dept. M-10, Cincinnati, Ohio. (If you live in Canada, address: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. M-10, Perth, Ont.)

Delighted women everywhere are welcoming these exquisite

new Woodbury aids to loveliness

Only announced last month, but already proudly gracing the dressing-tables of thousands of women. "If they are sponsored by Woodbury's, we know that they are lovely creations made to scientific standards by famous skin specialists." That is the enthusiastic reception everywhere being given these three new Woodbury complexion helps.

Woodbury's Facial Freshener . . . buoyant and bracing, closes your pores and tightens up your facial muscles. Price, 75c.

Woodbury's Cleansing Cream . . . requires no massaging, liquefies as it touches your skin. Price, 75c.

Woodbury's Tissue Cream . . . gets down to the very muscles of your face, feeds them, keeps your skin youthful and firm. Price, $1.00.

WOODBURY'S THE COLD CREAM

THAT MELTS AT SKIN TEMPERATURE

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Miss Mary Astor Bristed is a member of one of the most distinguished families in America. Belonging to the Junior League, she takes a leading part in the social and artistic life of New York. This article is the first of a series on Etiquette which she will write for McCall's

IT'S A COMFORTING RULE

By Mary Astor Bristed

IN ALL human undertakings, whether in the making of a career or in the giving of an informal dinner, the most important thing, I firmly believe, is to have an ideal—an absolutely clear mental picture of the goal of perfection toward which one is striving.

When I was very young, it was my good fortune to have such a model in a friend of my grandmother's, at whose house I sometimes spent week-ends and parts of my summer vacations. To me, she seemed all that I would like to be; and as a matter of fact, she was recognized by everyone who knew her as a rare embodiment of taste and culture.

When I first met her, she was already past seventy. She lived with two old servants in a little house at Bar Harbor. Imposing estates surrounded three sides of her small garden, their formal gates and drives a striking contrast to the simplicity of her little place where roses nearly smothered the low old-fashioned roof, and beds of flashing perennials gleamed through the white picket fence. Inside, there was just enough furniture—quiet curtains and rugs, a few oil paintings, and practically none of those odd and useless objects which most of the women of her generation felt that they must have about them.

SHE always received friends on a chosen day of the week. And how many of us remember those Saturday afternoons. In the autumn and spring, tea was served in that quiet living room, with its bright open fire, and its indescribable atmosphere of comfort and harmony; in the summer, we moved out on the porch, or under the trees. People from all the countries in the world, I think, gathered around her tea table, and none ever left it without a feeling of regret. For she had that rare sympathy and tact which seek out the best in everyone, encouraging him to display his most interesting qualities and talents before others.

Never was her genius as a hostess more severely tested than on one rainy afternoon when her only guests were the wife of a newly arrived foreign Minister, and the daughter of an old friend who was accompanied by her obstreperous child of six.

Lady ——— was the mother of four perfectly brought up children. The other woman had only this one, who was already beyond her control. Lady ——— adored politics and was considered one of the most brilliant women in the diplomatic corps. The second woman came from a small town in New England, where she had always stayed, except for three short visits to Boston. As far as any ordinary person could have foreseen, there was absolutely no way by which these two women could be brought together. And yet, before tea was passed, the child was quietly drawing pictures by the fire, Lady———had put away her lorgnette, and the shy American woman was talking so fast that she never once thought whether she was taking one or three slices of bread and butter. In the first few minutes, this adroit hostess had found the one topic in which both her guests were interested—the new type of Sunday School organization in the Church of England!

I have run the risk of boring you with the story of this dear old friend, because it seems to me to emphasize the truth that lies at the root of social success—that charm must be fortified by kindliness. One sees all sorts of amusing and fascinating people leap into popularity overnight, but unless they have an inner fineness of character and mind, their vogue passes and after a time they are forgotten. That this should be so has always seemed cruel to me, but I suppose it is the working of the old, old law that we cannot get something for nothing. That my friend was old, alone, and almost poor—according to the standards of Bar Harbor—mattered not at all; and I was only one of many who considered a visit to her house an honor and a privilege.

Not all the education and travel and money in the world can make a person sought after if she is thoughtless or rude. I recall a rainy week-end last spring when this fact was borne in on me all over again. At a country house, one of the guests (a woman on whom life has showered every opportunity) spoiled everything for her hostess and five fellow-guests because bridge bored her, she hated pool, she didn't feel like dancing, and conversation made her gloomily silent or discouragingly contradictive. She wouldn't even go to her room and rest—as some one tactfully suggested!

SINCE the Editor of McCall's Magazine asked me to conduct this department, I have been trying to think of a definition for Etiquette. Isn't it like a finely balanced bridge which unites one individual with another in an agreeable and harmonious association? Etiquette hasn't many rules. Those who wish to learn them have already gone half way by wishing to express, outwardly, their inner gentleness.

Good manners are universal. Small details of etiquette may vary in different localities; but a well-bred person is always an acceptable member of the best society in any land. Of course, every woman knows that the most delightful manners will not make up for lukewarm tea and the wrong spoons. So we shall often discuss the practical details of correct social usage. Indeed, next month I'd like to talk about asking a few friends in to tea informally.

When I was very little, the first rule I learned was that to be well-bred is to be thoughtful. And I still think that it comes before all other rules in importance.

Action photographs* prove Super Suds faster than flakes

No more undissolved soap . . . . Lasting suds all through the water

Washes dishes clean faster

Slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly — shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

HERE are the first photographs ever taken of dishwashing soaps at work!

They were taken through glass dishpans. They reveal with relentless truth the difference between slow-dissolving chip soap and instant-dissolving "beads." They show exactly how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. And this is important. For no matter how much top suds a soap may give, it's the quick, rich soapiness down below that keeps dishwater from getting greasy. Speeds dishwashing. Makes it a pleasanter, less drudgy task.

What Super Suds does

In the chip soap pan you see water that's strikingly deficient in soapiness. That's because this form of soap is comparatively slow dissolving. In the Super Suds pan, not a trace of soap remains undissolved. Every drop of water in the pan has been flooded with instant, active, lasting suds. Now see how this instant and complete dissolving . . . this quick, thorough soapiness, cuts dishwashing time in half. (1) *Saves waiting for suds.* No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) *Washes dishes clean faster.* The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) *Saves dishwiping.* Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

Why it's different

Super Suds gives instant, lasting, clear-down-to-the-bottom suds because it's soap in an entirely new form. Not chips—flakes—nor powder. But soap in the form of tiny hollow beads, made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. Each tiny bead has walls 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake. Hence it's swifter to give suds, swifter to wash, swifter to rinse away.

Don't let slow-dissolving soap delay dishwashing. Get Super Suds from your grocer today. The big red box holds ten brimming cupfuls, and costs but 10 cents.

Super Suds 10¢

6059

* These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

When It's Time to Wean the Baby

WEANING time is a critical period in the life of the baby. His future health will depend on the correct choice of food.

Pure milk, either fresh or evaporated, and *Karo Syrup, supplemented with cod liver oil and orange juice are the requisites of a complete and easily digested infant diet.

Karo Syrup and milk formulas are simple, inexpensive and highly beneficial. Doctors and hospitals throughout the country are recommending Karo especially for babies.

Ask your physician about Karo—not only for your baby—but for the growing youngsters as well.

FREE TO MOTHERS!

"The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child" is a practical, helpful booklet written by one of America's leading baby specialists. Mail the coupon below for your copy.

*KARO *is the familiar Syrup sold in grocery stores everywhere. This delicious syrup is a pure mixture of dextrin, malt sugar and other simple sugar derivatives which is digested with remarkable ease and provides the elements for energy and growth.*

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. M-10, 17 Battery Place, N. Y. City

Please send me my copy of "The Food of the Infant and the Growing Child."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

YOUR GIRL MAKES GOOD

[*Continued from page 4*]

bazaars of Cairo and Bagdad. I buy, too, in Germany and France. Gradually I've built up this little business."

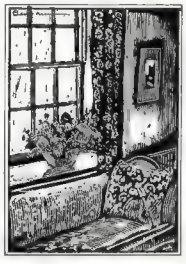
Mrs. Prather indicated the ceiling-high shelves, where gleamed mounds of ambers, cornelians, lapis-lazulis, pale rose quartz, amethysts, and where jades gave off the colors of early spring sunsets.

"Little!"

"A business is like a child—it does not stay little, if healthy," said the lady of the jewels.

MINNESOTA

The Perfect Artist



Tirzah Perfect is her real name. Believe it or not, it was given her at the cradle along with a fairy gift—the ability to design. And the gift made the strange name a trade-mark. Today buyers of original ideas, of elfin whimsy in Christmas cards, look for it eagerly.

Tirzah was born in St. Paul, Minnesota. For a child who draws at five and exhibits while still a child, there is no difficulty in choosing a profession. She went to New York to study art while still in her teens. Then events moved rapidly.

Peering over her eclipsing drawing-board recently, she said: "After art school I had to earn my living. I'd made Christmas cards for friends who solemnly assured me that my work was equal to Michael Angelo's frescoes. I suppose I believed them; anyway, three years ago—I was just twenty—I took fifteen of the masterpieces and, with my heart beating like a tom-tom, set forth to sell. I knew nothing of psychology. 'You don't want any Christmas cards, do you?' was my first timid approach. So convincing to buyers, you know! But I showed them my samples, and all fifteen were ordered. I made more samples. Sold them all. Big orders.

"'Why, I've got a business,' I said to myself. I rented a 'studio,' an old house that had been torn up by the roots and planted on top of a garage with no heat, but a fireplace. Here I designed, packed, solicited, shipped, billed, and collected.

"By the following October, re-orders by the thousands poured in upon me. And the next season's business was so heavy that I had to find new quarters, enlarge the staff during the rush season, and take a business partner.

"Yes, there's tremendous competition in this business, but buyers are always looking for new ideas. My chief obstacle is my youth. Buyers simply won't believe that a young girl can deliver an order of 100,000 cards on time.

"I'm supposed to be one of those flaming butterflies, with a roll-top desk for a plaything; a sweet, wild thing with a studio and exotic nature!" And she smiled—demurely.

MISSOURI

Men Roll Up Rugs

In Pekin, China, 2,400 weavers, under the direction of an American woman whom they call "mama," weave rugs of exquisite pastel beauty. In New York City a woman from St. Louis, Missouri, receives and sends these rugs to the four corners of the United States.

It happened like this. After the war, Alleyne Archibald, fresh from Y. W. C. A. service overseas, was looking about for something to do.

"My friend in China," she said, "wrote me about her factory, with American standards of cleanliness. I thought I might sell rugs that had such a background.

"I asked my friend for the New York agency. It wasn't long before I had a growing business. Soon it embraced all sorts of floor coverings, oriental and domestic—rugs, carpets, linoleums. Everything for the sole of man! I like working with decorators."

She opened a drawer, drew out lovely water color designs; from another peeped soft tufts of wool.

"Our patrons have individual rugs designed to fit the architecture of a room, to suit its color harmonies. The rugs are woven in China by hand—tied, washed, and brushed.

"Now this design," she held it up, "was made for a Chicago millionaire; this one for a Hollywood queen; this one for a middle-west oil operator . . . see the lovely desert and sage colors . . . and this one for a poor little rich girl's boudoir.

"American homes are becoming more beautiful every year, and from the floor up. The floor is the background which can ruin or enhance the richest furnishings."

She shook out delicate rugs that were symphonies in wool.

"But isn't this rug business a man's job?"

"Why, no," she grinned, beckoning to an attendant, "It's a man's job to roll up the rugs when a woman has sold them."

MICHIGAN

Portia Comes East

Agnes C. Tufverson of Michigan, looks like a blonde heroine of the Siegfried sagas. Hers is the story of a girl who met toil, hardship, and trouble, and conquered them all, single-handed.

She comes from Grand Rapids, where she left school before reaching her teens, to become the co-breadwinner for a family of four younger sisters. But back in her mind, tenaciously lodged, was a determination to have a career. Not as a teacher . . . many of her friends were preparing for that vocation; not as an actress . . . that, too was a commonplace aspiration; not as a doctor . . . the sight of blood sickened her. She would be a lawyer!

Her first job was in a store. Then she worked in an overall factory, eleven hours a day. She was tall and strong for her age, escaping the eye of the factory inspector. All the while she attended night school, studying stenography and bookkeeping. And all the while she helped with the work at home, cleaning and sewing and baking.

When the war came, she was employed in a real-estate office, but at a monetary sacrifice she went to Washington to do war work.

Associations formed during the war led to a secretaryship to Myron T. Herrick in New York City. Then came the opportunity to carry out her long-defered plans. She crammed college and law school into a few years, received the coveted degree, and began

[*Continued on page 76*]

THESE PLAIN FACTS about the New Premier mean more than fancy claims

AS pioneers in creating and producing electric cleaners we offer now, in our 21st year, the latest Premiers, the finest that experience and resources have yet conceived. We are confident that these new cleaners will be welcomed as new achievements, adding to the name and fame of Premier . . . The new Premiers are too good to sensationalize by exaggerated claims, wild statements. So we simply say: The new Premier has increased its cleaning efficiency by 50%! It has many refinements of its famous fundamentals. It performs its duty in a most thorough manner . . . Our confidence in Premiers has long been confirmed by American housewives. Also by Electric Lighting Companies, 60% of which recommend Premiers, thus giving them an outstanding preference . . . We are content for Premier's fame to rest on its performance, not on claims. We believe plain facts and proven worth are more powerful than fancy words. No money has ever been stinted in perfecting and refining the Premier . . . For a woman to tell her inquiring friends "I prefer a Premier" is the kind of recommendation which has built Premier reputation. This good-will has won for us ever increasing sales, more and more friends. We invite you to become acquainted with the new Premiers, to note their advancements.

Floor models, large and small. All with motor-driven brush, ball-bearing motor, no oiling. Light weight. New, trouble-free rubber-covered cord. Floor polisher for giving a glistening wax finish.

Also the famous Spic-Span, a 4-pound hand cleaner to use instead of attachments. Comes with blower and deodorizer.

"Now two cleaners for about the price of one"—that was the Premier contribution last year, an idea which has revolutionized and eased cleaning.

SPIC-SPAN

14.50

This price includes deodorizer and blower.

Premier Electric Cleaning Unit

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY

(Division of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.) Dept. 1710, Cleveland, Ohio

Branches in all leading cities. Made and sold in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Company, Ltd., Toronto. Foreign distributors, International General Electric Company, Inc.

A FREE COPY OF HARRIET CAVELL'S BOOK—"A CLEANER HOME FOR LESS MONEY" SENT ON REQUEST

The CHILDREN KNOW IT.. DO YOU ?

Today **A B C** ***are precious*** **VITAMINS, and Bananas** ***have all three!***

THEY teach health as well as writin' and readin' in the schools these days. They stress the importance of fruit in the diet. Bananas especially.

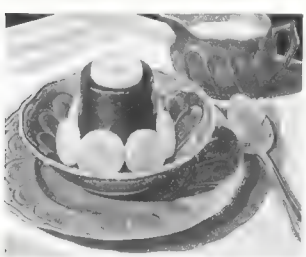
Teacher even hunts for simple words to explain the protective mission of the banana's vitamins. (Some foods have one or even two vitamins, but this marvelous health staple has three, you see.)

Then there's the fascinating story of the banana's minerals—those amazing little workers that know how to build sturdy bones and strong, even teeth. The easiest part of all to explain is the digestibility of bananas. For that, as with all other fruits, is just a matter of eating them *ripe.* (All in all, what happier subject for a lesson—because there never was a child that didn't love bananas!)

Only leave it to the teachers, and the rising generation will know its alphabet and its bananas—from A to Z!

CHILDREN'S CEREAL DESSERT

Mix 1 chopped banana, 3 teaspoons cocoa, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla with one cup left-over cooked cereal. Mold, chill, and garnish with sliced bananas. Serve with or without cream.



BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION

M C 10 40

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION
17 Battery Place, New York City

Please send new recipe and menu booklet, "Bananas in the Modern Manner."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

YOUR GIRL MAKES GOOD

[*Continued from page 74*]

to practice law. Today she enjoys a wide and varied practice, the Electric Bond and Share Company, a corporation with nation-wide interests, retains most of her time.

WISCONSIN
A Three-act Play

Wisconsin is a dramatic state. Dark forests and fields of golden grain, babbling waterfalls and deep, silent rivers are plot and scenery. Its venturesome people have been actors in dramatic experiments in industrial democracy and in modern education.

Miss Helen Arthur, play producer and theatrical manager, comes from the little town of Lancaster.

The curtain rises on her home town. Scene, the shady lawn in front of a big house. A small girl directs a production of a miniature county fair. Pins are the price of admission. At one side is the stable for the horses (polished broomsticks), their grooms, the three Arthur boys. A tent with a lemonade-stand. A circus with the neighbors' children as performers. At seven o'clock a tired little manager makes her first office count-up.

A second act, an interlude. After college comes the choice of a profession: law in New York City, where there is work a-plenty, even for a woman. And for recreation there is the theater. Miss Arthur makes a discovery: law is fine business training and an interesting interlude, but the theater is her real enthusiasm.

The curtain rises on the third act. Work and play have changed places. Miss Arthur manages a company making a transcontinental tour. On her return to New York she accepts a position in the Shubert office, receiving there in her seven years' apprenticeship, a thorough training in theatrical management.

Then the Neighborhood Playhouse opens, and Miss Arthur is a director. This unique theater, hospitable to new talent and to unusual plays, is located far from famous Broadway, yet during its thirteen seasons it has succeeded in bringing all New York to its doors, making itself actually the classic example for little theaters the country over.

Today Miss Arthur is the executive director of The Actor-Managers, Inc., an organization which produces plays and also manages such artists as Ruth Draper and Angna Enters. Humor flecks the flow of her easy, urbane conversation. She seems to be thinking: "Life is a comedy."

ARKANSAS
Chronicler of Queens

Impossible to imagine Katherine Susan Anthony ever bringing home a report card that was not marked "A." As a matter of fact, history and literature were "A-plus." The little, freckle-faced, red-headed girl always received prizes for compositions. Easy to picture her, a quaint figure, the class valedictorian. Why, the whole town was proud of Ernest Anthony's girl when she went away to college . . . and again when she returned, famous!

Miss Anthony's family, ruined by the Civil War, went westward and settled in Roseville, Arkansas.

Twenty-five years ago it was not customary for girls to go—and alone!—to German universities. Nor was it usual for women to receive Ph. B. degrees. But Katherine Anthony was the daughter of pioneers; undaunted she went to Germany to study.

The feminist movement was under way. Women were blazing new trails. Naturally, their activities attracted the thoughtful daughter of pioneer stock. She began writing, recording the entrance of women into industry and politics in America, Germany, and Scandinavia. Then came her first biography—"Margaret Fuller." Immediately Miss Anthony won recognition in the literary world as a biographer of distinction and originality. This daughter of a pioneer was the first writer in America to use the Freudian psychoanalytic method of interpreting character.

Then followed the biographies of Katherine, the Great, of Russia, and, after profound research, Queen Elizabeth. The latter work was sponsored by the Literary Guild.

It's a long trek back from Arkansas to the old Victorian house in which Miss Anthony studies and writes—a high-ceilinged old mansion, with comfortable, old-fashioned furniture, English fireplaces, and two shaggy brown dogs. It's back over the trail of history that Miss Anthony has gone for her characters, and those she chooses are like the pioneer women—indomitable, ambitious, breakers of new trails.

NEBRASKA
Director of Diet

What more appropriate than that Lulu Graves authority on foods and diets, should come from the great granary, Nebraska?

"Yet I wasn't interested in food or its preparation as a youngster back home in Fairbury. Mother cooked, and we children ate what was set before us.

"I went with the children of our town to the public school; then to normal school. I wanted to go to college, but my people couldn't finance me. So I taught in the primary schools of Fairbury and Plymouth. When Chicago University opened a summer course in Household Economics, I went, little understanding what the course meant, caring only that I was going to college. The course aroused in me an interest in food problems that I never lost.

"Since then? Oh, there have been years of teaching in colleges . . . Iowa, Cornell . . . and years of supervising the dietary departments of various hospitals. I helped to organize the American Dietic Association, of which I am now the honorary president."

A few years ago Miss Graves decided to sever all connections with institutions, in order that she might put her years of experience at the disposal of physicians and hospitals all over the country. Today she is a consultant on foods and diet therapy.

A baby is dying in the Ozarks. The treatment depends wholly upon diet. The doctor wires for advice. Miss Graves lends her aid. The baby lives.

A children's hospital is opening in the south. Working with the architects, Miss Graves plans the dietary kitchen.

A new food is to be placed on the market. Its health qualifications are to be nationally advertised. Miss Graves

[*Continued on page 78*]

MAKE THIS TEST YOURSELF: You can prove in your own kitchen that Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin sets in half the usual time. Prepare a package the same way you always prepare gelatin desserts. Chill it the same way. Notice how quickly it jells! (By following directions on package, the time can be shortened to from 30 to 45 minutes.)

New—Royal Gelatin

wins in *Ida Bailey Allen* speed test

Jells nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts

Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, famous food authority, President of National Radio Home-Makers Club.

THIS gelatin dessert test was made in Mrs. Allen's model radio broadcasting kitchen in New York City.

"All four gelatins," says Mrs. Allen, "were made exactly the same way. All four went into the refrigerator at exactly the same time.

"In one hour the Royal Gelatin Dessert was ready to unmould!

"One of the other gelatins was still soft—it collapsed at once when we tried to unmould it. The remaining two had not even begun to set.

"The result did not surprise us. For in every refrigerator test we've made, Royal has set nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts.

"This marvelous quick setting quality of Royal is invaluable to me in my broadcasting of speed meals.

"Now—with Royal—we prepare a gelatin dessert or salad at the beginning of a half-hour radio broadcast. Invariably, it's ready to serve—beautifully jelled—before the close of the talk." . . . .

Think what this means to busy modern women! You can prepare your gelatin dessert in three minutes—just before your meal is put on to cook. At dessert time, your gelatin is ready—perfectly jelled, tender and quivery. Don't confuse Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert with any other gelatin you have ever tried or have been using. It's an entirely new formula developed in the laboratories of the Royal Baking Powder Company.

Serve this amazing new gelatin dessert for dinner tonight! Combine it with berries or other fresh fruits. Or serve with sweetened whipped cream. But be sure to get the quick setting kind—Royal Gelatin Dessert. In the red box. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

Six delicious flavors: Raspberry, Cherry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange and a brand new flavor—Lime.

DUCHESS SALAD

Dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin (lemon flavor) in 1 cup boiling water. Add ¾ cup cold water and ¼ cup grapefruit juice. Color delicately with green. Chill until it begins to thicken; add ½ cup diced cucumber and 1½ cups grapefruit pulp. Pour in small moulds, each of which has been garnished with sliced cucumber. Chill until firm. Serve on watercress with mayonnaise.

JELLIED CHICKEN SALAD

Dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin (lemon flavor) in 1 cup boiling water or boiling chicken stock. Add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 cup cold water. Chill until thick, then gradually beat in ¾ cup thick mayonnaise. Fold in 1 cup diced chicken, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 pimiento and 1 small green pepper, chopped fine. Chill in loaf pan. Garnish with small pimiento cups filled with mayonnaise. To serve, cut in slices.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

Copyright 1930, by Standard Brands Incorporated

What bath to give me energy?

Do you, now and then, have hard-to-wake-up mornings, "no-account" work days, and tired, spoiled evenings? Then you should read the booklet described below . . . should learn how remarkably, simple baths often can help in these too-common complaints.

What bath for quick, sound sleep?

Nervous fatigue, they say, is an American tendency. When over-tired or too keyed-up to get to sleep, try the magic of the bath that's only mildly warm. (See booklet).

What bath to avoid sore muscles?

When physically exhausted never take a cold bath. Make it hot. Drink a glass or two of water, and then soak for a full ten minutes. You'll fairly feel the soreness going.

What bath to head off a cold?

The quite hot bath is the one to take, too, when you've come home thoroughly chilled or with wet feet. But don't put it off...And don't delay either, sending for this instructive highly interesting booklet,"The Book About Baths."

Send for "The Book About Baths"

Why *is* it that so many people have tended to think of the bath in terms of cleanliness alone? One reason, no doubt, is that they've never before been offered, free, a booklet just like this one. So get your copy. Use the coupon. You'll be glad you did.

it's FREE!

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock", or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. M-5
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me *free* "The Book About Baths." It sounds interesting.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

YOUR GIRL MAKES GOOD

[*Continued from page 76*]

is consulted before the product is sold. Sweden's king is interested in the opening of a national hospital. His personal representatives consult Miss Graves.

Physicians in out-of-the-way places seek her advice. Her mail is voluminous. Requests for lectures, for articles, for books on food problems testify to the authority with which she speaks.

ILLINOIS
Backed by $70,000,000

Miss Margaret Sawyer of Tuscola, Illinois, is a woman who disproves everything that has ever been said about woman's lack of executive ability. But she insists that she possesses no astounding talent. A life-long interest in foods, a thorough training in household economics, and solid business experience make, she insists, dull strands with which to weave a business romance, even though the heroine lives happily ever after in a luxurious office.

"What does an executive do, and how does one get here?"

Miss Sawyer tells the story. It is as easy to follow as a good road map. It is the story of a little girl who wanted to be a nurse. An older girl who started to study medicine. The war comes, bringing her work on foods for aviators, and later for invalidated soldiers. Then a job with a food concern that merges into the $70,000,000 food corporation, and Margaret Sawyer, a highly-paid executive is made head of the educational department of the vast organization.

"The food industry," says Miss Sawyer, "absorbs 26 per cent of the national income. Women spend that income. They buy our products and, if the food does not meet their requirements, our sales suffer. I supervise a staff of forty trained women whose business it is to make our products acceptable to the ultimate consumer. We make studies of food in relation to human welfare. We work to standardize methods and measurements so that results will be uniform in the kitchens of Maine or California.

"And here I am . . . and that's all."

NORTH DAKOTA
Kitchens Become Fashionable

Remember, in the old days, the ample kitchen that was the heart of the home? Then big cities sprang up. Apartment houses with small kitchens. Delicatessens and bakeries and canned goods disputed the claims of the old kitchen.

Then another cycle! Since the war, color has come into the kitchen. Gone the old black stove. In its place are gay cabinets, and breakfasts (and lunches and dinners), become real occasions in orange and yellow breakfast nooks. Ice is only a matter of gas or electric connections. Rapid transportation and refrigeration distribute the fresh vegetables and fruit of the south throughout the north. Charming frocks and frilly aprons banish the mournful alpaca. The city bride learns to cook in a merry kitchen that is again the center of the home. "That's my job—bringing back kitchens and cookery to a position of dignity with city people," says Miss Grace Soule of Grand Forks, North Dakota, director of the Home Service Department of the Brooklyn Gas Company.

Under her direction, fifteen lecturers on home economics hold forth in public schools, in club-houses, in auditoriums, on the charm of the modern, colorful kitchen and the importance of properly cooked food.

Hundreds of housewives come to the demonstrations. They learn food values, how to put up children's and workingmen's lunches, what to cook for the sick, how to prepare foreign dishes, what to do with left-overs, how to budget the family income, how to cook better than grandmother ever did.

"The public utilities in every city are developing the idea of service to their customers," says Miss Soule. "They realize that women are the consumers and can best be reached by women. I think there is a growing demand for trained women in this profession. It may be self-interest on the part of the utilities, but it results in happy homes, contented husbands, and some swell bridge parties!"

SOUTH DAKOTA
Voice of the Prairie

A little girl rides bareback over the prairies. She sings as she rides. When she wipes dishes in the farm kitchen, she sings. She sings with all her heart at school.

Amy Ellerman's father, an early settler in Yankton, South Dakota, brought with him from Bavaria the love of music, the tradition of thoroughness. For Amy, obviously musical, there were years of training as a pianist in the local conservatory. One day a vocal teacher heard her sing.

"I have discovered a voice!" exclaimed the teacher excitedly—and she had. Concert directors, critics, audiences, orchestra leaders testified to her discovery. A large audience fills New York City's Town Hall. Amy Ellerman, gracious, charming, appears and beholds the city's music lovers, the critics of the great metropolitan dailies who have lauded her voice.

Miss Ellerman has toured the United States and Canada, sung with the New York, the Chicago, the Minneapolis Symphony orchestras and the New York Oratorio Society. Her songs are in thousands of homes in the records she has made. Today she is regarded as a leading contralto.

KANSAS
New Thoughts on Travel

Have you ever gazed upon a sunset or a skyscraper or a rare book and had your first thrill of pleasure dissipated because there was no one with whom to share your enthusiasm? The urge to find a kindred spirit is universal. And Ella Schooley, a tall, rugged woman from Waterville, Kansas, has set herself the task of matching up kindred spirits.

She gathers her finds almost daily and sees them depart with high hopes from New York's harbor. Others return and thank her for her new philosophy of travel.

Are you a garden lover, going to Europe? Visit then, with other garden lovers, the sequestered private gardens, as well as the tourist-tramped gardens of the guide books.

You are a mother, a humanitarian, interested in peace? Travel with other mothers, other women whose interest is yours.

You are a teacher? A club woman? A business woman? Why not travel companioned by educators? Why not meet foreign teachers, club women, business women, visit schools, factories? Study the work of foreign club women?

Is music, art, or drama your hobby? Then why travel with people who are interested in none of these? Book your tour with other artists, students of the drama, musicians.

Growing tourist business amply rewards Miss Schooley and her copartners and flourishes like the sunflower.

Instant Improvement

in your skin after this marvelous

Beauty Bath!

MERELY dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary, as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without coking and eliminates "shine".

Linit is sold by your grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

WHEN MAZOLA IS USED

the saving is in dollars instead of pennies

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City

Gentlemen:

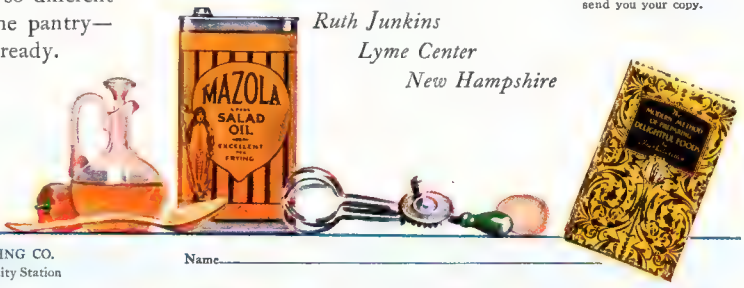
MAZOLA makes wonderful salad dressing instead of _____ in your favorite dressing. See if your family can tell the difference. Many times the only difference that will be noticed is that those in the family who do not like ___ dressing will eat it and call for more. If anyone makes salad dressing as often as we do at our house the saving when Mazola is used instead of _____ will be in dollars instead of pennies.

I use Mazola because it takes all the drudgery out of cooking. I love to cook but it always seemed such a bother to me to dig out hard shortening, and then when the shortening had to be creamed—it took so long. But now, it is all so different with Mazola in the pantry—Mazola is always ready.

It isn't necessary to have special recipes for Mazola. We can use all our favorite recipes, simply using Mazola for whatever shortening is called for and we feel certain it will turn out better than ever before. It will also be more nutritious and wholesome. I have found when using Mazola for other shortenings, that not as much is required. If one cup is called for, I use ¾ cup and it will be just right and a few pennies will be saved. A penny saved is a penny earned, so Mazola helps us earn the pennies that make the dollars.

Ruth Junkins
Lyme Center
New Hampshire

"The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" by IDA BAILEY ALLEN, is now in its sixth edition—so great has been the demand for this valuable book of nearly 300 modern recipes. Fill out and mail the coupon, enclosing ten cents and we will promptly send you your copy.



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. M-10, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station
New York City

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

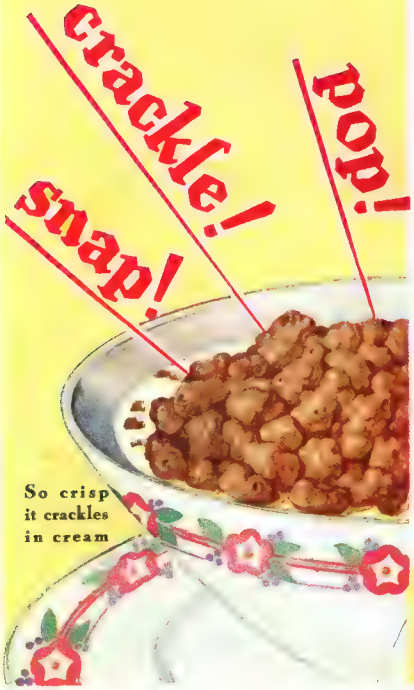
Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

"It Sho Do Crackle"



INDEED, Kellogg's Rice Krispies are the only cereal that is so crisp it "talks"! Golden-toasted flavor-bubbles that crackle right out loud when you pour on the milk or cream. . . . Have them for breakfast. Taste the flavor of sun-browned rice as it crunches in your mouth. No wonder Rice Krispies are such favorites with both grown-ups and children.

What could be more wholesome? Nourishing, healthful rice in easy-to-digest form. Ideal to serve with the afternoon glass of milk when the youngsters come from school. For nursery suppers. Excellent for lunch with fruits or honey added.

Try Rice Krispies in cookery too. They take the place of nutmeats. Make delicious candies. Use in salads, soups. Sold by all grocers. Served by hotels, restaurants. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. *Try the delicious macaroon recipe below:*

RICE KRISPIES MACAROONS

2 egg whites
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup shredded cocoanut
2 cups Kellogg's Rice Krispies
½ cup nutmeats (chopped)
½ teaspoon vanilla

Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the sugar gradually, then add the vanilla, Rice Krispies, cocoanut and nutmeats. . . . Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered pan, and bake in a moderate oven (400° F.) until the macaroons are a delicate brown.

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

A helper cuts down time and fatigue

HOUSECLEANING NEEDN'T BE HARD

By L. Ray Balderston

THE more possessions we have, the greater is the need for fall housecleaning, even if labor-saving appliances have been helping us keep house.

How shall we begin? Well, first let's try not to make it a burden by too much upsetting of the house, or even of any individual room. Start with the attic, and if you've never sorted, boxed, and labeled, then this autumn is a good time to begin. A book of labels can be bought, and with a pencil in your pocket you can arrange each box, wrap it, and write a full list of its contents on the label. Newspaper is a good wrapper, because it prevents moths.

This classifying of things to be stored is exactly the same whether you have an attic or must depend on shelves at the top of the closet. Be sure that the labels on these boxes are not glued over the string, for that would create disorder in no time. Some cool day, make this labeling the starting point for your housecleaning; when it is finished, you will feel so encouraged that you will long to begin right away on the attic itself and on all the closets in the house. Of course, you will finish one completely before you start on another.

BEGIN always at the top and work down. With a soft brush, or with a bag covering your ordinary broom, brush down ceiling and walls. Then wipe up the floor, using only a little water and changing it often. There are good spraying mixtures that give a delightful fresh odor to attics and closets, and at the same time give a moth treatment.

With this stage of the work completed, you can turn your attention to cleaning the rooms. You will feel less confusion and fatigue if you clear the room of small things before you begin the heavy cleaning. As bric-a-brac is dusted or washed, pictures wiped and set aside, pillows brushed and flat-beaten, small tables and chairs dusted, they are removed; and the room becomes a good place to work. Be sure to pull the heavy pieces of furniture away from the walls, so as to clean behind and under them. Sheets may be used to cover furniture after it has had a good dusting.

This is the best time to wipe down the ceilings, walls, and corners. The ceiling is cleaned first. Soft hair brushes, clean wool brushes, or a broom wrapped with woolly cloth, will clean calcimine, paint or wall paper. Straight line strokes with even pressure, and the greatest care in cleaning brushes and changing cloths in between every few strokes, will surely give you good results. Painted walls and ceilings can be cleaned by washing, but wall paper needs special care in wiping. High ladders and plenty of soft cloths are necessary, and you should really have a helper to reduce the fatigue. In the kitchen and pantry especially, particular care is needed in washing walls; for here you will meet soot and grease, in addition to the general soil of dust.

For painted walls which are not badly soiled, use a fine white soap dissolved in water. For very soiled walls, like those in the kitchen, use a solution of dissolved washing soda—about a cup to a gallon of water—and then use a rinse solution of clear warm water. Rubber gloves will save the hands, and a sponge will make the first process easy; then soft cloths (worn bath towels are good), or soft spongy cloths will rinse and wipe. Try not to spill or drop any water; paper will save the floor. When woodwork and wall paper are side by side, hold a heavy piece of paper over the wall paper as the woodwork is wiped. If doorknobs or light sockets need polishing, you should protect adjacent paper or paint with heavy cardboard. Don't use newspapers because the ink will smear.

WOODEN furniture needs, first, a thorough dusting of all grooves and cracks; next, a washing and oiling to make it bright. These last two processes can be taken care of at the same time by using this solution:

1 quart hot water
3 tablespoons lemon oil
1 tablespoon turpentine

Use cheesecloth as a washcloth and also as a dry wiping cloth. This cleanser can be used for furniture and wooden wall panels, except for those painted white. Keep changing this water as it gets soiled. It can be put on balustrades and stairs, or on any hardwood floor as a wash. It cleans and oils slightly, but it must be wiped dry.

After all the floors are clean, then oiling and waxing may seem desirable. You can oil on stained wood, giving it time to soak in before the floor is walked on or waxed. The experienced worker is careful to use only a little wax. The best method for the housewife is usually to use liquid wax, spreading about a teaspoon of it between cloths, and letting it go through the cloth rather than applying it directly to the floor. When paste wax is used, a lump about the size of a pea will do almost a square yard if it is rubbed and polished enough. Experts will tell you to rub and rub, and when you have rubbed enough, then rub once more! Linoleums may be washed with a mild soap; they should not be scrubbed with a brush. Printed linoleum may need a coat of waterproof varnish or special shellac; for the other kinds of linoleum, wax is more satisfactory.

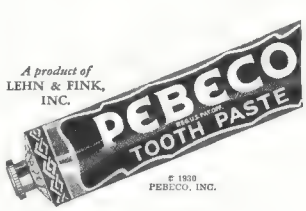
Upholstered furniture, window shades, and curtain cleansing should not be undertaken at the time that walls and general cleaning are done. They can be better cared for when you have more [*Turn to page 82*]

Protect the surroundings when you use soap and water

"If I Only Knew! *If I Only Knew!"*

So many people thus hesitate—in doubt about which tooth paste really will help. Our answer is, "If only you'll try PEBECO—*then* you will know." For Pebeco's ability to do more than simply wash your teeth is foretold by its very taste. This distinctive tang says Pebeco is *working*, is cleaning, whitening and helping Nature check decay by increasing the flow of saliva. And also, it gives the most refreshed feeling your mouth ever had. But you'll *never* know until you try it. Why not today?

A product of LEHN & FINK, INC.



and save 50% of your dusting

■ Is there any way of having exquisitely polished furniture without the stickiness that *collects dust* and makes housework that much harder?

■ Yes! Experimenting on just this problem, chemists found that 50% *less dust* collects on Johnson's Wax than on ordinary oil-type polishes. These findings are certified by ourselves and by a well-known firm of New York chemists.

In Paste or Liquid Form

■ The diagrams above (in photograph) compare the different action of oil and wax on furniture. Upper one shows how dust particles stick on the oily film like flies on flypaper. Below—note how dust particles rest on top of dry waxed surface—and how few there are! You dust only half as often!

■ A practical little booklet, "Reducing the Care of Floors & Furniture" together with a 25c can of Johnson's Wax will be sent on receipt of ten cents.

Instructions—

■ Johnson's Wax (either liquid or paste form) is applied like any polish, except that you use less of it. Wash surface clear of oil or dust first, and let it dry thoroughly. Apply Wax and polish with soft cloth.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept M-10, Racine, Wis.
Gentlemen: Please send me full 25c can of Johnson's Wax and new booklet, "Reducing the Care of Floors and Furniture." Enclosed find 10c to cover mailing.

Name_____

Address_____

HOUSECLEANING NEEDN'T BE HARD

[*Continued from page 81*]

Colored curtains are dried between clean old cloths

time to give to them. Upholstered furniture must be freed from dust by means of a vacuum cleaner or a hand brush. If the fabric is very soiled, and you know that water will not fade it, you can wash it with a heavy soap solution—so heavy that it stiffens when cold. Beat this stiffened solution with a wheel egg-beater until it is fluffy. Before washing the furniture, cover its woodwork with old cloths to prevent water spots. Now bring a bowl of warm rinse water and the beaten soap solution. Have plenty of soft cloths, a soft, half-worn brush, and apply the suds in small sections at a time; rinse by using soft cloths wrung out of warm water. Every piece must be thoroughly dried before it is used again. This same method—a kind of dry shampooing—will make Oriental rugs look like new.

Only window shades made of heavy material can be safely scrubbed. Spread them out on a table and wipe them off with heavy suds as just suggested. Shades may be painted, too, but be careful lest the paint be too oily and leave grease spots. Most homemakers get the best results by turning the shades end for end, and stitching a new hem on the sewing machine with a very coarse thread and needle.

CURTAINS are best washed in the spring and put away rough dry, because no one wants to store dust and dirt. Over-draperies should also be well brushed or sent to the cleaner's at that time, then folded in long folds and laid away. The time to hang curtains is after the screens are taken down for the winter, for screens are hard on them.

To wash curtains, use lukewarm water and prepare a good suds of a mild soap. Measure them before washing, making a list of the lengths and widths. Cotton curtains like scrim or net, colored or white, look more like new if they are slightly starched when they are ready to be hung in the autumn. First, squeeze them out (to wring is risky), and then dip them in cooked starch—hot for white curtains, but almost cold for ecru or dainty colors. A good proportion is one and a half tablespoons of starch to a gallon of water. Cook at least five minutes, strain (even if it looks like water), and then divide it into as many portions as you have curtains, so that each set of curtains will be equally crisp. If tint is to be used, mix it in the starch, and then all the colors will be the same. If an ecru tint is desired, it can be made from black tea, boiled; it makes a more even tint than coffee.

THE stretching of curtains in a frame gives the most satisfactory results; but in the absence of a frame, you can pin them on a padded table. Following the measurements you've kept, put a pin in each corner of a curtain, then in each middle of the four lengths, then in the quarters and so on, until pins are so near each other that every part of the edge is shaped with a straight selvage or scallop. Curtains that are made to go on top and bottom rods will need only to be put on the rods while they are damp.

If you have no stretcher or big table, fold the curtains lengthwise in half, and iron with equal pressure, watching the hems and selvage. When ironed, open the curtain and lightly press out the crease. For silk curtains, or cretonnes, use no starch, and press on the wrong side. To keep the colors from "bleeding" or streaking, dry the curtains by rolling them between two old cloths, so that the material can nowhere come in contact with itself.

BACHELORS BEWARE!

HOME beauty treatments, as discussed in our fascinating new booklet—An Outline of Beauty—are apt to make McCall Street girls so devastatingly pretty that bachelors had better look the other way—if they want to keep their hearts whole! And we're sending these booklets out by the hundreds . . . Wouldn't you like a copy? Send twenty-five cents in stamps to the Service Editor, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio.

• *In Paris and New York*

FAMOUS BEAUTY EDITORS

give the same advice for LOVELY HANDS

"Less than 5 minutes' care a day keeps nails sparkling when you use the new Liquid Polish"

"NO WOMAN knows better than the smart Parisienne what a lovely asset her hands can be!" says the Fashion Editress of Femina, smart French magazine. "With her unerring instinct for all the little artifices that accentuate her charm — she was quick to appreciate the flattering brilliance of the new Liquid Polish.

"This marvelous make-up for the finger nails is so quickly—so easily—applied that even the busiest women can now have nails always exquisitely groomed—and gleaming!

"With so many shades from which to choose—you can now have a hue for every occasion . . . every mood. Colors range from colorless through the pinks and reds to a gorgeous garnet shade—clear and sparkling as red wine! Delicately perfumed and vivid—they make one's nails as gay as poppies . . . fragrant as blossoms."

"More and more women are using the new Liquid Polish because in it they find four definite advantages," says a famous New York Beauty Editor.

"First, it is so easy to apply that it has shortened the manicure. Second, it doesn't peel off. Third, it serves as a splendid protection for the nails. Fourth, for days and days after using it, the finger tips sparkle with a natural, flattering lustre!

"In fact, with one manicure a week you can keep your nails always lovely in less than 5 minutes a day—just enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tips.

"Never be imperious with your nails—they won't stand rough treatment. Soak the cuticle—apply Cuticle Remover. Never cut the cuticle—push it back gently with an orange stick wrapped in a thin layer of cotton dipped in Cuticle Oil, until the cuticle is soft and pliable."

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

The new Cutex Perfumed Liquid Polish in six smart shades, including the 3 new reds—Coral, Cardinal, Garnet, 35¢. Perfumed Polish Remover, 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together, 50¢ (Natural, Colorless or Rose). Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 35¢. The other Cutex preparations, 35¢. At toilet-goods counters everywhere.

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. ***Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.*** Scrub nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, around base of each nail to remove dead cuticle. With fresh cotton—freshly saturated—cleanse under each nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. ***Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.*** Remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Unlike many polish removers, it has none of the oiliness that necessitates rinsing. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish. Then use a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tips to enhance the radiance of the polish.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. OF-10
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

_____

_____

So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ . . . perfumed of course

THERE! NO MORE SCRUBBING UNTIL NEXT MONDAY. HOW IS IT YOU'RE THROUGH SO EARLY, DORA?
I DON'T SCRUB. I LET RINSO SOAK MY CLOTHES GLEAMING WHITE. TRY IT!

NEXT WASHDAY
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT RINSO, DORA. IT CERTAINLY MAKES WASHDAY EASY. WHAT THICK SUDS IT MAKES!
TRY RINSO FOR DISHWASHING, TOO. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED TO SEE HOW IT LOOSENS GREASE

What joy to see these *whiter* washes

... that aren't scrubbed or boiled!

SOME WOMEN are satisfied with half-white washes. But *millions* know the joy of gleaming, snowy clothes . . . and the even greater joy of easy, *scrubless* washdays.

Mrs. A. E. Butcher of Springfield, Ill. is putting it mildly when she says, "Rinso is wonderful! I never have to do a bit of hard rubbing or boiling now."

We wish you could see the thousands of enthusiastic letters we have received! Rinso gets clothes so much whiter, women are amazed.

"Rinso is really economical, too," writes Mrs. W. W. Addison of Baltimore. No wonder! Cup for cup, this granulated soap gives twice as much suds as the lightweight, puffed-up kinds. "Suds that last and *last!*" declares Mrs. Roy Clark of Des Moines.

"Saves mending," says New York woman

"I used to have to turn collars and cuffs every few weeks because the rubbing to get them clean wore them out," writes Mrs. Margaret Bailie who lives on Briggs Ave. in New York City.

With Rinso there's no scrubbing, so clothes *last longer.* This famous soap is safe; you can trust your finest cottons and linens to its thick, creamy suds.

Great in washers, too

Rinso washes clothes so white, the makers of 38 leading washing machines recommend it.

"Fine for dishes, too—it dissolves the grease," writes Mrs. H. D. Boyer of Portland, Ore. Get the BIG handy household package *today.*

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

Millions use Rinso
in tub, washer and dishpan

I DON'T WANT TO BE INDEPENDENT

[*Continued from page 22*]

with the day worn shabby, and with only scraps of weary attention for those who live there with me. I have much opportunity to express myself through affiliation with civic, philanthropic, cultural and educational organizations. I can there work off extra energy in the departments which most interest me for any amount of time I choose to give.

AFTER my day is in order, and work done, I like to take long walks along the lake front on sunny mornings or cool afternoons and then sit on the sea wall to look out and to rest and talk. Kate used to walk with me a lot, but that was before she went east in the fall and ran around with a group of women who had gone violently anti-family. They had told her that she was a fool to "throw herself away," that she had "unusual ideas," and that she could "make herself heard of" if she would only "free herself."

TAKE fifteen minutes of jolly get-together, a large quantity of merry pranks, mix well with plenty of mystery, add a dash of mad magic and finish with cider, pop corn, doughnuts and hearty party eats. That's our tested recipe for *Halloween Fun.* Send ten cents in stamps. The Service Editor, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio.

Fred finally got her into Morley's, Interiors, after Fred and Stan Oppenheim, (who *is* Morley's Interiors) had become friendly during the golf matches at Biloxi. She isn't paid yet, as she has had no training, but she feels that her value soon will be recognized. Most of her time is spent matching gimp. But Kate says that at last she is having a chance to express what has long been hidden within her and that she will soon prove that she need be dependent upon no man.

I still manage to see these friends and a few more like them. I am very fond of them. If they are not tired, and want to see us, we go to them or they come and dine with us. But they do practically no entertaining at home, as they have not the extra time nor energy to plan toward that.

Now, these friends are situated about as I am. That is, they do not have to sing for their suppers. Their husbands are my husband's friends. They play golf at the same clubs and hand ball at the gym. Some of the men, who get through early, would go home instead of going over to the downtown club in the late afternoon, but they know that Bee or Ruth won't be home until late anyway. I've never heard these men bragging about their wives' jobs. They say, "Oh, well, let her get it out of her system" or "She's gettin' a kick out of it."

They all go out quite a lot at night, even when they are dead tired. They say they have to make "contacts" in order to enlarge their field. The evening is the only time they have to play around. The babies are in bed anyway and the older children have their school work . . . .

As I say, I still see these friends—not as often as before. We are a little out of touch. No matter into what other stimulating paths the conversation may take, they always revert back to their work. I am interested in them and in that which interests them, but only to a certain extent. To enjoy thoroughly my associations with friends, I must have, besides, the give and take of mutual interests, the stimulation of varied discussion.

I am pleasantly busy all day. At least part of each day is as carefully routined as that of any business woman. I am rested and fresh in the late afternoon. I plan to be so, because I owe this to the man and the boy and the girl who will come home to me after a long day. I took on this homekeeping job with the best intentions and I am only keeping faith. I can see no reason why I should exchange it for a job that someone else can use in order to live, when I have so much. I have no talent that is crying out to be used. And this brings me to the two very important exceptions to all that I have said before this.

If I were possessed of any natural, God-given flame for any type of work—if I could write, paint, sketch, mold, buy, sell or create, in any extraordinary manner—if I were wretched because the great urge to use this gift was burning up my contentment and threatening to destroy my happiness, I'd go to it without the slightest hesitation. I would not allow that work to mess up my life contract to any great extent, because it would be so much a part of me, that life would only be fuller, richer, still busier and more interesting. I would, as a wife and mother, have still more to give. There would have to be a sacrifice somewhere: At the homekeeping end, at the creative end or right in the middle—ME. All three could not keep going topnotch. But that would be all right; I would be compelled to take a lot out of the middle and a bit from either end and there would have to be a happy adjustment.

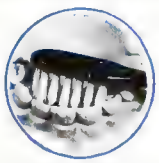
The woman who is successful in creative work after marriage is pretty sure to have had some measure of success before marriage; or she has had training that marriage only interrupted slightly, if at all. Sometimes she chooses to wait, if the babies come very soon, until they are of school age, when the greater part of the day is free to do with as she wishes. The woman of whom I now speak, you will notice, has a husband who supplies her material wants. She may adjust her household to suit herself. Efficient help, pleasant surroundings, plenty of opportunity for relaxation and recreation.

I HAVE only spoken up to now, about the fortunately married woman, who has no talent, commercial or artistic, outside her homemaking one, and of the woman of the same class, whose gift for one or more lines of endeavor is so unusual that she would be doing herself and those close to her, an injustice if she suppressed it.

And now there is the woman, who because of misfortune, a husband's loss of position or savings, shrinkage of income or illness which has drained their resources, wishes to help. If she

[*Continued on page 86*]

It's the BRUSH that does the work

WHAT WORK? The actual cleaning of teeth and the exercising of gums. What brush does this work best? A tooth brush that is small enough for free action in the mouth. » » A brush with springy, whisking bristles accurately placed where they will do the most good. » » Tek's short cleverly shaped brush-head  sweeps efficiently even on the sharp curve behind your front teeth. » » Johnson & Johnson laboratories selected Tek bristles for their ability to keep their resiliency despite daily vigorous use and soaking with water. » » Tek has no bristles at leisure. Each tuft active with every stroke. The extra width massages your gums. » » That's Tek-*sercise*. You'll like it. » » » » »

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

TEK Tooth Brush 50c. With dental floss in the handle 75c. Tek Jr. 35c. Handles in beautiful pastel shades of Lucite. Product of Johnson & Johnson, world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings.

■ Meet our Debutante

VIVATONE

Charming, fresh, youthful, inspiring . . . . some call her the flower of the flock—our Vivatone. Scion of an old house, she's modern as any young thing . . . . but sound and true at heart . . . . living up to the standards of a famous name.

■

Vivatone has unusual tonic properties to which your skin reacts like lightning. Use it every day after creaming your face. Wring out a puff of absorbent cotton in cold water, saturate with Vivatone, and wash the face with it. Vivatone removes surplus cream left on the skin; brings a glow and freshness, banishes that tired look, stimulates the circulation, reduces large pores. Leaves the skin so cool and lovely you'll wonder how you ever got along without it.

Vivatone also helps banish body odors if used under the arms; refreshes tired and aching feet; reduces excessive perspiration in the palms of the hands.

Vivatone is the result of exhaustive study by New York's beauty experts. It has been proclaimed "perfectly marvelous" by beauty specialists and has been used by thousands of discriminating women who know the value of a fine complexion. After a single trial they would not be without it. It will help you obtain a lovelier skin too. You can get one of the attractive large size bottles pictured above at drug and department stores, popularly priced at 75c, or you may send the coupon below for a sample.

large sample bottle FREE

E-10

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
2 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK

Please send me trial size bottle of Vivatone.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

I DON'T WANT TO BE INDEPENDENT

[*Continued from page 84*]

has an artistic talent, the chances are that she is using it anyway and now she will bend every energy and work the harder. If she was successful in the world of business before marriage and gratefully gave up her work for the life she had longed for all her working days, she will, if not too long out of the game, be easily able to go back. Most likely she will be even more successful this time, because of the great need now. If there are no children she, with her husband, can adjust their housekeeping life upon a simpler scale. If children have come, the adjustment will have to be a careful one in order to maintain, as best possible, the atmosphere of home.

If she has had no training, no preparation of any sort, and she must now earn money, a woman so situated, if she has intelligence and personality can sell—dresses, hats, shoes, lingerie, bonds, insurance, fuel. All of these mean that the woman can have no home life during the day, but there will be only gratitude if she can but make things so. And she'll make the best of it.

Of course, the woman who can carry, packed away under her bob or marcel or just regular hank of hair, every bit of stock needed for a successful career, except the pencil in her hand—the writing woman—has had bestowed upon her a choice gift. Every line of work, except the literary one, means going out of the home much of the time or having a clientele or assistance come to one.

Kathleen Norris tells that when she first was married and the children came, she could have used several pairs of hands. She cooked, kept the small flat clean, nursed and cared for the babies—and wrote—all at one time. She could write easily and well and she was lucky. There was nothing else, but sewing, that she could have done at home while her babies were tiny. I don't even see how she did it. But Kathleen Norris is recognized as the finest type of wife, mother and artist combination.

I respect the wife and mother, who, no matter what her status may be, exercises and sells a talent which is a very part of herself as long as she is sacrificing no one by doing it. I take off my hat with tremendous respect for the one who, with or without the Great Spark, is working to help her dear ones. But I have just a large and calm tolerance of the restless wife and mother, who, possessed of no special gift except that of great vanity, chooses to go away from her home to earn what she calls her "economic independence." She puts into that home and gives to her husband and children, only the tired and faded remnants of the fresh and colorful texture of which she is made.

MOTION PICTURES

[*Continued from page 8*]

inspire a clean, wholesome, sensible point of view in children?"

I wish I could answer these questions in an instructive manner. I wish I had available at all times a list of current films that present some of the more elementary facts of life with honesty, decency, good taste. But this list is increasingly hard to assemble.

In former days, one could always rely on the Chaplin and Lloyd comedies, the Mary Pickford juveniles, the Douglas Fairbanks costume pieces, the Bill Hart and Tom Mix westerns. Now one can never tell. The addition of spoken dialogue has deprived the screen of much of its youthful innocence. In a silent film, harsh and ugly realities could be obscured with soft-focus photography and noncommittal subtitles. Now that the characters speak out, it isn't so easy to gloss over the rough spots.

I have consulted the motion picture reviews of the Parent-Teachers' Association, and find that they can bring themselves to recommend only about one film in five as in any way suitable for children; and of many that they do recommend they say: "So far over the child's head that he won't understand it." Surely it is a bit cruel to the little ones to permit them to see only those pictures that are completely incomprehensible to them.

The suggestion has been made time and again that special films be made expressly for children. On occasion, this suggestion has been carried out, and invariably with discouraging results. Jesse Lasky once vowed that he would bring *Peter Pan* in film form to the children of America, and fulfilled this vow in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. *Peter Pan* stands out among the loveliest moving-pictures ever made. It was followed by another Barrie fantasy, *A Kiss for Cinderella*, which was also charming. Both these worthy films were rejected scornfully by American audiences, and Mr. Lasky lost money on them; so he returned to the production of Clara Bow's lingerie displays.

On many occasions film observers (myself included) have pleaded with producers to do a real picture of *Alice in Wonderland*. There is hardly another story in all literature that could be adapted so magnificently to the screen. We are invariably told, however, that such a venture would involve certain and considerable financial loss; "It isn't what the public wants." (Very likely it isn't, but I for one still believe that it's well worth the try.)

One mustn't be too harsh with the movie producers. They are in business to make money, as are so many other reputable citizens, and they consequently do their utmost to provide pictures that will please the greatest number of people, not only on the North American continent but in all parts of the world. And in the course of their numerous researches, they have discovered that the one quality which never fails to interest all classes of all populations, which knows no temporal limitations and no political frontiers, is sex appeal. It isn't a sweet thought, but it's an inescapable one.

The public at large demands on the screen that which is most strenuously denied it in its everyday life: romance, adventure, all kinds of extravagant thrills. It wants Greta Garbo, Ronald Coleman, Clara Bow, Ramon Navarro —and it wants them served sizzling hot. That public at large is a colossal entity and its will is supreme; the supposedly powerful movie magnates are its slaves. Every picture that is made must be made for the *whole* vast audience—not merely for a limited section of it.

One of those places everybody dreads! But what a difference Ethyl makes! In sheer performance; in wonderful, smooth response from your motor. In your own ease and driving confidence.

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ADVENTURE

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There's a can of asparagus, for instance! Let's see—cut those tender tips into small pieces, add a cup of peas, a pat of golden butter, and, oh, yes, a dash of seasoning. That's a dish the family will talk about! How easily—and how surely—asparagus always gives the *better-touch* to your menus!

More than that—you can serve asparagus as often as you choose. It fits any diet, because it is a non-fattening food. It fits every appetite, because it is so deliciously good. Why not have half a dozen cans always on hand—both tips and long spears?

Then you're all ready to start your adventure. And to make it all the more interesting send for our newest recipe book, "This Business of Tempting Appetites." Mail the coupon tonight, and the book will reach you almost before you know it!

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Asparagus

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Please send me, free of charge, the new recipe book, "This Business of Tempting Appetites."

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THROUGH AUTUMN WINDOWS

By Margery Taylor

JUST as we're ready to refurbish our homes for the winter, along comes a dazzling array of new draperies for every sort of window in every sort of room. Ravishing colors. . . greens with a subtle blue cast, sophisticated copper-rose, dignified blues, cheerful reds, and warm friendly browns. And the fabrics? Their variety is bewildering! Lordly damasks and fine brocades share honors with lowly homespuns; cottons are as smart as silk; and rayon and celanese are even more important than they've been in seasons past.

Before you start on your round of shopping, you'd better have a very positive feeling about the textures and colors you want; if you don't, you're likely to be tempted by any number of luscious stuffs, right enough for the woman next door but not at all right for you. Study your windows and rooms carefully, and decide on draperies that will be at home with your other furnishings, and so bring the whole room into closer harmony.

If, for instance, your craving for simplicity has led you to accumulate furnishings suggestive of early America or the French provinces, you'll be particularly interested in the new Provincial fabrics. They are woven of loose cotton yarns in multi-colored striped effects. The deep rust, green, or even dusky nut tones would be lovely with maple or beech; and they lose none of their color depth from hanging in folds at the window. (Do you always try fabrics in the position in which you're planning to use them? Some colorful pieces become dull and lifeless unless the light falls directly on them.)

Prints, once classed as summer fabrics, are now year-round favorites; they add too much sparkle and animation to be discarded during the winter months. Rayon fabrics, now frequently used for prints, have a very luxurious air about them.

A particularly fine print for a living room is the linen shown in the lower right hand corner of this page. The design is conventionalized Jacobean and the colors grade through tangerines, cocoa, gold, and green—and are guaranteed sunfast and tubfast. This pattern would be particularly effective with neutral-toned walls and sturdy stuffs, such as mohair, tapestry, denim, and frieze.

Quaint, yet sophisticated, are the historic and hunting prints which we hear so much about. The hunting prints are usually true to nature, but a delightful exception is the design in the left hand corner below, which shows light-footed *chevrinils* disporting themselves on a solid background. The historic prints show famous clipper ships, the midnight ride of Paul Revere, the Boston Tea Party, and many other memorable events. There is also a chintz done in the same spirit, with a map of North and South America spotted with buffalos, wigwams, totem poles and covered wagons. These pictorial prints are the answer to the decoration of the boys' room. They are also effective in libraries, studies, and even in the dining room. They should be hung from painted poles, or with a fitted valance which displays the full interest of the print.

If you want something different be sure to see the new embroidered crash, linen, or damasks. There was

[*Turn to page 120*]

Your feet will tread on it with satisfaction . . . your eyes dwell on it with pride

"OLYMPIA"—A classical design in ivory and Aegean green marble with seafoam border, for kitchen, breakfast room or sun porch. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 623.*

"CONCORD"—Revolutionary days furnished the inspiration for this revolutionary "hooked-rug" motif. Delightfully old-fashioned in its charm, so up-to-date in its ease of cleaning—*Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 605.*

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And the first shall *not* be the last. The *first* Congoleum Rug makes the weary hours once spent keeping floors presentable a bad memory. It gets you into the habit of stealing a look at your kitchen as you pass—it *is* so pretty. And long wear shows you how little such convenience can cost. So naturally, you want *more* Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs. Upstairs and down, from guest room to porch. Everywhere, these waterproof, flat-lying, magically cleaned rugs are so practical, so beautiful, so inexpensive.

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Of course, Bon Ami is just as useful in the boudoir as it is all through the house. For Bon Ami polishes mirrors, big and little, to radiate cleanliness in a one-two-three. With a damp cloth apply a thin film of Bon Ami to the glass. A moment's wait while the lather blots up finger-marks and dust. Now, a quick polish with a soft, dry cloth . . . how the mirror shines! There's not a scratch or a dull place on its glowing face. Then, the plate glass cover for the dressing table; those dainty perfume bottles, powder boxes and trays of glass —each one kept the perfection of exquisite cleanliness with magic Bon Ami. If the boudoir furniture and woodwork are painted in a light color, an occasional cleaning with Bon Ami will make them lustrously immaculate. And don't forget, Bon Ami is as gentle on the hands as fine toilet soap.

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HALLOWEEN

By Vera Harrison

HALLOWEEN—a night of pleasant madness—a night of merry pranks and mysterious peering into the future. On this night even the sober and sedate feel the urge to dance with hobgoblins and commune with supernatural spirits. Cares and worries are forgotten and old and young gather together to pay tribute to merry Jack-o-Lantern.

Planning a Halloween party is almost as much fun as the party itself. Shops in small towns and large cities offer Halloween novelties: pumpkin lanterns; grinning cats with green eyes; leering, red-eyed ghosts; gummed seals for place cards, nut cups and invitations; crêpe paper in many amusing patterns. With all these to choose from, a Halloween party table is easy to decorate.

ONE of the most unusual and attractive tables I've seen, used a bearing pumpkin vine as a decoration. Heavy pliable wire had been rolled with green crêpe paper; leaves had been cut from crêpe paper and pasted to wires of varying lengths. The vine was started as a mound in the center and arranged in trailing position over the table. Pumpkins of various sizes were placed at intervals on the vines, and in the center was a large pumpkin which held magic seeds. These were little rolls of orange paper tied to long green strings. Each guest pulled his magic seed and read aloud the funny fortune verse.

The old familiar games with an element of mystery are especially appropriate. There is something thrilling about walking backwards in the dark with a mirror in one's hand. And how earnestly we try to decipher the initial of our future mate from the apple paring thrown over the left shoulder. Bobbing for apples, sailing walnut love boats, biting into apples suspended on strings, all have their place in the festivities on All Soul's Eve.

Even the bridge party may take on a Halloween air. Tables and score pads may be covered with orange crêpe paper decorated with black cutouts. Tallies may be made of orange-colored paper cut in heart, spade, diamond and club shapes, tied with a black cord and topped with black cat or witch gummed cutouts. Instead of numbers, the tallies may bear a ghostly name which the player assumes for the game. After the bridge game is over, some one who is familiar with the lives and habits of the guests might come in dressed as a witch and tell fortunes.

When a party is planned for the children, the excitement begins with the invitations. The postman blows his whistle and there in the letter box is a mysterious looking envelope.

Some children are shy and self-conscious in crowds. A good method of overcoming this feeling is to give each child a bag-mask to wear as soon as he arrives. The hostess will find these easy to make from large square-bottomed brown paper sacks. One side of the opening is cut to form the chin, holes are cut for eyes, and features are cut from crêpe paper and pasted in place. To some bags add long, pointed noses and large ears. Red crêpe paper cut across the grain into fringe will produce a bristly crop of hair for the boys, and yellow paper cut with the grain will fall into soft dolly curls, for the girls.

Games which are arranged for partners will be more successful. Even the shyest child does not hesitate when he has some one to do the stunt with him.

Witch dolls for centerpiece and favors make an attractive party table for the children. The center witch is mounted on a crêpe paper covered hatbox. From under her skirts come strings to which are attached the smaller witches riding on candy bars. These are simple to make and I will be glad to send you directions. Other amusing favors are lollipop pumpkin men. To make these, insert a lollipop in a button mold, for a stand, and paste a pumpkin cutout on the face of the lollipop. Carrot and turnip dolls are also very decorative.

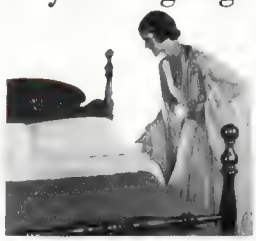
Plan lots of simple, inexpensive favors, for the more things a child has to take home, the more delighted he is with the party.

I WISH we had space for all the other Halloween party ideas we have. I will be glad to send you our Halloween letter which tells how to make favors and decorations and what to serve. Address the Entertainment Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York, and enclose a two cent stamp for postage with your request.

A new all-wool

COLORED BLANKET

in your rag-bag!



Your choice of six lovely colors: orchid, rose, tan, blue, green, gold

HIDDEN away in your rag-bag is a beautiful new all-wool colored blanket that you would be proud to have in your guest room. It sounds almost like a fairy tale, but it is true, gloriously true as thousands of happy women can now testify.

Six lovely pastel shades to choose from: green, tan, rose, orchid, blue and gold. Select the tone you want and let one of the oldest blanket mills in America weave you a fluffy new blanket that measures 66 inches by 80 inches.

Send us 10 pounds of woolen rags

In every home in America there is more than enough discarded woolen materials to make one of these exquisite new blankets, the kind interior decorators all recommend. Anything woolen will do. Old suits and dresses, sweaters, golf hose, underwear, shawls and old blankets are fine. Just bundle 10 pounds of such material together and ship right away.

For only $4.75 we will sterilize, card, dye, spin, weave and finish this material and send you one of these colorfast blankets in the exact tone you select. After you receive it go to any store and compare its value. If you are not satisfied in every way, if it can be duplicated for anything like this cost, return it to us and we will instantly refund your money. Use the coupon below and send us, parcel post, your old woolens now. You can pay us later.

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Don't let your woolen rags go to waste. If you want more information about this amazing offer, check the coupon below and mail it now. By return mail we will send you, absolutely without charge, a colored booklet that tells all about these blankets together with actual samples of the blanket materials in color.

DOWN IN MAINE MILLS

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☐ I am interested in receiving a copy of your free booklet and blanket samples.

☐ I am sending you by parcel post 10 lbs. of old woolens. Please return to me an all-pure-wool blanket in ..... color.

I will pay the postman $4.75 for each blanket. It is understood that my money will be refunded in full if I am not satisfied.

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Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:

"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"*

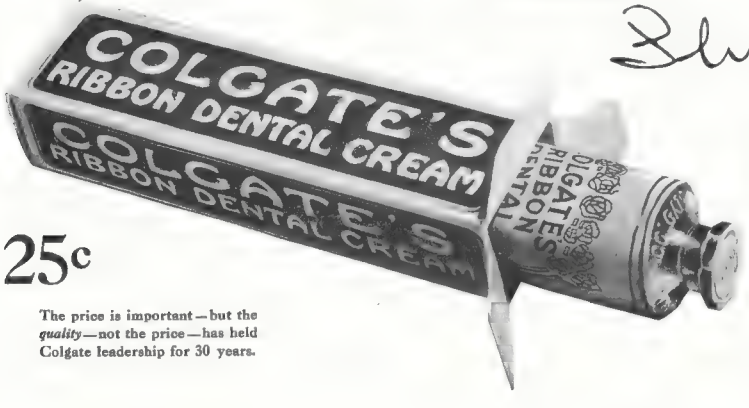
RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph. D., University of Chicago; and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses *completely*—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says: *"The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension, is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.*

**"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."*



25c

The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE,
M. D., Dr. P. H.

Commissioner of Health, New York City; M. D., Columbia University; Member American Medical Association; Prof. Preventive Medicine, N. Y. Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital; Prof. Public Health, Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service; Recognized internationally as an authority on matters of Public Health.

A NEW MODE FROM PARIS

Eleanor Bellalley

NOW that French models for the coming season have actually arrived, there is no longer any doubt that all the preliminary news about a richer, more elegant mode had a good foundation on fact. The following pages present a group of successful models chosen in Paris at the openings. Even though the past months have accustomed us to soft feminine lines, these new French frocks and coats reveal a very decided departure in the direction of still more elaboration.

For the rare woman looking for severely practical straight lines, Paris offers sports clothes, to be worn for practical uses. But even among sports fashions, these form a type by themselves, the exceptions that prove the rule of more softness and femininity.

Otherwise, even town costumes and street clothes interpret simple lines in flattering ways. The new suits are a striking illustration. In contrast to the suits of other years that combined simple skirts with jackets that varied only slightly in design, the new suits have all the variety of silhouette and individuality of detail possible in a dress, and the fabrics may be anything from serviceable tweeds to soft lustrous velvets. Street frocks and coats are also noteworthy for a new variety. Their general effect is simple and practical, but invariably some clever feature of cut or of detail lifts them out of the commonplace.

In afternoon frocks, most of the new variations take the form of accenting the natural figure, wrapping or draping or molding the waist into slender lines and making it appear more slender by wide shoulder treatments in capes and scarfs and wide hemlines produced by fulness.

Soft heavy folds arranged in new ways that bring out all the grace of long sweeping lines form the favorite theme in evening frocks. Even where the silhouette is broken by a bolero or a peplum or a flounce, length of line remains by far the most important feature.

For back view and yardage see page 138.

No. 6283. A becoming neckline that suggests both square and V lines is edged with points in contrasting color in a simple frock illustrated above.

No. 6270. A new version of the bolero is caught in at the waist to give the appearance of a blouse and closes by ends which are knotted at the neckline.

No. 6268. A scarf collar that ties in a large bow at the side lends an air of elaboration to this slender frock which is belted at the waistline.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 140.

6269 PATOU 6262

THE FEMININE TAILORED FROCK APPROVED

No. 6269. Puffs on the sleeves and a vestee introduce a contrasting note in a town frock simply made with circular sections at the sides to provide fulness.

For back views and yardage see page 138.

No. 6262. Patou drapes a neckline at one side and finishes it with a jabot. The skirt yoke is cleverly cut and shaped into points to accent the one-sided effect.

BERTHE 6279 PATOU 6274

BY SMART NEW ARRIVALS FROM PARIS

No. 6279. Berthe uses narrow flounces on the bodice to suggest a bolero. Slender lines and low-placed fulness in the skirt are produced by clever circular cut.

For back view and yardage see page 138.

No. 6274. Bands on the bodice and a slashed jabot over which the belt passes are Patou's way of giving a simply cut dress an attractive air of complication.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 140.

YVONNE CARETTE 6271 PATOU 6272

The Soft Suit Acquires New Importance

No. 6271. A youthful suit by Yvonne Carette has a skirt with a short peplum, a waist-length jacket with a shoulder cape, as well as a separate tuck-in blouse of a contrasting color.

No. 6272. The new type of raglan sleeves appears in the jacket of a new Patou ensemble. The frock is simply cut, with skirt sections which are cut so as to form a gradual flare.

For back views and yardage see page 138.

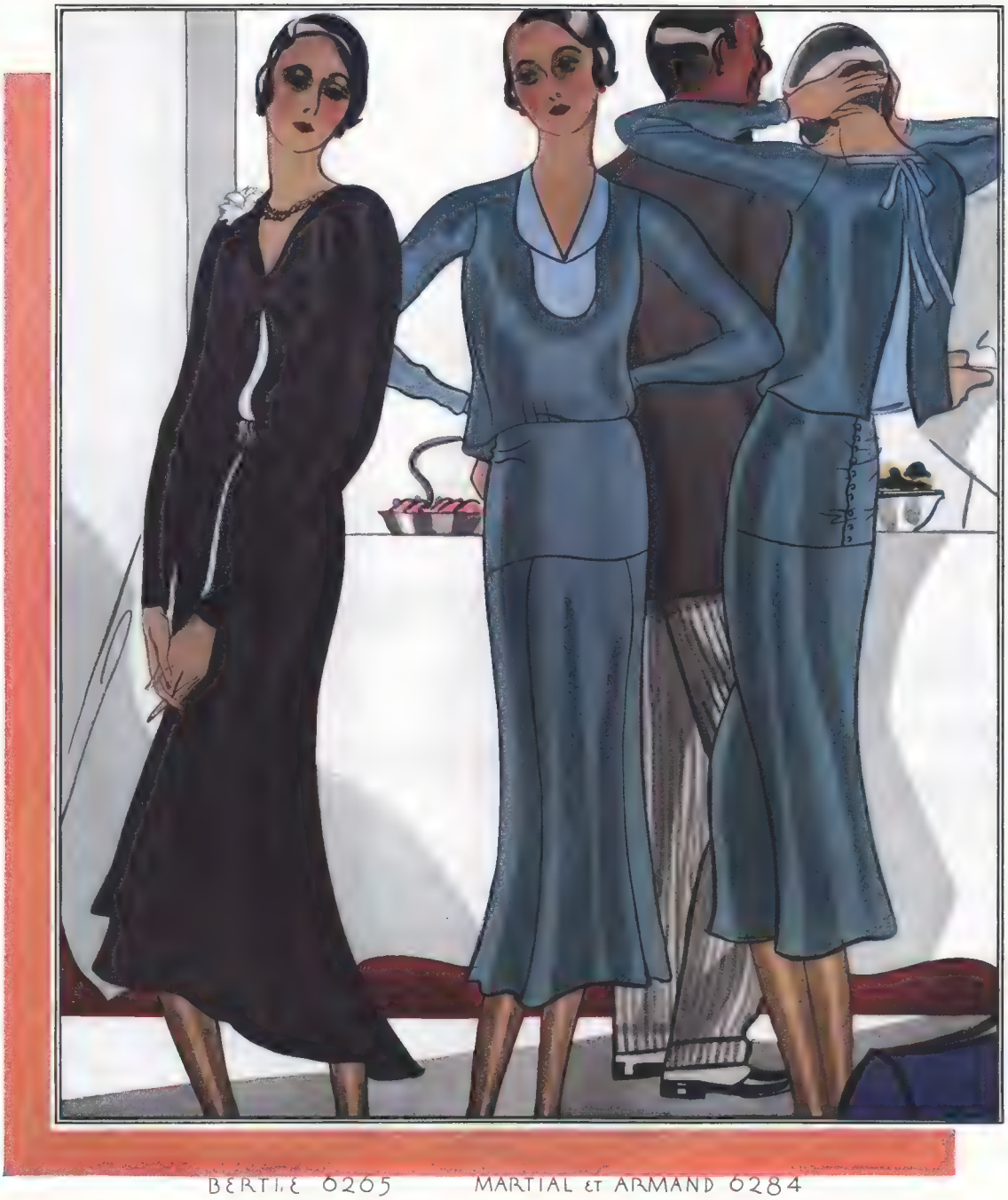
6273 MARCEL ROCHAS 6264

In French Collections for Early Autumn

No. 6264. Marcel Rochas sponsors one of the practical belted coats that Paris designs for service and sports. The original front closing and the pockets are among new style features.

No. 6273. The formal character of French suits for autumn is illustrated in one which has a jacket with a peplum and a separate scarf, a flaring skirt as well as a blouse with a jabot.

For back views and yardage see page 138.



BERTHE 6265 MARTIAL ET ARMAND 6284

PARIS WRAPS OR DRAPES THE WAISTLINE

No. 6265. Berthe introduces an attractive color contrast in a formal frock by having it open down the front to reveal a panel of another color. Shirrings effectively drape the neckline and the waist.

No. 6284. A Martial et Armand frock with a simple skirt and a contrasting blouse is completed by a separate bolero attached to a fitted girdle. The bolero is open in the back to reveal the blouse.

For back view and yardage see page 138.

6295 JANE 6278

DRAWN IN COLOR BY LEBRUN

ACHIEVING NEW MOLDED SILHOUETTES

No. 6295. A girdle with long ends that tie in the back lends a graceful swathed hipline. The bolero is trimmed in front with contrasting color sections and is finished with a bow at the neckline.

No. 6278. Jane designs a frock with an overskirt section cut like a wide slightly circular sash that winds around the figure forming two tiers on the skirt as well as a wrapped girdle at the waistline.

For back views and yardage see page 138.

6263
MARCEL ROCHAS

6282
LUCILE PARAY

6267
LEBOUVIER

THE STREET FROCK WITH BECOMING DETAILS

For back views and yardage see page 138.

No. 6263. Marcel Rochas composes a youthful frock of three pieces, a skirt with a fitted yoke, a tuck-in blouse, and a jumper that buttons down the front.

No. 6282. Lucile Paray uses pointed seamings to accent the slender lines of a tailored frock. A narrow belt marks the waist and a tie softens the neckline.

No. 6267. A flare at the side of the front, and a flare in the back lend graceful lines to a Lebouvier frock. The lingerie collar and cuffs supply a contrasting note.

6292 MARIE BORDES 6296

SERVES SMARTLY FOR INFORMAL AFTERNOONS

For back views and yardage see page 138.

No. 6292. Fulness is provided in a tailored frock by a narrow panel down the front, widened and flaring at the hem. The waistline is marked by use of a narrow belt.

No. 6296. In a simply tailored one-piece frock, Marie Bordes suggests jacket lines by curved seamings and a very becoming collar that gives the effect of revers.

Maggy Rouff 6277 Maggy Rouff 6281

Soft Drapery is Used in Youthful Ways

No. 6277. A knot at the neckline and another at the waistline are the style features used by Maggy Rouff to suggest intricate draped lines in the bodice of a simple afternoon frock.

For back view and yardage see page 138.

No. 6281. Maggy Rouff employs frills and flounces in the most becoming manner in a smart afternoon frock which has a fichu edged with a deep frill and graceful skirt flounces.

Augusta Bernard 6275 *Maggy Rouff 6280*

in French Models for Formal Afternoon

No. 6275. The one-sided bolero effect of an Augusta Bernard afternoon frock is attractively finished with a large bow on the right shoulder and is accented by seamings on the skirt.

For back views and yardage see page 138.

No. 6280. Soft flounces arranged in slanting lines lend low fulness to a Maggy Rouff frock pictured above. The neckline is shirred, with a long scarf which is attached at one side.

Germaine Lecomte 6285 *Berthe 6266*

THE NEW LONG WRAP SMARTLY ECHOES

For back view and yardage see page 138.

No. 6285. Germaine Lecomte gives a lovely evening wrap two collars, an upstanding one to frame the face and a deep cape collar caught in at the waist to give a softly bloused line.

No. 6266. Berthe designs a formal evening gown on slender graceful lines, with soft fulness at the hem falling in long points. The neckline is cut in a deep V at the front and back.

Germaine Lecomte 6276 *Irène Dana 6261*

THE NEW LONG LINES FOR EVENING

No. 6276. Loose panels shirred at the top are Germaine Lecomte's way of suggesting fulness with slender lines accented by diagonal seamings. A tuck simulates a bolero in the back.

No. 6261. Irene Dana produces the soft heavy folds characteristic of the new season's evening gowns by laying slightly flaring skirt sections in box pleats and stitching them down at the top.

6156 6294 5352 6286 6214

The Autumn Mode Presents New Ideas

For back views and yardage see page 138.

No. 6156. Patch pockets on the blouse and slot pockets on the trousers are practical features of this serviceable suit.

No. 6294. A belted coat cut with a slightly flaring skirt acquires a new style distinction by an individual front closing.

No. 5352. A boy's utility coat is designed on loosely fitting lines with raglan sleeves, a notched collar and slot pockets.

No. 6286. Large and small scallops are effectively used in a simple belted frock made with a very becoming cape collar.

No. 6214. A practical full length coat and a frock decorated with pointed seamings form a serviceable ensemble.

6291 6287 6288 6289 6290

In Simplified Smartness For Children

For back views and yardage see page 138.

No. 6291. Shirrings down the front of the bodice decorate a frock made with shoulder capes to suggest short sleeves.

No. 6287. The yoke of a frock is cut in one with short kimono sleeves and forms deep points to emphasize inverted pleats.

No. 6288. Bolero lines are suggested by a deep yoke crossed in the front with a diagonal closing trimmed with scallops.

No. 6289. The skirt of a small frock is joined to the yoke with groups of shirrings arranged in the points of deep scallops.

No. 6290. A smart neckline on a small frock is shirred at one side and is very cleverly finished with a tab and a long scarf.

NEW HATS AND FROCKS IN TERMS OF YOUTH

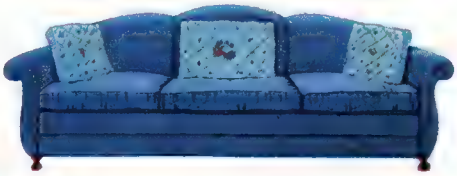
by ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

No. 1819. Velvet hats, with off-the-forehead chic and subtly flared, are the smartest hats for wear with velvet or crepe frocks. The clever women who make their own frocks are now making hats to match—since the new hats are so softly draped and moulded that they require no stiffening or tailoring. In a color to match your dress, or in black to wear with several outfits, they are a decidedly favorite Winter fashion.

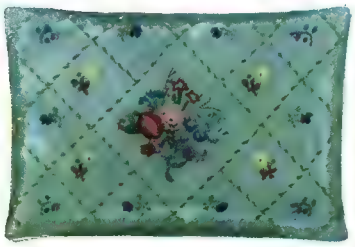
No. 1819. Ever since the beret of the Basque Pelota players became suddenly the vogue, we have worn berets—and no wonder, when they are so utterly charming and flattering. Of course, there have been many variations on the original Basque beret, and this one with the perky bow is an unusually jaunty version. They are now even more popular, since women have discovered how extremely simple they are to make.

No. 1814. Dresses for the younger generation are becoming more feminine, too. Delicate handwork touches make them definitely a "Sunday best" or a party frock. One clever frock is "shadow appliquéd." The appliqué is placed under the frock and worked around the edge in chain stitch. The darker shadows on the light frock make a dress that even the most-hard-to-please daughter will like. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 35-inch.

No. 1815. The worldly wise four-year-olds are every bit as particular about their party frocks as older sister. Even little girls with "tom-boy" tendencies can't resist a daintily pointed and scalloped frock with delicate sprays of hand embroidery. In spite of themselves, they become little ladies—at least while wearing the dress. Peach with green or lavender with flesh are lovely colors for four-year-olds to wear to important parties.



FOR RESTFUL ROOMS IN HOMES OF TODAY



No. 1813. Quite often davenport pillows are a varied assortment, not especially suited to the davenport or to each other. Sets of pillows, in place of a miscellaneous assortment, will give your davenport arrangement a unique and pleasing charm. When made in sets, the pillows can be of the same color as the davenport, or in a different shade of the same color. A set embroidered in yarns of variegated colors will be sure to harmonize with any colors you may already have used in decorating your room.

No. 1818. Of course, our grandmothers pieced their quilts for the fun of it, but they didn't know bridge. Now, strange to say, with every form of diversion to amuse themselves, women have revived the quilt piecing vogue. It is hard to understand until you start one yourself. Then you'll become an addict, too. The old time patterns are the favorites, as are the reproductions of the old time printed materials for making them. Shades of blue, rose, green, and old turkey red are all very popular colors.

Note the Difference, Mother

In The Health Value of Whole Wheat Biscuits Today

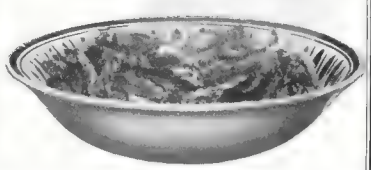
The Health Difference Today in Whole Wheat

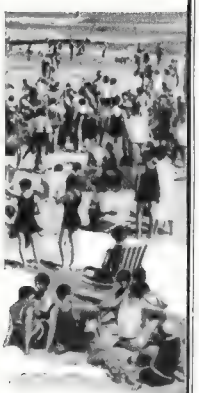
What OLD-TYPE *Whole Wheat Biscuits Embody in Health Value*

PROTEIN FAT MINERALS
CARBOHYDRATE ROUGHAGE

What Muffets NEW-TYPE *Whole Wheat Biscuits Embody in Health Value*

exactly the SAME elements as the old-type, PLUS the SUNSHINE VITAMIN "D"!





A Great Scientist Refused $1,000,000 For The Commercial Rights To This New Food Invention, So That Its Benefits Would Not Be Restricted, But Given To The World

Now You Eat An Hour Of Sunshine In A Whole Wheat Biscuit!

ITS flavor is the toasty flavor of finest whole wheat biscuit . . . ribboned whole wheat in its most enticing crispy form. Its food elements, minerals and roughage—the same.

BUT—each one you eat provides, in addition: the "SUN" VITAMIN HEALTH BENEFIT, according to careful laboratory tests, of exposure to *20 minutes' Midsummer Noonday Sunshine, or 3 hours' Winter Noonday Sunshine.*

A great scientist, Professor Harry Steenbock of Wisconsin University, invented the sunshine process it embodies.

Then—"in the interest of humanity"—refused $1,000,000 for the commercial rights to use it, so that its benefits would not be restricted, but given to the world.

A great University attests its Sunshine Vitamin Element to you. The makers of Quaker Oats make it for you under special license from Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation.

Millions Changing To It

If you believe in the Sunshine theory that is bringing all the world to the beaches, outdoors, and the use of violet ray lights, you will do as millions have already done; change to this new-type whole wheat biscuit.

How Professor Steenbock Puts Sunshine Into Food

More publicity, more front page newspaper space has been given the Steenbock process than any food invention known to science.

This method—through a peculiar and *patented process*, controlled by Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation—exposes certain foods to Ultra-Violet Rays of tremendous intensity.

The result is that those foods *absorb the actual "Sun" Vitamin Benefit of Sunlight,* which in turn, through eating foods so irradiated, is absorbed by the body.

This seal signifies that this product has been approved by the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

The Health Element It Embodies

The element it embodies is the priceless Sunshine Vitamin D. An element the whole scientific world urges as essential to child and adult health.

That's because it is the ONE element children MUST have to build bone, and thus to avoid rickets. *Need to gain and hold weight.**

In guarding adult health it is scarcely less important. For most adults are deficient in this Sunshine Element. Bad teeth, lowered vitality, susceptibility to colds and influenza are largely charged by medical authorities to a lack of it.

So universally is its need instinctively sensed by most people, that "*I get into the Sunshine as much as I can*" has become a world-wide phrase the last few years.

Now You Eat Sunshine

Now you obtain this precious element in adventurously delightful whole wheat biscuits—in the New IRRADIATED MUFFETS. Whole wheat biscuits that are crispy, crunchy and marvelous to the taste. Yet—that literally enable you to EAT sunshine!

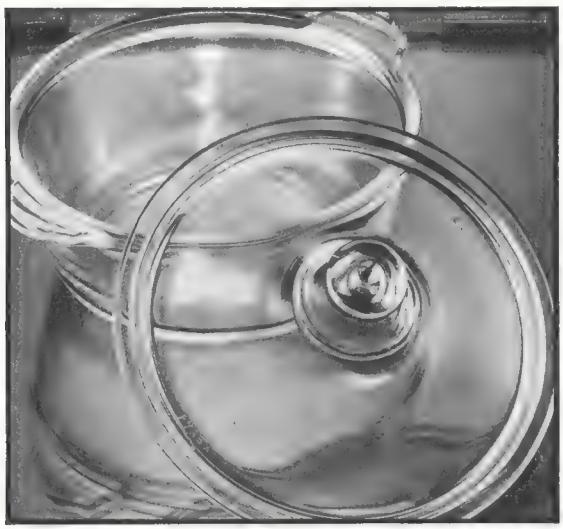
Yet the price of the new Muffets is the same as ordinary whole wheat biscuits. The health value—multiplied. No other cereal in the world but one—Quaker Farina—enjoys the Steenbock process.

Order Muffets today. Eat at breakfast, at luncheon. Give to the children. Note the new energy, new ambition, new vitality and strength that come. Get at any grocery.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

*In children's diet, give Muffets both as an *attractive* Whole Wheat food and to fortify the diet with the potent Vitamin D. Then consult your physician *regularly;* bring your child to him *regularly* for Health Examinations. Remember, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

THE BUSIEST DISH IN THE MODERN HOME



SAVES FUEL. Shiny metal utensils reflect some of the oven heat away from the food. Pyrex ovenware sucks in the heat from all directions, baking the food more evenly and with no waste of fuel.

YOU can hardly imagine how cooking for a family ever was done without at least one or two Pyrex resistant glass dishes.

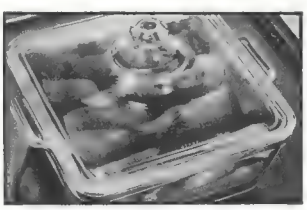
Transparent dishes . . . that make it easy for you to *see* whether the food is cooking too fast or too slow. Sanitary dishes . . . easy to wash and keep new looking.

Time saving dishes . . . in which you can cook, serve and put away food, without changing the dish!

Money saving dishes, too . . . which use less fuel and save the waste of "failures."

Of all Pyrex dishes, probably the covered casseroles work the hardest . . . they are ideal for cooking such a variety of meats, fish, vegetables, eggs and desserts. If you don't yet own the one you want, go and get it, in your favorite department store or hardware store, the next time you shop!

RICE PUDDING wants long, slow, even cooking in a moderate oven. In Pyrex ovenware you can make really creamy rice pudding. (Round casseroles with cover, ½-pt. size, 60¢, up to 3-qt. size, $2.50.)



CARROTS, ONIONS, CABBAGE, BEETS, etc., can be baked in the covered Pyrex casserole with the tiniest amount of added water, thus conserving their own juices and flavor. Cooking them in the oven, which is already heated for the meat, saves fuel and also keeps your house free of cooking odors. (Square casserole, 1½-qt. size, $1.75.)

SLOW, EVEN COOKING in its own rich juice makes smothered chicken, prepared in the covered Pyrex casserole, a triumph of toothsomeness. (¾-pt. oval casserole, 70¢, up to 2-qt. size, $2.90.)

Free . . Book of 30 Menus Whole meals cooked in the oven in 20, 30 or 45 minutes. Address: Corning Glass Works, Dept. 272, Corning, N. Y.

*Name*_____
(PLEASE PRINT NAME)

*Address*_____

Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada. Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ALL AMERICAN

[*Continued from page 23*]

"Tommy seems to be an American," said his mother, and her son looked at her swiftly.

"You say that as if you were saying I'm a fool!" he said.

Oliphe chuckled; Irène smiled.

"I suspect," said Polly, "that Tommy has illusions."

Tommy looked at her levelly. Not many about you, my dear! said his eyes, and her own gaze dropped.

A flush hovered about his cheek bones; the garden was hot. Six people at a table—five of them thinking the sixth a fool! He pushed back his chair. "Dance, Polly?"

She rose, smiling.

"You want a girl just like the girl who married dear old granddad, don't you Tommy?" she asked him.

Tommy's hazel eyes narrowed. "One wants," he retorted, "different girls for different things!" He tightened his arm about her waist and jerked her toward him, kissed her squarely. "There—let's dance, now," he said grimly.

Polly danced. From a side table a slender girl in a white dress stared at them out of violet eyes.

DURING his first hours on shipboard, Tommy moved about in a state of dazed delight. Never had he heard so many American voices, listened to such a variety of accents. There were southerners whose soft drawl was so subtly, yet unmistakably, different from the lazy tones of a shaggy-haired giant from Arizona. There were Californians, middle-westerners, New Englanders. Tommy listened and made mental notes.

He slept late that first morning and awakened to see sunlight streaming through the porthole of his cabin. He rang for the steward, had his bath and his tea and toast, and went out on deck with a glowing sense of expectancy.

His first impression was that everybody must have known everybody else since childhood. One group of young people was playing deck tennis—"Good shot, Bill! Swell try, Nancy!" Another group was throwing quoits, attended by an interested audience. In his tour of the ship, Tommy did not meet one unaccompanied person except a deck-steward.

He paused at the bow and looked forward over the shining water. Forward, toward that trans-Atlantic country which was home!

Tables were assigned at luncheon; Tommy stood a little apart from the crowd, listening to the clamor of his fellow passengers. He seemed to be the only person on board who was alone. He took his ticket and found his table. A pleasant, elderly woman already seated there smiled and murmured, "Good morning." The elderly man beside her looked up. "Quite a boatload!" he said. Tommy agreed. A school teacher and a second middle-aged couple completed their quota; Tommy listened wistfully to the laughter that rose from other tables.

The elderly man addressed Tommy. "This your first trip over?"

Tommy smiled. "If one can call it a trip, sir! I've been here fifteen years."

"Been *here?* Aren't you an Englishman?"

Tommy swallowed. "No, sir."

Luncheon went on. The elderly man assisted his wife from her chair; noisily, the young people were hurrying from the dining room. The school teacher spoke abruptly to Tommy.

"There," she said, "is the prettiest girl I ever saw!"

Her companions turned, and the middle-aged man sighed complacently. "Let 'em talk about their mademoiselles and their frauleins!" he said. "But give me—"

Tommy wasn't listening to him. She *was* the prettiest girl he had even seen. As he stared at her, she turned, and above her fuzzy white sweater her eyes were like swamp violets. They reached his face and widened in something like recognition, and she smiled.

He knew, of course, that he had never seen her before, but somehow that didn't matter. He pushed his chair back and crossed the room in three strides.

"Hello," she said, exactly as though they had parted five minutes before.

"Hello," said Tommy.

He took firm hold of her arm and guided her out to the deck.

She was smiling. "Were you having as nice a time as you seemed to be, that night at the Chateau Madrid?" she asked him suddenly.

He couldn't take his gaze from her face. "No," he said. That didn't matter, anyway. "Would you mind if I sat you up on the railing and just looked at you for an hour or so?" he asked.

When she laughed, her violet eyes narrowed deliciously. She threw back her head and drew in a great draught of the salt air. "Oh, isn't it wonderful to be going home!" she exclaimed.

"No one but me knows how wonderful it is," he answered.

"I do," she contradicted. "There'll be nothing but ocean and ocean. Ten whole days of it. And then, on the tenth day it's going to rise up like something in a fairy-tale. New York! Towers and turrets and skyscrapers!" She looked up at him. "Do you live in New York?" she asked.

"I was born there," said Tommy.

"So was I!" Her laughter was like a child's, spontaneous and bubbling. Like a child, commencing a game, she asked, "What does home make you think of? *Quick!*"

"Baseball," said Tommy.

"Ice cream!" she corrected him.

"Hot dogs!"

"Fourth of July!"

"Sleigh rides!"

Her eyes shone. "When I was a little girl, we had a sleigh. We used to—" She plunged eagerly into reminiscence, and Tommy listened as eagerly.

Pictures of home, scenes that were essentially American. Tommy began remembering things that he had forgotten, events in that long-ago time when his father was alive. The ship's bow cut the water; a milky wake unrolled behind them, like a flat ribbon. He was going home!

The deck steward appeared with his wagon.

"Oh, it can't be tea time!" the girl said.

They had tea and bread and butter and sweet biscuits. And they went on talking.

THE engines pounded; the flat, milky wake was unreeled, like a tremendous troll-line, disappearing into the blue distance.

A gong clattered, and they looked at each other incredulously.

"Will you have coffee with me in the smoking room after dinner?" Tommy asked.

[*Continued on page 113*]

MEN'S VOTE STIRS WIVES!

HUSBANDS' DEMAND FOR COCONUT PIE BRINGS ACTION!

EXTRA THRILL FOR COCONUT PIE LOVERS

Baker's moist-packed Coconut, Southern Style, makes favorite pie more luscious than ever!

Never before was there such a check-up of husbands' tastes! The picture here shows the Inquiring Reporter busy getting returns in one of the principal cities visited. Is he interviewing *your* husband?

In the Men's Grill at the Roosevelt Gateway Restaurant, New York City, coconut pie is a sell-out every time!

News travels fast. It wasn't many months ago that women didn't know . . . didn't *dream* that men love coconut pie so much.

But today..here, there, throughout the land . . . kitchens are savory with the smell of coconut pies—home-made—luscious! Women are serving coconut pie far oftener than ever before! Men are getting—at home—the treat that they love so much!

Here's how it came about. Last spring, Inquiring Reporters stopped men on the streets of America's leading cities and asked "pie" questions. The answers showed:

Men love coconut pie, and no mistake. They want it often—and *get* it often, in the lunch-rooms and restaurants, where the choice is theirs. *Far oftener, their replies showed, than they had been getting it at home!*

But now that wives know . . . what a change there's been! And now that *you* know . . . why not . . . today . . . make that husband of yours a coconut pie? And make it—actually—the best coconut pie that he's ever tasted! You can. For a new method of packing brings you coconut that is far creamier, far more luscious!

If he loves coconut wait till he tastes Baker's Southern Style

Think of it!—all the creamy, fresh deliciousness of fresh coconut—kept fresh and fragrant, in a tin! Southern Style makes *all* coconut treats ever so much more delicious! It's marvelous, in pies, atop a cake, in puddings, little cookies, candies, all your favorite coconut dishes! Try it. You'll love it! It tastes for all the world like fresh coconut, just grated!

Want to hear how to make an especially luscious Coconut Custard filling? A Hawaiian Fruit Pie? Coconut Maple Rolls? Butterscotch Filling? Sunshine Tarts? All sorts of pies, tarts, cakes, puddings, and quick-and-easy treats? Send today. A FREE booklet of 87 recipes is yours for the asking! Illustrated in color! Full of ways to please a husband! It's the world's best help in planning gorgeous triumphs to crown a meal!

CREAMY . . . MOIST
LIKE FRESH COCONUT

Ask for Baker's Southern Style at your grocer's. Or send 10c for a half-size trial tin. Mail the coupon today.

COCONUT CREAM PIE, SOUTHERN STYLE

5 tablespoons flour
4 tablespoons sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup cold milk
1½ cups milk, scalded
3 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
½ cup tart jam
1 cup cream, whipped
½ cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

Combine flour, sugar, and salt; add cold milk and mix well. Add scalded milk gradually, place in double boiler, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolks, return to double boiler, add 1 cup coconut, and cook 3 to 4 minutes longer. Cool. Pour filling into pie shell, cover with jam, pile cream lightly on top, and sprinkle with ½ cup coconut.

Serve immediately.

All measurements are level

FREE!

Booklet of 87 Delicious Recipes—Send Today!

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BAKER'S COCONUT

MAZDA — NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

THE 150 WATT GENERAL ELECTRIC — MAZDA DAYLIGHT LAMP

LIGHT *with* DAYLIGHT

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday Evening on a Nation wide N B C. Network

THE 150 watt General Electric MAZDA Daylight lamp . . with its transparent blue glass bulb . . is made for the workrooms of the nation's homes . . especially the kitchens, laundries and bathrooms.

Unlike other lamps, G. E. MAZDA Daylight lamps *enhance* whiteness and the aspect of cleanliness. They bring out the true beauty of porcelain, tiling and nickel fittings. Supplying an abundance of light, approximating daylight in quality, this product of MAZDA Research is invaluable at the opening and closing of day, or any time when daylight is far below its maximum.

Besides adding agreeably to daylight hours, Daylight lamps make foods appear as *they really are*. They help to detect spoiled foods, especially meats, more easily. They also detect scorches in ironing; they are extremely valuable to every woman in matching colors and in washing dishes. Dishes washed under G. E. MAZDA Daylight lamps *are clean . . . inviting.*

Genuine G. E. MAZDA Daylight lamps are a distinctive transparent blue . . . you can't mistake them . . . and for your further protection are plainly marked with the initials G. E. in a circle on the end of each lamp and come in the familiar blue carton. Insist on these safeguards of lighting quality . . . when you light with Daylight. National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

ALL AMERICAN

[*Continued from page 110*]

"I'd love to," she said, and then hurried away to dress for dinner.

Tommy dressed in a daze. Tying his necktie, his mother's phrase flashed into his head and he laughed aloud. Some dreadful, noisy girl who says vo-do-de-o-do!

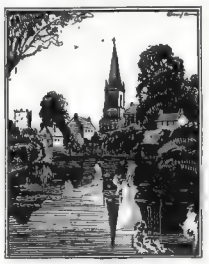
His table companions that night at dinner thought him less stiff, more likable.

"What's that lovely girl's name?" the school teacher asked him.

Tommy stared at her; then he laughed. "Hanged if I know!" he answered, and all five of them were caught up in his infectious laughter.

Her name, he learned, was Anne Lincoln. This was over the coffee cups.

"You won't mind if I call you Abe, will you?" asked Tommy.



"I'd *love* it!" she cried, and they looked at each other with shining eyes and laughed.

A red-haired young man eyed them severely. "Nothing," he objected, "is so funny as all that."

Anne Lincoln's violet eyes turned to his face. "That's what makes it so f-funny!" she said, and the red-haired young man began to laugh, too.

The orchestra was playing in the salon.

"Want to dance?" asked Tommy.

"I'd love to," she answered.

"I wish you'd stop using that word so much," he told her.

Her eyes widened. "What word?"

"Love."

"Why, it's a *lovely* word!"

"Of course, it is," he agreed. "I love you." He heard the sharp intake of her breath.

They danced.

"Who," asked Anne suddenly, "was that girl you were dancing with in Paris?"

"Which girl?" Tommy asked.

She laughed. Her head was tilted, so that her oval face was close to his.

"I do love you," she said. "We'll see each other a lot in New York."

THE orchestra put up its instruments; the steward put out the lights in the salon. Anne and Tommy went out on deck.

They skirted a lifeboat and its shadow dropped over Anne's face, lifted again. Her hair, caught in a soft twist at her neck, was like a silver wig; her white dress and white embroidered shawl shimmered. Breathlessly, Tommy drew her close to him, and then stood motionless, looking down into her upturned face. She did not speak or smile, but waited, wide-eyed, as he brushed her hair from her forehead and held her face between his palms.

He felt very humble as he kissed her. Her lips were cool and soft, and her eyes remained wide open, looking steadily, wonderingly, into his.

"Oh, Anne!" said Tommy trembling.

She smiled. "I suppose we should go in," she said.

He agreed tenderly, protectingly.

At the head of her corridor she gave him her hand. "Good night, Tommy."

"Good night, Anne."

He sat on the edge of his bunk and stared at the round of moonlit water through the porthole. He felt—exalted, almost. So soon, a scant twenty-four hours from that old world, had the magic of the new commenced. It was as he had known it would be, fresh and young and beautiful . . .

ANNE was playing deck tennis when he found her in the morning, her gold hair tucked beneath a violet tam, a white pleated skirt fluttering about her slim legs. Tommy sat on a coil of rope and watched her. She was teamed with the red-headed boy who had spoken to them in the smoking room the night before. His game was good, but hers was better. Color deepened in her cheeks; her eyes glowed.

"Atta baby!" approved the red-haired boy enthusiastically, as the set ended. "You come right here to Poppa!" He kissed her resoundingly on one cheek, then the other.

Tommy's finger nails cut into his palms: he felt cold as he watched Anne laugh up into the face of the red-haired boy.

"Let's go off somewhere," he whispered fiercely, as she stood beside him.

"C'mon, Anne—you and Pete are gonna play me and Sally!"

Anne hesitated; the red-haired boy looked at Tommy.

"Wanta take my place, Lord Ribblesdale?" he asked. "I've been playing all morning."

"Thanks," said Tommy stiffly.

"Meaning yessorno? Respond in one word, sirrah! Do you still beat your wife?"

Tommy looked bewildered and angry, and Anne laughed.

"Come on, Tommy," she begged.

He shook his head. "You play. I'll watch."

He knew that he was being stubborn and absurd; he wanted terribly not to be. But he felt so out of things, so awkward.

When the second set was ended, Anne came directly to him.

"Let's walk around the deck," she suggested.

They walked once around in silence.

"I didn't mean to be disagreeable," Tommy said humbly. "It's just—you see, Anne, I feel like a strange dog with all these people. I—I haven't been home since I was seven years old, you see." He hadn't told her that before, had concealed it, even, as though it were something of which he was ashamed.

Her eyes widened. "You haven't been home since—" she began, and then stopped short, staring at him.

"You'll have to be patient with me. I want so much not to be different and—Anne, I don't feel strange at all, with you. I feel as if I'd known you all my life! Anne, do you know that you're the personification of everything I've wanted? Everything that's home. You're so—American. Natural and straightforward and—"

Suddenly he caught her hand. "Oh, Anne, let's get married as soon as we land!"

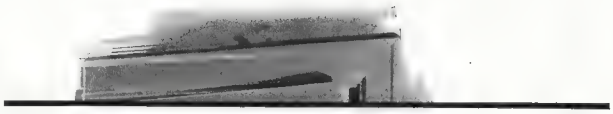
"Tommy Martin, do you realize that we're perfect strangers?"

He laughed. "Anne Lincoln, you realize that you're going to marry me some day, don't you?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, let's!" he pleaded. "We're not Europeans who have to post notices and get permissions and go through miles of red tape! We're Americans,

[*Continued on page 116*]



DIRT *and* FINGER MARKS

Quickly... make woodwork shining-clean with GOLD DUST

IT'S QUEER . . . no matter how often or how well you dust . . . some dirt seems to sink into the woodwork. And those places on the doors and casings where the children put their hands . . . well, it all needs a real good cleaning.

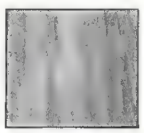
But that doesn't mean a *hard* cleaning. Gold Dust and warm water will make your woodwork clean and bright again with a few quick strokes.

Gold Dust works lots faster than any other cleaner because it contains so much real *dirt-dissolving soap*.

Gold Dust is exactly suited to the job of removing *dirty dirt*—from tile and porcelain, floors and woodwork. Mild flakes are unequal to these tasks. It is better to keep them for your fine washing and let Gold Dust do the heavy cleaning.

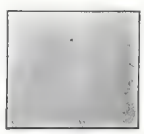
Make your work easier from now on with Gold Dust. And protect your family's health too—for Gold Dust is a real antiseptic.

KITCHENETTE PACKAGE, 5c.
Household size, even more economical.



Woodwork washed with expensive flakes or chips looks gray and smudgy, not quite clean.

Harsh cleansers are so likely to scratch and mar. And they leave unsightly deposits of grit.



Gold Dust, the ideal soap for dirty dirt, cleans things clean. It works quickly—easily.

FOR DIRTY DIRT USE

GOLD DUST

No woman over 18

[*if interested in personal daintiness*]

should miss this booklet

WHILE physicians generally do not recommend feminine hygiene before this age, there is a recognition that the problems of personal daintiness and cleanliness do undergo a decided change as the young woman steps into maturity.

No more important question faces her than this question of 1930 daintiness. No previous generation has given it so much thought. And the old methods will not do.

In the old days it was a choice of poisonous solutions or nothing. But now any woman can attain real *surgical cleanliness* with Zonite, the new antiseptic that cannot harm or poison. Even if accidentally swallowed Zonite would not produce fatal or serious results.

Yet Zonite is actually *far stronger* in its power to kill harmful germs than any dilution of carbolic acid, for instance, that can be allowed on the body. Is it any wonder that women all over the country are thankful for the discovery of Zonite?

Send coupon for free booklet

Send coupon for this booklet which covers the whole subject thoroughly, revealingly. Or buy Zonite at any drugstore in the U. S. A. or Canada. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1

Both in U. S. A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION MC-010
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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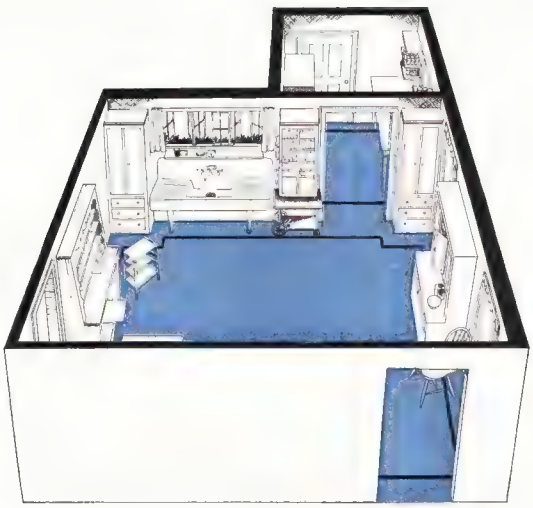


Fig. 1—The well-arranged kitchen is divided into five different working units, each complete in itself. Four of them are shown here. Doorway in left wall leads into dining room; that in front wall into hall.

ASK YOUR KITCHEN THESE QUESTIONS

By Winifred Moses

A FEW years ago household engineers began to analyze every move a woman makes from the time food supplies are brought into the house, until the dishes are washed and put away after a meal. As the result of this study they have worked out a system that cuts down the drudgery of "three meals a day" amazingly. Certain women who have tried it have been able to get a three course dinner by walking just *once* around the kitchen!

So if you always feel tired after you have cooked and served a meal, or if you hate to clear up after it, blame your kitchen. Something is the matter with its arrangement, and you must cross-examine it like a stern judge to find out what the trouble is.

There are three kinds of kitchens—the tiny kitchenette of the apartment house where business girls and newlyweds live; the one-woman kitchen of the small house; and the big kitchen of the big house, which usually includes a butler's pantry. It is only the second of these which we shall consider now.

But before we get down to details I should like to mention a few general rules which apply to all such kitchens. For the woman who is building, the time to plan the kitchen is when the plans of the house are made. She must remember that to the architect the kitchen is probably the least interesting room in the house. He has never been obliged to work in any of the kitchens he has produced, nor to suffer the penalties of awkward arrangement. She will have to think out her own needs carefully, and then pass her ideas on to him.

The woman whose kitchen is already built has a different problem. She will be unable to change certain serious drawbacks—such as misplaced doors, windows, and plumbing connections; but she can at least rearrange her equipment so that most operations will take place in their logical order.

According to the newest ideas, laundry work should be banished from the kitchen wherever it is possible. Experts also agree that small kitchens, if properly planned, are more convenient than large ones. For the one-woman kitchen, a room measuring eight by twelve—that is, ninety-six square feet—is supposed to be adequate when it is devoted solely to food preparation.

Since the ill-ventilated kitchen is a very fatiguing place to work, this room must be properly ventilated. If possible, there should be windows on two sides. If window cross-ventilation is not possible, then fresh air must be provided by means of electric fans, ventilators, or transoms over the doors. The tops of windows should be a foot or less from the ceiling; this makes an upward draft for the removal of hot air and odors.

Lights should be placed so that the sink, the table, the stove top, the oven, and the interior of the refrigerator receive adequate light without interfering shadows. Light should fall on the work, and not on the eyes of the worker. Frosted bulbs, indirect lighting fix-

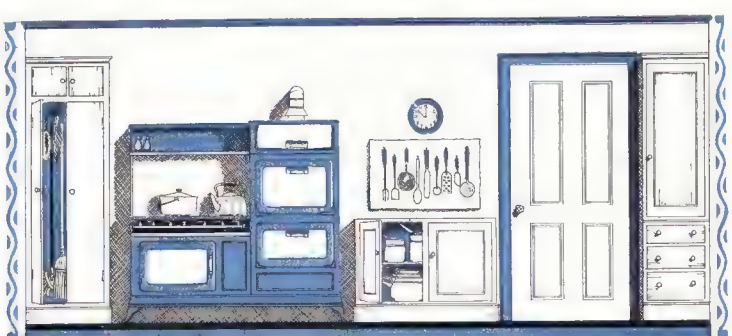


Fig. 2—Front wall of kitchen above, showing Cooking Unit with stove and pot-cabinet

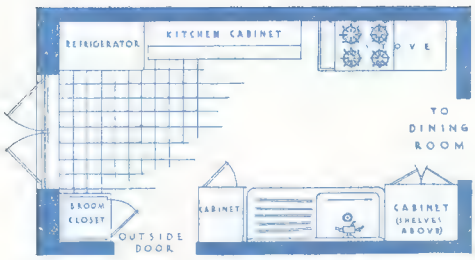


Fig. 3—Here is a well planned small kitchen

tures, and the new hooded lights all help. If kerosene lamps are used, they should be placed on brackets or shelves, with reflectors behind them. Light paint, and frosted glass panels in doors, are additional sources of light.

So much for generalities. Now to come down to the actual arrangement.

FIVE food operations take place in the kitchen. They are: 1—storage; 2—preparation; 3—cooking; 4—serving; 5—clearing away. Experiments prove that each operation needs its own working unit, in order to save the homemaker's strength. Figures 1 and 2 show, in specific detail, how these five units would be arranged in an ideal kitchen. Let me explain.

STORAGE UNIT—This might also be called the "Reception Unit," because here food supplies are received and stored away. The food storage unit consists of three parts, namely: a place to store perishables (the refrigerator); a place for vegetables and fruits not stored in the refrigerator (a binet or ventilated box); a place for staple dry supplies and canned goods (shelves or cabinets). Also in this unit there should be a table or wide shelf to receive the incoming supplies. Above it, place shelves or a cabinet to hold icebox dishes. This unit should be placed close to the back entrance of the house. In Fig. 1, it is placed in the back entry with a doorless opening into the kitchen. The refrigerator occupies one wall and the table for incoming supplies, with a binet beneath it, is set up against the other wall. This table has many uses. On it many salads and desserts can be made; and the food grinder, the grater, the can opener, the knife sharpener, and the electric mixer can be attached to it. A window above the table lights both its surface and the interior of the refrigerator by day. The cabinet for the staples is *just* inside the kitchen door.

PREPARATION UNIT—The next step is food preparation, so this unit is placed close to the storage unit. (See cabinet between windows, right wall.) It consists of a working area (which can be a table, a drop leaf, or a shelf of a kitchen cabinet) and a place for every piece of equipment to be used in mixing, etc. Think of all the utensils needed in making cake, pies, puddings, casseroles, and then try to visualize them in place, so arranged that everything is within easy reach.

COOKING UNIT—The third step is cooking, so this unit naturally comes next. (See Fig. 2.) It consists of the stove; the storage space for pots and pans; and a place to put things when they come out of the oven. This can be a counter, shelf, table, or cabinet top. The stove occupies the center of the space, with a cabinet or shelves at the left for cooking utensils. On a painted bread board with hooks, fastened on the wall above, hang ladles, forks, strainers, spoons and a spatula. A shelf or rack will be needed for spices, salt, and matches. In the space that remains, a closet for brooms and cleaning materials has been installed.

SERVICE UNIT—After cooking comes service. This unit consists of a shelf or table to hold the finished salads and desserts while they are waiting to be served. The bread and cake box is also kept here, with bread board and knife. Here are outlets for small electrical equipment—toaster, percolator, and waffle iron. If possible, there should be an opening large enough to pass dishes through from kitchen to dining room. Above the table there can be shelves for some of the dining room dishes. This unit occupies the third wall of the kitchen.

CLEARING-AWAY UNIT—In our plan, this unit occupies the fourth wall of the kitchen. It consists of a sink with a window above it. The window is long and narrow, and the sill is twelve inches above the top of the back of the sink. This leaves space below the sill for a small shallow cabinet or shelf for the cleaning materials needed here. On the left-hand side is a cabinet or shelves for china, with drawers below for linen, dish towels, aprons, and silver. On the right is a similar cabinet for glassware. The sides of the cabinet nearest the sink can be used to hold a towel rack or colander. The space below the glass cabinet may be used for a movable dish-washer, a low cabinet, a wheeled tray, or shelves for dish-pans and drainer. The garbage can or incinerator opening should be close to this unit.

What can be done with the kitchen that is *not* ideal? Fig. 3 shows how one woman has solved her problem. As she has no entry in which to arrange her Storage Unit, she had a drop shelf built under the window at the left end of the kitchen. Here incoming supplies are delivered and sorted. Above the refrigerator two shelves were built to hold ice-box dishes and canned foods. Flour, sugar, etc. go into the upper part of the kitchen cabinet, while muffin, cake and pie tins, molds, double boilers and frying pans are stored below. As her sink has only one drain-board she bought a table-height cabinet with a white enamel top that just fits into the empty corner. It is so close to the dining room that she can use it as a part of her service unit before meals, and as a clearing away unit after meals. The larger pots and pans are kept in it. Above it, built-in shelves hold dishes.

LOOK at your kitchen. Do delivery boys have to walk all the way across, so tracking up the floor several times a day? When you want to bake a cake do you collect a mixing bowl from one place, the egg beater from somewhere else, and the butter from the point farthest distant from where you want to use it?

Do you keep going to the dining room to put dishes away, and then to get them again when you must heat them before a meal? Labor like this is needless. The modern kitchen should be as well organized as the modern factory. Let us bring ours up-to-date.

The attractiveness of even the most beautiful women depends upon the appearance of the hair.

Leaves Your Hair Radiant with Loveliness

Why Proper Shampooing Gives Your Hair An Alluring Loveliness—Unobtainable By Ordinary Washing.

How To Have Soft, Silky Hair—Sparkling With Life, Gloss And Lustre.

THERE is nothing so captivating as beautiful hair.

Soft, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre. See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

this new technique
CLEANS *Dull Teeth*

fully three shades whiter in 3 days

WHEN your smile reveals teeth stained to an ugly yellow, cloudy, marred by decay and denuded at their necks by receding gums others know that you have Bacterial-Mouth . . . an inexcusable condition caused by germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath and attack teeth and gums. Kolynos whitens teeth so quickly and firms gums so effectively because it kills these germs.

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth —fully 3 shades whiter.

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists advocate the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dentifrice full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Kolynos permits this technique.

When it enters the mouth this highly concentrated dental cream becomes an antiseptic FOAM that makes wetting the tooth brush unnecessary.

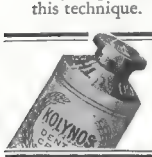
This FOAM gets into every pit, fissure and crevice. Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are killed, and the entire mouth is purified. *Kolynos kills 190 million germs in the first 15 seconds.*

Food particles that ferment and cause decay are removed . . . acids are neutralized . . . tartar is gently erased. Easily and quickly, teeth are cleaned down to the naked white enamel—without injury.

Look for Results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums start using Kolynos — a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste. Try a tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM
Keeps your mouth surgically clean



The Kolynos Co., Dept. 10-Mc-73, New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name ..... Street & No. .....

City ..... State

ALL AMERICAN

[*Continued from page 113*]

Anne, and we're young, and nothing can hurt us!"

"You're quite mad," she told him.

"I'm in love with you!" he retorted.

"You're in love with an idea," she corrected severely.

That evening they sat in steamer chairs on the deck, and Anne's golden head rested against a pillow and she listened quietly while Tommy told her all about himself and his family, all that had been, and all that would be.

I WANT to get some sort of position —in trade, you know," he told her. "Exporting or importing. I speak four languages pretty well and that ought to be an asset. Anne, when I get work, will you live on my wages? We don't have to, you know, but—"

"We'll have a little house," she agreed, "and I'll do all the cooking!" She laughed delightedly. "I never cooked a single thing in all my life, Tommy!"

"You'll learn," he said confidently. "We'll both learn!"

It was like a child's game of make-believe suddenly come true.

The days ran into one another as formlessly as the green waves over which they traveled. The pin in the map on the landing moved nearer and nearer to the black dot which was New York City. And Tommy's spirits careened between heights and depths.

When he was with Anne, he asked no more of life; when he was alone, dreaming of the home-country just ahead, his heart expanded with happiness and plans for the future. It was only when he had to share Anne with others that he became miserable. He did not understand how she could laugh so gayly at the noisiness, the bad taste of the young crowd which so arrogantly overran the boat.

Just as Anne Lincoln was everything that typified the best in America to him, so those others were living symbols of the American which his mother, all the people he had known in Paris, disliked and regretted.

THE night before they landed was the costume ball, and Tommy's dread of the evening was mollified when Anne appeared on the stairway where he waited for her, her fair hair hanging loose, her slender body wrapped in a sarong of blue-green silk, delicately embroidered.

She was so lovely that she took his breath away, and for a moment he could not speak. She flushed a little at the stark adoration in his eyes and stood, smiling faintly, waiting for him to find words.

"Fatima!" cried a boisterous voice, and the spell was shattered as the red-haired boy, wrapped, sheik-like, in a sheet, bounded to the landing. Tommy's face was murderous. The red-haired boy folded his arms majestically. "Fatima, the Sultan bids you dance!"

Anne rose on tiptoe, lifted her arms, and whirled like a mechanical toy. Tommy forgot his rage as she danced there on the stair landing. When she finished, a little green and gold heap, her forehead pressing the floor, a shout went up, and Tommy saw that the staircase was crowded with watchers.

"Where did you learn that, Miss Lincoln?" It was no less a person than the ship's captain who spoke.

Anne flushed. "In Singapore," she answered.

"And now how about a little hundred per cent jazz?" demanded the red-haired boy, and bore her, beneath Tommy's very nose, to the dance floor.

"Anne lived in the Orient quite a time, didn't she?" Sally asked Tommy.

He looked at her coldly. He didn't know, and it infuriated him that he didn't. He realized abruptly that he knew very little about Anne. She had been traveling in Europe with her father, she had told him. They had expected to return home together, but business had held him there, so she had come alone . . .

He marched out of the salon; but when he returned she was not there. He strode out on deck, and there in the bow, where she had stood with him so many times, was Anne, with the red-haired boy.

He was talking, and his voice drifted clearly back to Tommy's horrified ears. "I'll tell the world you're a knockout, Fatima!"

"A knockout!" she repeated, and her voice quivered with laughter. "Oh, go on, Bill, and tell me some more!" Tommy closed his eyes, and through the darkness. Anne Lincoln's voice penetrated, clear and eager like a little girl's. "Am I the cat's pajamas? Bill, tell me —am I a sweet mama?"

He had no recollection of getting there, but suddenly Tommy Martin was in his cabin with the door locked. At first he couldn't even think; he felt as though he had fallen from a great height. Then thoughts came, in a rush. Anne, his lovely, exquisite Anne —*Am I a sweet mama?*

"Oh!" Tommy groaned loudly. He hadn't heard it; he couldn't have heard it!

Go on, Bill, and tell me some more! She couldn't have said that. . . .

Someone was knocking at his door. "Hey, Ribblesdale!" Tommy did not stir. "Martin! Are you in there?" The footsteps of the red-headed boy retreated down the corridor.

Am I a sweet mama? All the vulgarity, all the cheapness his mother had prophesied, was embodied in that phrase! And Anne had said it.

"Tommy! Tommy, darling, answer me!" Anne's own voice on the other side of his door. He clenched his hands and did not answer.

SNATCHES of music floated through the open porthole, then ceased entirely. Footsteps and voices echoed in the corridors and died away. There was silence, except for the sound of the engines and the slapping of the water against the ship's sides. The dark sky beyond the porthole lightened, became in turn, gray mauve, rosy. . . .

The steward was knocking. "Radiogram, sir." Tommy opened the envelope listlessly. It was from his mother, of course.

DARLING BOY, WHAT LUCK! CARTER CHASE HAS OPENING FOR AMERICAN SPEAKING FRENCH AND GERMAN IN PARIS OFFICE. PART OF YOUR WORK TO MAKE FREQUENT TRIPS NEW YORK. GEORGE SAYS TO SAY YOU'LL BE ELIGIBLE TO ROTARY CLUB AND KIWANIS. JOKE, DARLING! REALLY CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. CABLE SHIP ON WHICH YOU'LL RETURN. OLIPHE AND I WILL MEET YOU HAVRE WITH MOTOR. MISS YOU DREADFULLY. MOTHER

Tommy stared at the piece of paper. How his mother must have worked for this! How like Marian it was!

"Is *that* so?" he demanded, and there was a nasal twang in his voice which had never been there before.

So—just in the nick of time—Marian was saving her darling boy! Bringing him safely back to Paris, where life was leisurely and charming! He need scarcely breathe the air of this

[*Continued on page 118*]

Your **FREE** *copy of this new* "NATIONAL" *style book offers Lowest Prices in years . . .*

IF you have not yet received your copy of this season's money-saving "NATIONAL" Style Book, send for it today without fail. In this beautiful book you will find displayed the newest styles—the favored New York and Paris fashions *—at America's Lowest Prices—low prices that have not been possible for many years.*

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This year we have the greatest opportunity in our history to serve you. Prices for cottons, silks, woolens—all raw materials are lower in price than at any time since the war. Consequently our buyers have been able to buy this season's requirements at rock bottom prices.

So well has this buying been done that in this great new Fall and Winter Style Book *you will find America's lowest prices.* And remember, that prices are not *low* unless quality is *high.* At "NATIONAL" your savings are always doubled by the longer service that "NATIONAL" quality insures.

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For 43 years we have been style specialists. We clothe the entire family for dress, work or play; we also furnish everything in dry goods for the home at the lowest prices—quality for quality—in America. You will always find lower prices at "NATIONAL" because we buy for cash and sell for cash, and these cash savings are all passed on to you.

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Dear National: Send me my free copy of your complete new Fall and Winter Style Book which you are holding for me. (If you live east of the Mississippi River, mail this coupon to New York—if you live west of the Mississippi River, mail to Kansas City.)

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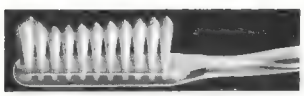
STYLE SPECIALISTS SINCE 1888

DO YOU WANT A COLOR COPY OF THIS FOR FRAMING?

A beautiful full-color reprint of this picture, 11 by 14 inches, on heavy art paper without any advertising, will be sent for 4¢ in stamps and one side of a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush box. Address Dept. M. O., **Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co.**, *Florence, Mass.*

The *technique* of GUM MASSAGE is built into the longer bristles



TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic

A world leader in sales for 42 years because the famous tuft cleans back of the molars; 50¢. Larger English type with four rows of bristles; 60¢.

MASSO Pro-phy-lac-tic

The newest small-type brush. A busy little brush which in many mouths reaches places never before touched; 50¢. Youth's Pro-phy-lac-tic; 40¢. Baby size; 25¢.

DO you feel a tingling glow of health in your gums after brushing your teeth? If you don't, please try a new Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

You will agree that it was a stroke of genius to make the bristles longer, to design a brush with special emphasis on stimulation of sluggish gums.

As you flutter the brush from the base to the tips of the teeth (the method which dentists approve), the bristles s-p-r-e-a-d. Gently but firmly they massage the gum margins. You polish the teeth to gleaming whiteness, and automatically you do good to your gums. The blood supply is energized. The tissues are firmed. Oral resistance is strengthened.

Give credit for this massaging action to the length, shape, and spacing of the Pro-phy-lac-tic tufts. New England craftsmen make them in a town where brush-making has been an art for three generations. Each finished brush is flawless perfection. And the way the bristles stay in and last tells why these men are internationally known as bristle authorities. Our confidence in the quality of their work is expressed in the sweeping guarantee on the familiar yellow box: ***If for any reason at all the service of this brush fails to satisfy, we will send you a new brush without charge or conversation.***

Pro-phy-lac-tic

ALL AMERICAN

[*Continued from page 116*]

rough, horrid land ahead, this crass, noisy country from which sensitive souls shrank!

He jabbed the steward's bell savagely. "Lord Ribblesdale desires his bawth," said Tommy when the steward appeared.

As he finished shaving, he heard the first gong for breakfast. "Do you wish your tea, sir?" the steward inquired.

"I think I'll go to the dining room," said Tommy. Another American custom, this public breakfasting!

Sally was eating bacon and eggs alone. "Well, this *is* a surprise!" she greeted him. "And what happened to *you*, last night? Anne was all but dragging the Atlantic for your body!"

"Sh-h-h!" said Tommy. And, suddenly inspired, added. "Dunt esk!" He sat down beside her.

Then Anne Lincoln appeared in the doorway, her violet eyes heavy and shadowed. He jumped to his feet.

This way, miss!" She stared at him.

"This way, miss!" echoed Sally, rising. "Goodbye!"

Tommy grinned at her as she walked out. Sally was a good kid.

Anne caught one of Tommy's hands and held it tightly. "Tommy, you've got to let me talk to you before you say a single word! You've got to understand!" Her lips were quivering.

"Oh, tell me after we're married!" retorted Tommy carelessly. "Say, at lunch, tomorrow?"

She didn't seem to hear him. "Tommy, Bill wasn't making love to me! Honest! He—"

"He'd better not," said Tommy.

"He—I just liked to hear him talk!" she said. "Tommy, I didn't tell you at first, because—oh, I don't know why. And then, after you said all the things you did—you see, when I saw you in Paris, Father said, 'There's a fine type of American boy,' and—"

"I'm going to like Father," murmured Tommy.

"Please listen! And, you see, I'd hardly ever seen an American boy. That was why, when I saw you on this boat, I was so—Tommy, I haven't been home since I was six years old! Mother died then and Father went out to Singapore and took me. We've always intended to come home, but always something—"

"Why, you little foreigner!" interrupted Tommy. "You deceiving little —Anne, you idiot, you're not crying!" He bent over her tenderly. "Stop it, silly! Darling girl—what fun we're going to have!" He looked at her wonderingly. "What fun, Anne! Everything we've both missed—together! Why, it's perfect!"

She looked at him wide-eyed.

"I've been such an ass, such a—is it wet smack? We'll learn American together, darling." His face grew severe. "I said *together*, young woman, and it's together I mean! No more private lessons for you!"

"Oh, Tommy!" she said.

At twilight the boat left Quarantine and moved slowly up New York harbor. Tommy's arm was about Anne's shoulders; their heads were close together as they leaned against the rail.

"There's the Statue of Liberty!" breathed Anne. "Look, Tommy!"

He looked, his eyes shining, and then he laughed. "Did I tell you my dream, Anne? Here—" He lifted her arm and held it high above her head. He fished in his pocket and brought out his cigarette lighter, thrust it into her hand. "Atta girl!" Tommy Martin, of Paris and Oxford. "Now then—say vo-do-de-o-do!"

"Vo-do-de-o-do," repeated Anne obediently. "What does it mean?"

"It means kiss me," said Tommy, and did.

ON THE STAGE

[*Continued from page 7*]

Indeed, Aristophanes has reason now to smile with condescension upon his more serious confreres. Euripides and Sophocles have come not infrequently into the modern theater, but in the revivals of the tragic Greeks there has been always an air of somewhat dogged self-improvement.

It will not be necessary for any guardian or instructor to urge *Lysistrata* upon the young as part of their duty. This is a cultural cocktail to be taken in the stride of any man or woman.

Without opening up the whole wide question of censorship, it may be said that there is not an ounce of nastiness in *Lysistrata*. The gentleman of Athens avoided all sliminess by the very simple practice of going straight to his points. Single meanings and single words are sufficient. There is not a smirk or a covert wink in the play.

And to me such healthy frankness can offend only such theatergoers as are out of tune with reality. It must be remembered, too, that for all the fun and pace and fantastic invention which is crowded into *Lysistrata*, the man who wrote it was no mountebank. He followed the excellent rule that a farce should be coherent and that it should serve a purpose. There must be a theme even in the lightest dramatic confection, or it cannot hold the interest of the author.

Lysistrata is built around two themes which are distinctly current in appeal. The play concerns itself with pacifism and also with feminism. The war between the Greek states is ended by a revolt of women. All the women of Greece band together in an agreement to deny favors to their men until such time as peace has been declared. Under the advice of Lysistrata, the wives cajole and flirt with the returned warriors and then run away. It is this phase of the play's theme which leads to at least one scene of somewhat unusual frankness. Yet I must insist again that only arrant prudes can be shocked by it, for the performance is wholly in the comic spirit. Hortense Alden is the matron on strike and Ernest Truex the masterful husband back home from the war. The fact that Mr. Truex is a few inches shorter than Miss Alden robs the scene of any great amount of erotic connotation.

Although the basis of the present production is the play of Aristophanes, it must not be forgotten that certain liberties have been taken in the treatment. What we have in effect is a collaboration, with Gilbert Seldes adapting the farce for modern requirements; and, though I am no Greek scholar, it seems fair to assume that Mr. Seldes' translation at times is of the freest. Even though the Greeks of Athens did not think of themselves as ancient, I doubt whether the phrase, "Papa spank," was widely current among them. The spirit of Aristophanes, however, has been preserved.

Without being empowered to speak for him, it is my guess that this is a production which he would heartily approve. He might even like it just as much as Broadway does.

Clean inside - well outside!

"They are lovely, aren't they?...

"It's a comfort they are so well! They sleep all night without a whimper, and while I'm doing my work they play so happily! It's certainly no trouble to take care of children if they're in perfect health. . . .

"You think I'm looking pretty well myself? Thank the children for that. They weren't so well—and although I knew what was the matter I didn't dare give them medicines or pills. When I asked Dr. Jim, he told me all they needed was to be kept clean inside—and that there was a drugless way to do it. He said it would do me good, too. . . . the babies and I went on the Nujol treatment the same day—and we've been a well family ever since!"

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...and they look it!

"GUESS that big ocean isn't going to scare us any, Sister! Mother's watching us! C'mon!"

Health! In babies and grown-ups, the thing that helps us tackle the world with a smile, no matter how big and cold it looks!

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure or inability to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self-poisoning that goes with this failure) is perhaps the most important factor in the production of disease."

Just as doctors agree in blaming this condition for most of our sickness, so they agree also on the safe way to relieve it—keeping clean inside by the Nujol type of treatment. Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine at all. It contains no drugs. It is not absorbed, and therefore cannot make you fat. It is colorless and tasteless, and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on the whole body is due to the way it helps you without the weakening effect of drugs. As Nujol is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face. Why? Because it's common sense, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of keeping in the best of health all the time.

Two things you have to remember if you want to enjoy "Nujol health."

One. Don't expect results overnight. This is nature's own method and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully and normally and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two. Be sure you get Nujol. Your druggist has this pure and drugless product in a sealed package, trademarked Nujol to protect you. Good for babies, good for you! Don't you think it's worth trying?

Nujol

health

Seven Wonderful Afternoons

that have made all the difference in the world to me

"Girls," she exclaimed, "I have the grandest idea."

JANE started it — so we made her president of the Club. That is, we call it our club, even though we have no other officers and no by-laws and no committees, thank heaven. One thing we never need worry about and that's attendance. Not a girl in our crowd has missed a meeting since we started.

But let me tell you how it happened. We were meeting for bridge at my house one Wednesday afternoon a few weeks ago, when Jane Hallock came bursting in.

"Girls," she exclaimed, "I have the grandest idea. I'm going to make a dress! Oh, don't be shocked. Of course I've never made one before—because I thought I couldn't. But I've discovered a place down town where you can go and pick out your pattern and take your materials and make a dress right there, with a teacher who knows just everything to help you every step of the way. Yesterday I picked out a stunning design and this morning I found a perfectly beautiful piece of crepe at only $1.35 a yard. Can you imagine—I'll have a dress for $8.50 that would cost at least $24.50 ready-made!"

"And do you mean," said Helen West, "that there really is a place where you can learn to sew, with a teacher who would have patience even with *me?* If there is, let's all go. I simply must have a new afternoon dress and I'm down to $15 after paying last month's bills!"

Well, that's how it started. Jane agreed to pick us all up next afternoon and we went in her car. It was the most attractive little shop—with simply everything to use. Fashion books and cutting tables and mirrors and the most marvelous electric sewing machines that stitched the seams so quietly and quickly. The first afternoon each of us planned a dress and then we arranged to go every Thursday afternoon.

That seems such a little while ago, but since then I've spent seven wonderful afternoons that have made all the difference in the world to me. We've made a lark of it and it has been fun, but yesterday we were figuring up what we have saved already. I'm planning three dresses for myself that I simply never expected to have and besides I've made the dearest party dress for little Paula. And yesterday I got just the help I needed in planning some new draperies for my room. I've always wished I could make things but I never had a way to learn before.

Yesterday at our bridge party every girl in the "Club" wore a dress she had made and you never heard such chattering—we've become a regular mutual admiration society. Oh, yes, we still play bridge, but not on Thursdays!

+ + +

Every day more women are discovering this happy new way to have the lovely clothes they want. Not far from you is one of these Singer Sewing Schools, where you can enjoy, without cost, the benefits of this delightful plan. If you would like to know how you and your friends can learn to make your own dresses, simply 'phone or call at the nearest shop of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. You will find the address in your telephone directory. Or send this coupon and the full story will come to you at once.

SINGER SEWING SCHOOLS

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.
Dept. 12-X, Singer Building, New York

Please tell me about the Singer Sewing School nearest my home and how I may have free personal instruction.

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LIFT YOUR FEET

[*Continued from page 56*]

feet together, then with one foot at a time, balancing yourself by placing the instep of the free foot against the ankle of the other. When you come down, raise your toes from the ground, to bring the front muscles into play.

For strengthening the ankles stretch the foot out, spreading the toes and drawing them together. Then point toes down, up, down, up; out to right and in, out to left and in. Then, holding the knee with clasped hands, rotate the foot from the ankle, not the knee. Repeat each exercise five times, then repeat the whole thing with the other foot.

Whenever you think of it, consciously stand with the weight on the outer edge of the foot drawing the leg up straight; don't let those ankles sway inward. If high heels have given you that too-common dent at the waistline known as swayback, combine this weight-concentrating with a conscious effort to draw the abdomen in and place the small of the back flat against the wall. You can flatten your back sitting and standing, and you'll look a hundred times better in the new autumn styles. Protruding abdomen and swayback were never smart, and high heels worn for walking will create these faults.

Don't blame the style experts for aching, weary, inefficient and unbeautiful feet. They have never yet been able to force us to buy things that we didn't think we wanted. It simply happens that the type of shoe that is bad for our feet makes us all feel just too delicate and feminine for words—until it helps to ruin the foot structure. Then it requires more than the right shoe to bring back true grace and beauty.

If we all had periodic foot examinations by competent podiatrists, treatment by an orthopedic surgeon where serious foot defects are shown, the right shoe for times when the body is active and at work, even our most delicate dance slippers well-fitted to our feet, and exercises to strengthen the weak parts, we'd be an infinitely lovelier looking assortment of human beings. Let's lift our feet to efficiency and beauty!

●

IN HER visits to the headquarters of cosmetic manufacturers, to laboratories and to lovely New York salons of beauty care, the Beauty Editor collects interesting and helpful facts which many women could make use of in their own homes. Our Cosmetic Style Letter for October is a digest of just this kind of valuable information—the sort of information about home care of the skin that has never been brought together in quite the same way before. When you write for it, be sure to enclose a good-sized envelope, self-addressed and stamped. Address the Beauty Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.

THROUGH AUTUMN WINDOWS

[*Continued from page 88*]

a time when it wasn't safe even to *look* at embroidered fabrics, because the prices were sky-high. Now, however, they're very reasonable—thanks to new manufacturing methods. The sample next to the top (page 88) shows how graceful an embroidered design can be. Draperies, finished with a wool fringe, are very distinguished; and a wing chair covered in crewel work, or a hanging behind the sofa will give a room an enviable touch of dignity.

In almost every home there's at least one room that cries out for plain colors. For this room, shikii cloth offers interesting possibilities. The shikii cloth just above the printed linen (page 88), shades through yellow to coral so that it gives a soft ombre effect. Moirés are good, too; you can buy them in artificial silk which drapes well and comes in delectable colors.

Damask, in the old traditional patterns, is apt to be too flamboyant for our modern homes; but the linen damask shown at the top of page 88 is a delightful departure from the familiar designs. Lined with gold sateen, it would make charming draperies.

Linen, chintz, damask, brocade. . . . which will you buy? Remember that the correct fabric is the first big step toward attractive windows and a really charming room.

●

WITCHES IN THE AIR!

Many are the Halloween parties we've planned, so we know just the prankish games and crazy stunts that make guests shriek with laughter. We have prepared a new leaflet for you and call it *Halloween Fun* because it will certainly be that. We suggest that you keep a needle and thread handy for the guests who burst a button laughing. Send for your copy today and enclose ten cents in stamps.

A different kind of Halloween party where each guest follows a string in an effort to untangle the Web of Fate is contained in our party booklet *Parties for Grown-ups* (twenty cents). You'll find lots of other parties here, too.

Then there's our party book *Unusual Entertaining* (twenty cents). Here are all sorts of delightful affairs and one of the best is that planned for Halloween—The Spook's Encampment—in which ghosts go on the warpath.

Last but not least we recommend *What to Serve at Parties* (twenty cents). In this booklet are special menus (with recipes) for every occasion and three particularly good ones for Halloween.

Send stamps to the Service Editor, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio.

"Balance"

the most important thing about your recipe– the most important thing about your flour

"Balanced"

The Pillsbury "balancing" process mixes as many as sixteen different types of the finest wheats. The result is a flour which contains just the right amounts of protein, mineral, moisture, etc. — a flour perfectly "balanced" for all kinds of baking.

"Unbalanced"

All these different substances are found in wheat when it is harvested. But they're not properly "balanced" for baking. No *single* variety of wheat contains these things in just the right quantities to make the finest all-purpose flour.

Every day more women discover that Pillsbury's Best has some quality not found in other flour. They don't know what it is, but they know it's there. Because everything they bake — bread, biscuits or pastry — turns out better. Because everything has a delicate, unmistakably richer flavor.

Pillsbury's Best *is* different. It is scientifically "balanced" for successful baking. "Balanced" according to a wheat combination used only by Pillsbury. There is no other flour just like it. Pillsbury's Best is made from no single variety of wheat — for no single type of wheat contains just the right amount of protein, mineral, etc., to work perfectly for all baking. Pillsbury's Best is made from a special blend of different types of finest wheat. Each of these different wheats has some quality necessary to the perfectly "balanced" flour.

You know your recipes must be properly balanced — that you must use just the right amount of each ingredient. It's just as important to use a perfectly "balanced" flour. Try Pillsbury's Best. You'll discover how *good* baking can become really *perfect* baking. If you bake bread, you'll get better bread. When you bake biscuits or pastry, you'll find a striking improvement in appearance and flavor. There's a real difference — ask for the "balanced" flour — Pillsbury's Best. Your grocer has it.

Pillsbury's "balanced" for

Best Flour perfect baking

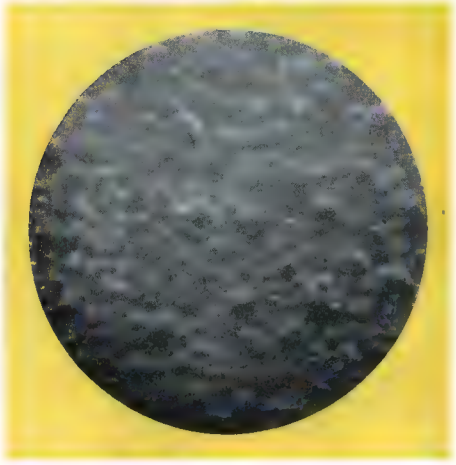
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY : : General Offices: Minneapolis, Minnesota

Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Graham and Durum Flours

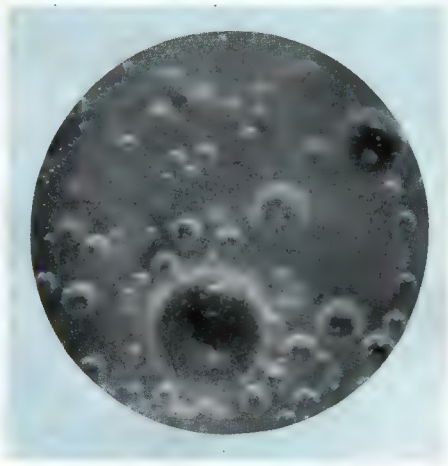
Peek inside Your Cake...

WHILE IT'S BAKING

Photos through microscope show superior action of Cream of Tartar baking powder



ROYAL cake batter through microscope after 10 minutes in oven. See the small, uniform bubbles, due to Cream of Tartar. These give you fine-grained cake that retains moisture and stays fresh for days.



Cake batter made with another brand of baking powder. See large irregular gas bubbles produced by cheap, inferior leavening ingredients. These bubbles leave "air holes" that dry out cake.

Scientists discover why Royal-baked cakes are finer textured and keep their flavor longer

NOW you can actually watch cake baking. See just why some cakes fail. Why others come out unfailingly light, fluffy, tender—and retain their freshness for days.

For with microscope and movie camera—and scientifically controlled oven—a group of scientists and dietitians have taken pictures which show exactly what happens from the moment you put the batter in the oven until you take out the finished cake.

And they discovered that the freshness and flavor of your cake depend on the baking powder you use.

These scientists baked two cakes. Both were made exactly the same way . . . with exactly the same ingredients. But Royal was used in one cake . . . and a cheaper, ordinary type of baking powder in the other.

The Royal cake rose evenly, regularly. The grain was fine and smooth. The cake itself came out fluffy and light, tender . . . delicious.

Three days later it was still fresh and moist.

But the cake made with the cheaper baking powder rose irregularly. Large gas bubbles broke through among the small and medium-sized cells, producing a coarse grain. Fewer cell walls were built up, allowing moisture to escape easily and quickly.

When the second cake was tested three days later, it had dried out . . . crumbled . . . lost its flavor.

This experiment merely proved what housewives have known for 60 years—that Royal is always dependable.

. . . That cakes and biscuits baked with Royal are invariably finer textured, better flavored . . . uniformly light, fluffy and delicious. That Royal cakes *stay* fresh . . . as long as a morsel remains.

For Royal is made with Cream of Tartar—a pure fruit product derived from grapes.

Yet this superior baking powder is not expensive. Enough Royal for a large layer cake costs only 2 cents!

Send for revised edition of the famous Royal Cook Book

ROYAL BAKING POWDER • Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
Dept. 47, 695 Washington Street . . . . . New York City
Please send my free copy of the new Royal Cook Book.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada: Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

Warning to Housewives who Bake from Recipes

If you bake at home, it is important for you to realize that the baking recipes in practically all modern authoritative cook books are planned for Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder.

When you use a cheap, ordinary type of baking powder, you risk having a coarse-textured cake that will dry out and become stale quickly. Don't take chances! Always use Royal Baking Powder, the standard of food experts for 60 years.

FISH DISHES

By McCall's Food Staff

Baked Cod, Oyster Stuffing

1 codfish, 4 lbs.
2 cups oysters
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons fat, melted
1½ cups dry crumbs

Have the fish dressed, then wash and clean carefully, wiping inside and out with a damp cloth. Drain oysters of liquid, mix with seasonings and bread crumbs and add the melted fat. Stuff the fish and sew up the opening. Put a thin layer of minced salt pork and onion in the bottom of a baking pan. Lay the fish in the pan and dredge with salt, pepper and flour. Lay 2 thin slices of salt pork on top. Pour in a cup of boiling water. Put in a quick oven (425° F). Bake 15 minutes, reduce heat to 350° F. and bake about 45 minutes longer. Baste occasionally, if necessary. Serve on hot platter, and garnish with lemon and parsley.

Fish Chowder

2 lbs. haddock, fresh or frosted
4 cups potatoes, sliced
2 slices salt pork, diced
1 onion, sliced
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
2 cups milk

Cut fish in uniform pieces. Fry pork until crisp, add onion and cook until a delicate brown. Strain fat into chowder kettle. Add fish, potatoes, salt and pepper. Cover well with cold water, bring to boiling point and simmer until potatoes are tender—about 20 minutes. Mix butter and flour and add to the chowder with the milk. Bring to boiling point again. Add a few split Boston crackers and serve very hot.

Salmon Mornay

3 cups hot mashed potato
2/3 cup grated cheese
1 egg yolk
1½ cups medium white sauce
2 cups cooked or canned salmon
Seasoned crumbs

Line a greased baking dish with the mashed potato. Mix the cheese, beaten egg yolk and white sauce and spread half of it over the potato. Add the fish and pour the rest of the sauce over it. Cover with crumbs and bake in a hot oven (375° F.) 20 minutes.

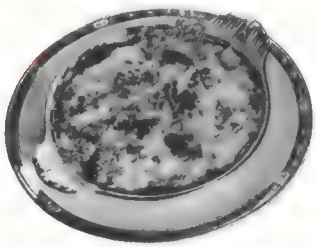
Fried Fillets

3 lbs. fillets, fresh or frosted
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
1 cup dry crumbs, or corn meal
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper

Cut fillets in pieces of uniform size. Beat egg, add milk and mix well. Mix bread crumbs, salt and pepper together. Dip fillets in crumbs, then in beaten egg and again in crumbs. Fry in deep hot fat (375° to 385° F.) until a delicate brown. Drain thoroughly on soft paper. Serve with Lemon Butter Sauce.

Baked Finnan Haddie

Soak fish in cold water 40 minutes. Drain. Put in boiling water and let stand 10 minutes. Put in greased shallow pan and almost cover with top milk. Sprinkle with ½ cup dried bread crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) until a delicate brown—20 to 30 minutes. Lay the fish on a hot platter, pour the sauce around it and sprinkle with parsley.



FISH is a **delicious** food when properly cooked. It is a **valuable** article of diet because it contains iodine, a substance necessary for health. In one or more of its various forms—fresh, canned, frosted, salted or smoked—it is **available** the year round in all parts of the country. These **recipes** suggest new and interesting ways of serving it.

Fish Omelet

5 eggs
5 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
1 cup canned or cooked fish, flaked
2 tablespoons fat

Mix eggs slightly, just enough to blend yolk and whites. Add milk, salt, pepper and fish. Melt fat in omelet pan and turn in the egg mixture. Prick up with a fork until the whole is of a creamy consistency. When brown underneath, fold and turn out on a hot platter. Serve with diced hot beets.

New England Fish Dinner

2 lbs. salt fish
¼ lb. salt pork
2 cups hot white sauce
2 hard boiled eggs chopped
6 beets
6 potatoes
6 onions

Soak fish for nine or ten hours, or over night, in cold water. Drain, cover with cold water, bring to boiling point and simmer for 10 minutes. Drain. Cut pork in narrow thin strips and cook in frying pan until crisp. Boil vegetables separately. Place fish on hot platter and pour white sauce over it. Sprinkle with chopped egg. Arrange the vegetables around the fish and garnish with crisp pork strips.

Crabmeat and Shrimp in Ramekins

3 tablespoons fat
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
½ cup milk
½ cup cream
1 cup canned crabmeat, flaked
1 cup canned shrimp, cut in pieces
Bread crumbs

Melt fat and add flour, salt and pepper. Add milk and cream and bring slowly to boiling point, stirring constantly until thick. Add crabmeat and shrimp and heat thoroughly. If desired, 2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives may be added to the sauce. Put in ramekins, cover tops with bread crumbs and bake in hot oven (400° F.) until crumbs are a delicate brown.

Tuna Fish with Rice

2 cups flaked tuna fish
4 tablespoons fat
1 cup cooked rice
Salt
Pepper
2 hard-cooked eggs

Melt fat in frying pan, add fish and stir gently until heated. Add the rice, the whites of the eggs (cut in small pieces) and salt and pepper to taste. Keep over a low fire until thoroughly heated, stirring gently. Sprinkle top with chopped egg yolk.

Halibut with Shrimp Sauce

Have 2 halibut steaks cut about ¾ inch thick. Dip in fine corn meal and season with salt and pepper. Put a little salad oil in a frying pan. When heated put in the fish and cook until golden brown on both sides. Serve with Shrimp Sauce.

Sweetbread and Oyster Pie

1 pr. sweetbreads
2 doz. oysters
2 tablespoons fat
4 tablespoons flour
1 cup rich milk
1 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
Pastry

Put sweetbreads in boiling water to which 1 tablespoon vinegar and ½ teaspoon salt have been added. Cook about 20 minutes, or until tender. Drain and dip in cold water. Remove membrane and fat, and cut in cubes. Cook oysters in their liquor about 10 minutes. Drain. Melt fat, add flour, salt, and pepper and mix well. Add milk gradually, and bring slowly to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add sweetbreads and oysters. Line a pie pan with pastry, pour in sweetbreads and oysters and cover top with pastry. Pinch with fingers to make a fancy edge and prick top with fork to allow steam to escape. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 20 to 25 minutes—until the crust is a delicate brown.

Wouldn't you like a copy of our new free folder, giving recipes for fish sauces and suggestions for the rest of the meal when fish is the main dish? **Ask for To Serve With Fish,** and enclose a two-cent stamp for postage. Address your envelope: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Strained Vegetables for

baby!

Seasonal ends to fresh vegetable supplies no longer need upset Baby's strict feeding schedule. The Gerber Strained Vegetable Products, selected from choice garden produce, picked at *just the right minute*, scientifically prepared, carefully strained through monel metal screens, packed and steam sterilized for 60′ at 240°, provide Baby with fresh, wholesome, nourishing vegetables the year around. Unseasoned—Ready to serve. No troublesome preparation. Just warm and season as taste or Baby's doctor directs.

Tested and Approved

The Gerber Strained Vegetable Products are accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Foods and approved by leading national domestic science institutes. Thousands of doctors prescribe Gerber Products for babies because they are better and more nourishing. Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin C and rich mineral salts lost through oxidation and through solution in cooking water in home preparation are conserved to a maximum degree by Gerber methods. Don't accept a substitute for the approved Gerber Products. Look for the Gerber blue and white label with the Vitamin A, B and C blocks. Ask for them at your grocery or drug store. Your doctor can best prescribe the amounts and variety most helpful in your own feeding problem.

Send for Picture of The Gerber Baby

So many mothers have written in asking for a picture of the Gerber Baby that we have now made arrangements to supply black and white lithographed reproductions of the famous Dorothy Hope Smith drawing. They are 10" x 11" in size, suitable for framing and hanging. If you would like one of these beautiful black and white reproductions, send in the coupon below with 10c to cover wrapping and postage.

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STRAINED VEGETABLES

Strained Peas • Spinach • Carrots
Strained Tomato • Strained Green Beans
Strained Prunes • Strained Vegetable Soup

Tear and Mail

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FREMONT CANNING COMPANY
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FREMONT, MICHIGAN

Please send me a black and white lithographed reproduction of the famous Gerber Baby drawn by Dorothy Hope Smith. I enclose 10c (in cash or stamps) to cover wrapping and postage

Name _____

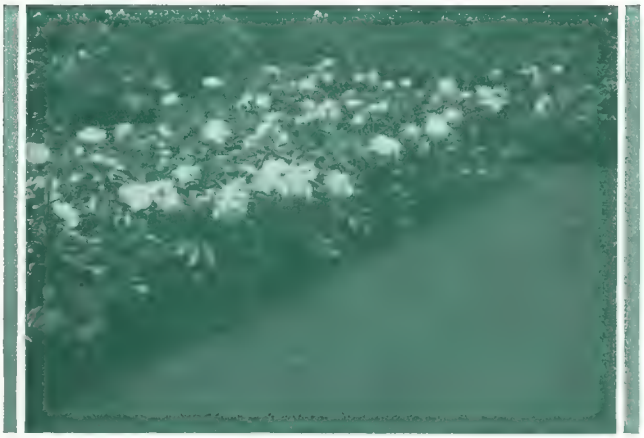
Address _____

Do you know this
Sewing Secret?

BLACK and white threads are made in many sizes—each for a purpose. Fine threads for sheer fabrics —heavier threads for sturdy materials. This is the secret of perfect results in sewing—the thread you use should harmonize with the strength and texture of the fabric itself.

Use 50, 60 or 70 for firm materials —for cottons and general household sewing. But—be sure to use 80 to 100 for medium light-weight fabrics, and 100 to 120 for chiffon, georgette, lawn, for infants' clothes and dainty lingerie. J. & P. Coats and Clark's O. N. T. six cord black and white threads in the sizes you need are at notion counters everywhere.

CLARK'S O.N.T.
J.&P. COATS
The Two Great Names in Thread
AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE



Their profuse blossoms and decorative leaves make peonies ideal for borders

FALL PLANTING FOR SPRING COLOR

By Romaine B. Ware

THE gardener who has a fondness for perennials, roses and shrubs, and spring-flowering bulbs, finds that in the autumn there is plenty for him to do. Fortunately time is not so limited at this season, and the soil is generally in better shape and easier to work than earlier in the year.

Most of the spring-blooming bulbs, such as tulips and narcissus, must be planted in the fall months; peonies, one of the most important perennials, do best if set out during September and October. Delphinium, coreopsis, dianthus, pyrethrum, and a host of similar things which make our borders gay in spring and summer, may be divided and reset now that their blooming season is over. Later flowering varieties, such as anemones, chrysanthemums, late varieties of monkshood and fall asters, should not be disturbed until spring.

This dividing and resetting of plants calls for careful preparation of the soil. As it is difficult to feed established plants in a perennial border, as much food as possible should be incorporated at planting time. The soil should be thoroughly worked to a depth of eighteen inches at least, adding rotted manure, or if that is not available, leaf mold, humus, or peat moss, together with some plant food such as bone meal and coarse ground bone.

LAWNS—Fall is the ideal season for making a new lawn, for with the rains and cool weather, the grass will become well established during a period when few weed seeds germinate. Be sure the surface is well prepared, made fine and porous with sand and peat moss or other form of humus, and that it is well drained.

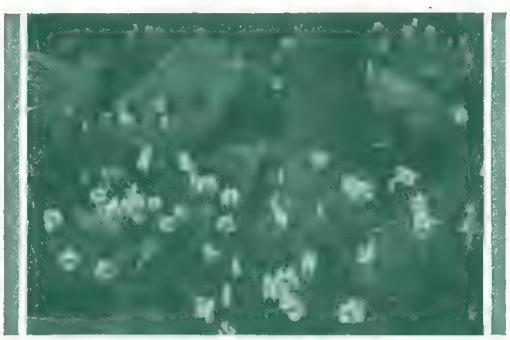
NARCISSUS AND TULIPS—Narcissus are set out during September, and tulips during the last two weeks of October or the first in November. The proper depth is five to seven inches for the narcissus, and four to six for tulips. The lighter the soil, the deeper they should be planted. Bone meal is the safest food ration, and can be used quite liberally without injury to the bulbs. The most beautiful effects can be obtained by grouping different varieties and mixed colors in informal clumps of a dozen or more, placing them where they will have a background of greenery.

PEONIES—Peonies are today one of the most satisfactory of all perennials for landscape and garden display, and for cutting. I am suggesting two groups of twelve each, which cover the full range of color and include both early and late varieties. A selection of reasonable cost would be: Mons. Jules Elie, Sarah Bernhardt, Reine Hortense, Venus, Mme. Emile Lemoine, Octavie Demay, Albert Crousse, Baroness Schroeder, Marie Jacquin, Avalanche, Karl Rosefield, and Adolph Rousseau. Among the following are the world's finest peonies, a little more expensive but an investment in beauty that will last for years: Solange, Frances Willard, Mme. Jules Dessert, Marie Crousse, Therese, Souv. de Louis Bigot, Lady Alexandra Duff, La France, Walter Faxon, Richard Carvel, Mons. Martin Cahuzac, and Longfellow.

There are a few simple requirements for planting peonies. The soil should be prepared with well-rotted manure to a depth of eighteen inches at least, or two or three feet, if possible. But no manure should be in contact with the roots, nor should there be any in the upper ten inches of soil, though a handful of bone meal may be worked in. It is absolutely essential for profuse bloom that the eyes or buds upon the root be placed two to two and a half inches below the surface, and the soil should be well settled before they are planted. Keep the beds level, never hilling up around the plants. Peonies should be placed three to four feet apart in well-drained locations where they get full sun at least half the day.

ROSES—Better plants are produced if roses are set out just before freezing time, except in sections which have extremely severe and changeable winters. Of course, they should be well protected, by hilling up the soil to a depth of eight to ten inches, then covering over with coarse litter, cornstalks, or boughs to keep the soil at nearly a constant degree of temperature. Cold does not injure as much as exposure to freezing and thawing.

The more garden experience you have the more likely you will be to acquire the fall planting habit. Changes which have been planned during the summer may now be made, new features added, and the garden rejuvenated, ready for the awakening impulse of another spring.



Looking as if they sprang up of their own accord

WHITE MAGIC

[*Continued from page 25*]

up its mind for it, and it starts the fans going. The fans continue until the smoke is cleared out. It never tires of repeating the process again and again—its sole end and aim of existence in that spot being nothing else than to fight the smoke!

The duties it can take over are almost legion. It can guard against burglars, or fires; shoot off a pistol or even a whole battery of machine guns. It can sort out dark objects from white, as in the case of coffee beans; it can record temperatures in steel blast furnaces.

In view of its many talents who can blame its parents for predicting a bright future for it?

And it is all an outgrowth of the radio tube and radio development.

One day all of our traffic control in congested places and on highways will doubtless be taken over by radio or its derivatives—and they will revolutionize present systems.

Dr. Irving Langmuir, one of the foremost research scientists in the country, famous as the inventor of the gas-filled bulb, which saves us, it is estimated, a billion and a half dollars a year in our lighting bill, invented a few years ago a tube called thyratron, or the door-tube, which is what it signifies in scientific Greek. The thyratron has since been worked upon by Dr. Albert W. Hull of the same laboratory, and already is finding many uses. But what it promises for the immediate future is staggering.

Great as is the quantity of electricity we already use, it is small compared with what we might use. The United States, for instance, has thus far harnessed only about one-third of its water power for electrical use, the world as a whole only one-twelfth. We send electricity short distances and we burn coal to produce it. The chief reason, with us, is that it is uneconomical to send alternating current over wires for longer distances than about two hundred miles. Too much power is wasted. That is one reason why Niagara Falls power is not available for Chicago, or even for New York.

DIRECT current, however, would be far more economical to transmit over long distances; but virtually all of our machinery and lighting systems are built for the alternating current. What to do? Now the thyratron has appeared upon the scene and shows every prospect of solving the problem. It sits at the end of the line and converts the direct current after its many miles of travel into alternating current—ready for any and every use. It can take care of a current of a hundred thousand volts as easily as one of ten thousand.

I wonder if I can convey to you what this means?

Briefly, it means, for one thing, that some 23,000,000 horsepower of water power still unused in the United States could be put to use and help us conserve that amount of coal.

It means that a power station built over a coal mine in Pennsylvania could carry current just as well to Iowa or Nebraska as to the towns within a small radius of the mine.

It means that the *complete* electrification of the country must inevitably follow.

IT means that electricity must become our servant indeed. Of our six and a half million farms only one-half million are wired for electricity. Twelve times that number remain unelectrified. The farmers' saving alone in money they now spend for inefficient power would probably run into billions a year. And their profits would be raised and their comfort greatly increased. The gain to industry would be vast and the resultant prosperity would favorably affect us all.

Yes, the Age of Light is surely upon us—or rather, we have always been surrounded by it, only we are just now finding our way into it. Some readers may still remember the 16-candlepower carbon lamp of the '80's that sold for $1.25; now we can buy the beautiful tungsten lamp up to 60 watts for twenty cents, and there are 320 million lamps sold annually. But this seems unimportant compared with what is coming.

I spoke of bringing the summer sunlight into our homes. Well, the sun-lamp is already here and being marketed. Already it is possible for our children to play in the genuine equivalent of sunlight, through the long winter months, or for any of us, at a cost of under seventy dollars, to turn on during the months of cold and snow the same light that tans us at the beach, that browns us in the country, that darkens our skins in the mountains or in the tropics. This light includes the healing, life-giving ultra-violet rays, scarcely any of which reach us in our northern winter sunlight from October to April.

Invention, however, does not stop short at that. Dr. Matthew Luckiesh, at the Cleveland lamp laboratory of the General Electric Company, has been experimenting with a lamp that should become our natural illuminant and bring into every home, school, shop, or factory, if not the actual duplicate, at least the physiologic equivalent of summer sunlight.

The natural query from you, from me, is how far has Dr. Luckiesh gone with his experiments? The sun-lamp mentioned above will work with a current of 30 volts. The current in your house or mine, however, is 110 volts. The sun-lamp has in its base a mechanism called a transformer which changes the current from 110 as it comes from the wall plug to the necessary 30 volts.

The history of most of those inventions, however, is that almost nothing seems impossible to their inventors if only they work at their job long enough. We do not know exactly how

[*Continued on page 126*]

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

S. S. Van Dine

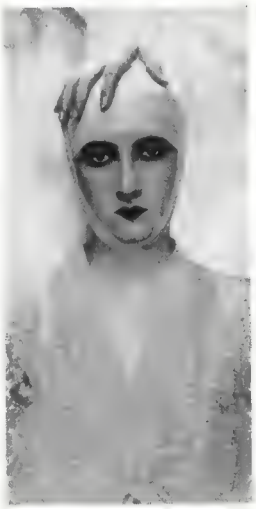
the mystery-man could tell you if he wanted to, but instead he unravels the dark past of

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

in the November McCall's

RESTORING THE SKIN

To Whiteness



DEMEYER

LESSON NUMBER FIVE—*In previous lessons Miss Arden has given exact instructions in Cleansing, Toning, Soothing and Clearing the skin. Copies of these lessons will be gladly mailed to you, if you ask for them.*

YOU are a rare person indeed if your skin does not need a clearing and bleaching treatment at this season. Maybe you have only a sprinkling of golden freckles to be banished, or—if you have exposed yourself extravagantly to sun and weather—there may be serious work to be done.

Let me tell you how I restore the soft whiteness of summer-touched skins in my Salons, and how you may follow the same methods at home.

An indispensable preparation for this use is Anti-Brown Spot Ointment. This potent salve brings the blood to the surface in a tingling rush, to flush the tissues and clear and brighten the skin. Before applying the ointment, cleanse and tone the skin according to directions I have given you in earlier lessons. This awakens the skin and makes it receptive to treatment.

Next coat the skin with a protective layer of Orange Skin Food. Then, using the fingers, smooth the Anti-Brown Spot Ointment over the area to be bleached, keeping well away from the eyes and lips. Almost immediately you will feel a prickling sensation indicating the activity of the preparation. Leave the ointment on from three to five minutes, depending on the sensitiveness of the skin. Remove with liberal applications of Muscle Oil.

Pat in a little Orange Skin Food and, if possible, leave for an hour or two, or even overnight. (To cool the skin quickly, remove Orange Skin Food and pat the flushed surfaces with a pad of cotton moistened with Skin Tonic.)

Another treatment which I have prepared for home use is my Venetian Masque, which brings up the blood to purify the skin and lighten it. It is an excellent year-round treatment for keeping the skin clear and fine-textured. It should be given exactly according to the directions on the jar.

For an intensive bleaching treatment you should also use one of my special bleaching preparations nightly. Venetian Bleachine Cream is a mild preparation which should be smoothed well into the skin after it has been cleansed at night, and left on. You really ought to keep a jar of this handy on your bathroom shelf and rub just a little of it lightly into your elbows every night. Elbows are so often allowed to become dark and discolored because they are out of our own sight. A stronger preparation is Ardena Bleach Cream. Do not rub this into the skin, but smooth it lightly over spots and dark places.

Whenever you undertake a strenuous bleaching of your skin you must watch out for dryness, as all preparations which are active enough to lighten and brighten the skin have a tendency to dry it also. Just be sure that you have plenty of Velva Cream near at hand, to be used with soothing liberality between your bleaching treatments.

PREPARATIONS REFERRED TO IN THIS LESSON

VENETIAN ANTI-BROWN SPOT OINTMENT
A creamy, tingling ointment which stimulates the circulation . . $2.50, $5.

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD
A rich cream that is indispensable for a thin or middle-aged skin . $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil to tone and invigorate flabby tissues . . . . $1, $2.50, $4.

VENETIAN BLEACHINE CREAM
A mild bleach and a soothing, emollient cream in one . . . . $1.25.

ARDENA BLEACH CREAM
To diminish or remove discolorations from the face, neck and hands . . $1.50.

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream that smooths and refines without fattening . . $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ARDENA MASQUE
A wonderful corrective which purifies and awakens the skin . . . . $5.

Write for Elizabeth Arden's book, "The Quest of the Beautiful," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. And a second book, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself," will tell you about Elizabeth Arden's Home Course for beauty and health.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere

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Clorox is a scientific product created by electrolytic action. In every drop are billions of active units of oxygen eager to go to work bleaching, removing stains, destroying odors, killing germs.

The positive germ-killing power of Clorox is invaluable all over the house. Clorox will make your laundry snowy white, and disinfect it, too. Use it in your regular bathroom and kitchen cleaning; use it to make garbage cans sanitary and to destroy odors—these and many other uses are fully described on the label.

Only one bottle, and you will agree with more than two million other women that "you can't keep house without Clorox." A generous bottle costs little. Order from your grocer today! If your grocer does not have Clorox, send us his name and address, and we will see that he is supplied. Clorox Chemical Co., Department C, Oakland, California.

CLOROX

BLEACHES • REMOVES STAINS

DESTROYS ODORS • KILLS GERMS

WHITE MAGIC

[*Continued from page 125*]

long it will take Dr. Luckiesh or his colleagues, at his own or other laboratories, to perfect the lamp, so as to make it as common in our general use as the present incandescent lamp. It may take months or it may take years. But it is certain that within a reasonable time the physiologic equivalent of sunlight can be obtained through lamps operated directly by our common lighting systems.

Experiments growing out of the talkies have led Dr. C. W. Hewlett to the construction of a machine, about the size of the average radio instrument, which instead of using disk records, like a phonograph, uses film. The sound of a whole concert, or opera, is recorded upon a roll of film in terms of light which our old friend the photo-electric tube helps translate back into sound before it is delivered to you. A roll of film of 400 feet can fit into your overcoat pocket.

If you and I come to possess such a machine, when it is marketed, we shall doubtless be able to borrow from circulating libraries, if we do not wish to buy, the film records of complete concerts, operas, symphonies, books, and hear them at our convenience.

Many laboratories are preoccupied with making life easier and more livable upon our planet.

"What," the director of that particular laboratory, asked one of his engineers "is the worst and most disagreeable piece of household drudgery in the average woman's life?"

"Dishwashing," was the unhesitating reply.

The engineer went to work. A veteran husband himself, he put into the business his heart as well as his brains. A small, box-like contrivance, perhaps fifteen inches in length and about a foot in height has emerged. Not much larger than a roaster, it should stand under the kitchen sink.

If the rush of helpful inventions continues its onward sweep, the mechanical, electrical, magical future is simply weighted with boons to womanhood.

IN THE PULPIT

[*Continued from page 8*]

books as *The Drift Toward Religion, The New Christian Epic,* and in a striking chapter in a recent symposium *Whither Christianity?* he has shown himself to be a forward-looking religious leader. In the sermon here reviewed he makes a plea for a religion of adventure, as over against, or as fulfilling, a religion of inheritance; and the greatest adventure of our age will be a more adequate vision of God.

"Our changed conception of God," says Dr. Palmer, "will be from that of a spectator God sitting outside and only occasionally breaking into His universe by some supernatural event, to the thought of a great, present God, the indwelling Soul of His creation. As a result of this nobler, nearer vision of God, some of our religious heritage will be laid aside; but all that is vital and valuable in it will be reinterpreted, so that it will be equally valid in the laboratory as in the sanctuary. Indeed, we are in the midst of a transition—nay a triumph—of spiritual faith more profound than any known since the advent of Christ.

"Out of this new appreciation of God as the living Soul of the Universe will come, inevitably, new insights and demands. The Ten Commandments will be expanded, not abrogated. The old Commandments had to do, chiefly, with personal conduct, and they are still binding; but in the quickened conscience of our day we find a new social Ten Commandments growing up to supplement, not to supersede, the individual code of the past. Put into vivid concrete form these new commandments are something like this:

I: "I am the Lord thy God, but thou shalt remember that I am also the God of all the earth. I have no favorite children. The Negro and the Hindu, the Chinese, Japanese, Russian and Mexican, are all my beloved children.

II: "Thou shalt not measure a city's greatness by its population or its bank clearings alone, but also by its low infant mortality, its homes, playgrounds, libraries, schools and hospitals, and its low record of vice.

III: "Thou shalt remember that no civilization can rise above the level of its respect for, and its ideals, of womanhood.

IV: "Thou shalt remember thine own sins and therefore build no prisons for revenge and punishment, but make the courts clinics of the soul and thy jails hospitals for moral diseases.

V: "Thou shalt remember that the end-product of industry is not goods or dividends, but the kind of men and women whose lives are molded by that industry.

VI: "Thou shalt press on from political democracy toward industrial democracy, remembering that no man is good enough to govern another man without his consent, and that, in addition to a living wage, every man craves a reasonable share in determining the condition under which he labors.

VII: "Thou shalt outlaw war and make no threatening gestures either with great navies or vast military preparations against thy neighbor.

VIII: "Thou shalt honor men for character and service alone, and dishonor none nor handicap them because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

IX: "Thou shalt not bear false witness, against thy neighbor by malicious propaganda or colored news or by calling him contemptuous names such as Dago, Chink, Jap, Wop, Nigger, or Sheeney.

X: "Thou shalt remember that when thine own ancestors were savages and barbarians, other men brought to them the saving and civilized Christian Gospel. Now that thou art rich and prosperous, beware lest thou export to Asia and Africa only thy science and efficiency, thy films, and forget to export the Christ-like spirit also.

"This adventure of social, practical Christianity, as outlined in such a fragmentary decalogue, is no holiday excursion; it asks for pioneer souls to lead the way.

"It must begin in the Church itself, which must recover from its old tendency to division and achieve the spirit and practice of a most effective brotherhood.

"The question is: Can our religion survive in the new continent of ideas and interests into which the modern mind has moved? Or is the Church to be left behind as a mere survival among such belated stragglers as do not yet live in the twentieth century—except physically?"

"SOUP . . . IT'S QUITE DISTINCTIVE TO HAVE FLAVOR LIKE THIS" . .

"Soup . . . you are no ordinary bowlful. No indeed. This sprinkle of A-1 Sauce has given you distinction—has flavored you to the King's taste—and to mine. It takes more than salt and pepper to give soup the right flick of flavor, you know. It takes a table sauce like this—a rich, thick, savory blend of seasonings that lifts any soup out of the commonplace."

A-1 Sauce works wonders as a seasoning in cooking, too. Write for free recipe booklet, "Twenty-five Ways to a Man's Heart." G. F. Heublein & Brother, Desk 410, Hartford, Connecticut.

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SOME OTHER DAY

[*Continued from page 28*]

the loss of her amusing, generous father; but her grief had been hushed before the prostration of the mother, who had never recovered from the blow.

Sally hadn't minded leaving an expensive preparatory school and entering a public high school. It was a thing that had to be done, and she had done it. She'd taken a business course and had found a position in a bank right after graduation. She was now secretary to the president of the Banker's Association.

Marita's case had been harder. At the death of her father she had been what people called a "last year's bud." Surrounded by oh-ing and ah-ing and pitying friends, the adjustment had been too much for Marita. Under the stress she had quarreled with a man with whom, Sally now realized, she must have been desperately in love. The man had married—badly—and had hit high places in living ever since.

SALLY'S heart had bled for Marita these eight years. Her nimble fingers had gladly done their best to keep Marita's slim wardrobe up to standard, her nimble wits to keep the family home a place of dignity. Marita was dreadfully unhappy. Lightly she had refused all offers of matrimony until now. Now, with a sharp difference, her scorn was hushed. Marita was thoughtful, and Sally was radiant with hope.

Sally could just see the first meeting between Marita and James Burton. Marita had walked into his office in an immaculate tailored suit with touches of chinchilla, salvaged by Sally from an old set in the store closet, and had simply bowled him over. She hadn't landed the secretaryship, because James Burton wasn't the kind to make love to his employees, and he had fallen in love with Marita.

The very next day he had managed to meet her socially, and now—two weeks later—he was coming to the house in a most proprietary way to escort her to choir practice. Yes, Marita, looking a vision sang contralto solos at St. Michael's.

Sally sighed more sharply than she realized. And the door bell rang. That would be James Burton. She stood up eagerly. Now she would have a good look at this man.

Sally doesn't know to this day what greetings she first offered James Burton. Divested of his overcoat, he stood in the center of the living room and smiled down at her.

"You must be Marita's sister."

All Sally's heart woke in a throb of protest. He needn't have been so splendid! A smile that could have meant anything played about her mouth as she gave James Burton her hand.

"Yes, I am Sally Douglas. Shall I tell Marita you are here?"

"Don't bother! I'm early. Can't we two sit down and get acquainted?"

Presently he said, "You know, I'm very deeply in love with your beautiful sister."

Sally said, "Yes, Marita is a beauty."

"She's more than that. The moment I laid eyes on her I saw something more rare than beauty—something sweet and old-fashioned and simple and sincere. I've been about a lot, Miss Sally, but there are some old ideals I've held to—"

He stood up and began to walk around the room.

"She looked such a lady!" He brooded, the firelight making his face ruddier than ever. "That plain dark suit, with its old-fashioned fur at throat and wrists!"

[*Continued on page 128*]

a little baking soda

—a brisk brushing

and teeth whiten . . . gleam with beauty

THANKS to ever-searching science, one of the least expensive products in your home has been found to contain remarkable properties as a dentifrice. It is Baking Soda—either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand.

Arm & Hammer Baking Soda—which is *pure Bicarbonate of Soda*—has three properties that every good dentifrice should have. It *cleans*—removes stains and film. It *protects*—neutralizes mouth acids. It is *inexpensive.*

Try it—notice the difference it makes in the whiteness of your teeth. But be sure you get the best—either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. They are identical—and both are available throughout the country at a few cents a package.

Whenever *the need for soda bicarbonate is indicated, Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda can be used with confidence. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda, exceeding in purity the U.S.P. Standards.*

ARM & HAMMER *and* COW BRAND BAKING SODA ARE BOTH PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

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BAYER (BAYER) ASPIRIN

SOME OTHER DAY

[*Continued from page 127*]

"Oh!" thought Sally; and James Burton went on:

"So simple in all her tastes. She sings in a choir. Fancy! No jazz—"

But there had been a day when Marita had been jazz mad!

"This house!" said James Burton. "It's so like her. Worn furniture that will wear some more. Deep chairs, restful. Home. A fire on the hearth—"

He wasn't a man you would think of as lyrical; but he was whole-heartedly in love. He was more. He was a man pursuing an enthusiasm with a dangerous ardor.

But now Marita had come down. For the first time in her life, a chill fell on Sally's heart as she looked at her sister. Marita was certainly the loveliest person in the world—oh, hopelessly lovely. The brown dress was exactly right for her. Over her arm she had flung Sally's brown coat, deep-piled wrap, the pride of Sally's winter wardrobe. You would have thought, from Marita's casual manner, that she had two or three maids hopping to wait on her.

"I see," said Marita, "that you two know each other." A soft smile curved her spoiled mouth.

"Well," James Burton said, "Sally knows a great deal about me. I'm not sure that I've really met Sally."

And he put Sally's coat around Marita in a way—in a way—well, when they had gone, Sally sat before the fire and cried. When her handkerchief was sopping, she drew a succession of long breaths; and finally she went to the kitchen and tackled those dishes.

WHEN Marita came upstairs, perhaps a half-hour later, Sally's room was dark and Sally was in bed. Marita hesitated just within the door, as if of half a mind to waken her sister. Sally pretended to be asleep. Finally, with a sigh, Marita dropped Sally's coat on a chair and went on to her own room. Sally waited until Marita had closed the door; then, with a sigh much deeper than her sister's, she got up and hung the coat on a hanger.

Marita Douglas' engagement to the wealthy young Mr. Burton, late of New York, was duly announced. The Douglas house bloomed with flowers and echoed with excited chatter. The telephone rang. The door bell rang. Mrs. Douglas' health improved, and she came downstairs to meals.

Only Sally seemed to know that James Burton was mistakenly in love with her sister, that these two were never meant to marry each other.

How little Jim knew his sweetheart was proved by nothing so clearly as by the home to which he planned to take her as a bride. For Marita, whose indolence demanded the slothful ease of a luxurious apartment, he planned a home in the country!

Marita was aghast. A quality in Jim's enthusiasm warned her to be wary how she stated any objections to him; but to Sally she gave her true feelings. "Sally," she gasped, "what am I to do?"

"Nonsense!" Sally crushed intolerable longing in her own heart, for she had seen Jim's purchase. "It isn't the wilderness. You will have gas and electricity and neighbors. Others are buying estates all around."

"Estates!" wailed Marita.

"And you'll have loads of money," continued Sally, "and servants and cars. You're being silly, Marita."

"I suppose I am," said Marita thoughtfully, "but oh, if you could hear his plans! Sally, help me! Just this one more time. I'll make it up to you afterward, I promise you."

SO SALLY took up the problem of this house which Jim Burton was presently building; and from the first discussion of the architect's plans, she loved that house. It was a thing she had always known she could do, plan a home and furnish it.

She began the work in a spirit of self-castigating generosity. She ended by being absorbed, happy. The pain that had come with her first realization that she loved James Burton steadied to a numb ache, and then it seemed almost to be gone. Almost, not quite.

And then, one day, Marita flared up in renewed rebellion. She and Sally were driving out, and Jim and the architect were to meet them for a consultation.

The girls reached the place after the workmen had quit for the day. Sally promptly climbed the ladder to the skeleton of the second floor. Carefully she picked her way over the beams to the window-opening.

"Sally!" Her name was spoken so sharply, so tensely that she clutched at the windowframe before she looked around. There stood Marita on one of the beams, her eyes blazing. "Sally, for two pins I could just drop between these rafters—"

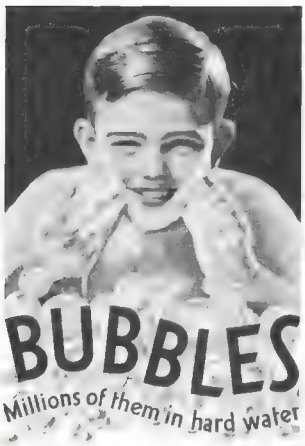
Sally was paralyzed, half with panic and half with a curious sense of guilt. In her purse was a clipping from the morning paper—a story she hadn't wanted Marita to read. It told briefly that a Mrs. Edgar Steppinge had been granted a divorce from Edgar Steppinge in Reno, Nevada. Edgar Steppinge was the man with whom Marita had once been in love. The paper didn't mention his whereabouts or his doings. It was really the briefest notice, but it had struck Sally as so significant that she had burned the paper after cutting out the paragraph. Now she thought from Marita's outcry that Marita must know.

"Marita!" Sally turned a little faint partly with a convulsion of hope. "Are you finding that you don't want to marry Jim?"

"Don't be silly!" Reassuring color flamed in Marita's face. "I'm not an utter fool. Jim's a dear. I'd not meet another like him. I know all that. I know just how happy I ought to be. I am happy, but—"

There were tears in Marita's eyes. Sally gripped her purse. Should she, ought she to give Marita the bit of news hidden there? No! Edgar Steppinge was a cad, utterly out of her world. Sally knew now that Marita hadn't heard the news, and that she mustn't.

"It's this house, I think," Marita was saying. "You've been a peach, Sally, and you've helped me nobly, or I never could have come this far; but for months I've heard nothing but house, and just today I feel trapped, smothered, stifled by it. I can't see Jim today. I'm afraid I'll do something horribly foolish—quarrel with him, or say



No coaxing needed—just give any real boy this magic soap that lathers so abundantly in hardest or coldest water—he'll actually enjoy washing up! KIRK'S ORIGINAL COCOA HARDWATER CASTILE is made by a secret process from 100% pure cocoanut oil. It leaves skin silken-smooth—actually removes dangerous germs. Test it yourself—only 10c for the big white oversize cake. Look for the red arrows on the wrapper.

JAMES S. KIRK & COMPANY, Chicago

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations by regularly using Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores, have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To reduce wrinkles and other age signs,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and one-half pint witch hazel. At all Drug Stores.

The Sift-Chine
(SIFT-ING MA-CHINE)

Not an ordinary sifter, but a sifting machine. Highest quality—built to last for years. One hand operates—quickly—easily. Permits constant stirring while sifting. Double screen—one operation sifts flour twice. Aids in reducing flour. Eliminates lumps baking. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Modern Priscilla Proving Plant and other Parents. Used and endorsed by foremost food authorities, home economic experts and demonstrators. Highly polished finish. Also furnished with handles in Green, Red, Yellow or Blue-Mottled. $1.00 Satisfaction guarantee. At dealer's or postpaid for ..... Booklet FREE. NEILL MFG. CO., 289 South St., Seattle, Washington

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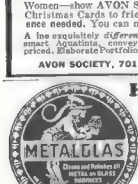

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"The silver polish of 101 uses"

Leaves a brilliant lasting lustre on silver, bath fixtures, mirrors, windows, etc. Wonderful on nickel and glass of auto. No muss. Ask your dealer for *Metalglas* or send 10c to cover postage and packing trial tin.

Metalglas Mfg. Co., Box KC, Marengo, Ill.

SOME OTHER DAY

something I really think and feel, for a change. Oh, you see how I am! Sally, I'm running off—just for today. You explain to Jim."

Before Sally could grasp this madness, Marita was gone. The sound of her car in the drive told Sally that pursuit was useless.

Fifteen minutes later James Burton arrived. His eager voice came up from the drive.

"Hello! You are here, aren't you? Where'd you leave the car?" Then he saw Sally. "Oh, it's you!" he said.

"Yes," she said coldly and a bit sharply, "It's me!"

"Where's Marita?"

"Marita has a headache, a bad headache. She came. She thought the air might help her, but she got worse. She asked me to explain—"

Jim's disappointment deepened.

"Oh, pshaw!" he said. "And Daly's little boy broke his arm this morning, so he couldn't come. But did you let Marita go back all by herself?"

Sally's face flamed.

"I didn't let Marita do anything!" she said. "She went!"

"Oh, well, there's no use in our staying here. Come on!"

"Come on where?" said Sally.

"Why home," he said simply. "We must follow Marita at once! I'll have to get you home sometime, you know."

"Oh, no!" said Sally. "That won't be necessary."

"But how will you get there otherwise, child?"

"I'm not a child, and it's none of your business."

NOW Sally was upset, but so was James Burton. He had missed Marita and he had had no luncheon.

"Say!" he protested, with more truculence than polish.

"It isn't necessary," said Sally, "for you to take me anywhere. It isn't necessary for you to see me at all, to know I'm on earth. If you want to know what I think of you, James Burton, it is that you are self-engrossed and egotistical, and I'm glad you're marrying Marita instead of me!"

The man in the doorway squared himself as if he had been struck.

"Well, so am I!" he said. "I haven't asked your opinion of me, either; but, since you've given it, here's mine of you. You're a sharp-tongued, jealous little shrew; and it's a pity!"

And then when he saw her wince he dared to try to soothe her!

"Sally," he said, "something is wrong with you, I know. Has Marita hurt your feelings? Or have I? Neither of us meant to, if we did. I was unpardonably rude—"

"I was horrid!" said Sally.

"You were hurt about something. Sally, I'd feel awfully bad if you and I weren't to be friends—"

"I am friends," choked Sally.

"Give me your hand on it!"

Sally put out her hand blindly. He seized it firmly.

"And now let's talk things over. Let's—let's talk about Marita."

"Yes," said Sally, quite, quite beaten. "Let's talk about Marita."

It was a day before the wedding. Sally had been given leave of absence from the office for the week-end festivities. There had been a dinner for the bridal party the night before and the dancing that followed had lasted until very late.

When Sally awakened this morning, she was more than ever the victim of the depression that had weighed on her for days. She was tired.

Listlessly she breakfasted and listlessly she picked up the morning mail. Letters, uninteresting letters. Sally's

[*Continued on page 130*]

SUPERB AT NIGHT! ONLY GLAZO COLORS HOLD THEIR FULL BEAUTY, EVEN UNDER ARTIFICIAL LIGHT

how long since anyone has said

"What pretty hands you have!"

FOR hands that charm—by the sparkle-tipped flight of creamy fingers—no polish provides fingertips of such superlative chic as Glazo's crystal sheen.

What satisfaction there is in keeping your fingertips groomed to gleaming grace! For pretty fingertips make pleasing hands in nine cases out of ten.

Appealing hands are romantic beauty assets. Let yours make friends for you over the dinner table . . . at bridge . . . at sports and dancing . . . or in repose.

With Glazo polish, how easy it is to keep your nails always lovely! Merely film them once a week with its thin, strong lustre.

Glazo goes on Easily, Evenly!

Glazo polishes go on with absolute smoothness and evenness of color. They dry instantly. Their crystal surface resists wear, keeps a freshly manicured appearance for a week or more. It does not crack or peel. It's loveliness is constant.

Choose from Glazo's smart colors—the rosy sheen of Glazo Natural . . . or, if you prefer, one of the more arresting reds.

Choose Glazo polishes always, because only Glazo's lovely tints hold their full beauty at night. Glazo's colors are scientifically formulated so that each shade remains precisely true in any light. They will not turn pale, purplish or yellow, as do the polishes that disappoint so many women.

With Glazo's Perfumed Lipstick Reds Nails Smartly Echo Your Lips!

Echo the shade of your lipstick in one of these new Lipstick Reds—create the stunning effect now popular with smart women everywhere.

Use Glazo *Flame* with a "light" lipstick; *Geranium* for "medium" and *Crimson* for "dark" ones.

All the Glazo polishes may be found at all toilet goods counters. Or try out a Glazo manicure—the coupon will bring samples.

The perfumed Glazo Lipstick Red polishes are in this smart new package.

GLAZO

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☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose six cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely Eloquent Hands." (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

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Always lovely, always admired—fingertips agleam with Glazo's smart tints.

Honorable Discharge

FOR 6 SHEETS THAT WITHSTOOD 18 YEARS' WEAR

62 Queensberry St., Boston, Mass.
February 15, 1930.

Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.
Gentlemen:

Eighteen years ago I was a bride, and bought six Pequot sheets in Portland, Oregon. We first moved from Portland to San Francisco, where the water is hard, and have been in Boston now for two years, where the same water conditions exist. I still have the same sheets! There isn't a worn spot in one of them. I have used these six sheets continually, and am putting them aside now, as keepsakes, only because I want to be up-to-date and am purchasing the new orchid Pequots.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) ALBERTA G. SCHMEER.

Keepsakes! These Pequots *earned* retirement, by 18 years of sturdy service. But Pequot Sheets have worn even longer! One excellent housewife in Redlands, California, says: *"Twenty* years ago I bought the Pequot brand when going to be married. I am still using some of these sheets!"... Again and again, American housewives have expressed their overwhelming preference for Pequot..."because Pequot *wears longest.*" Pequot sheets come in snowy white or in seven lovely fast colors—soft, firm, smooth, cool to the touch, easy to wash, the hems always straight and even. There is just one grade of Pequot—the best. You can identify genuine Pequot by the shield label. Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass. Parker, Wilder & Co., Selling Agents: New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco.

Pequot Sheets

PEQUOT SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

THE MOST POPULAR SHEETS IN AMERICA —THEY WEAR LONGER

SOME OTHER DAY

[*Continued from page 129*]

fingers, shuffling the envelopes, trembled as she turned up one of white bond.

It was a letter from Edgar Steppinge to Marita. Sally recognized the handwriting. There must be pages and pages in that envelope. It looked like Fate, didn't it?

Sally need not give this letter to Marita. Of course, she had no right to hold up Marita's mail; still, when you've done everything for a person for years, you assume privileges. But perhaps the test should be made in fairness to—Sally rubbed her eyes and sighed.

But it was not in selfish willfulness and not in any sense of fairness to Jim that Sally finally took that letter up to Marita with the other mail. It was just in that drifting apathy which weighed on her.

SALLY was finishing a second cup of coffee when Marita burst into the dining room.

"Sally, there was a letter from Edgar Steppinge this morning. He's in town for one day. He wants to see me."

"Marita, don't do it!" Sally cried. "Don't do anything so foolish!"

"I'm not going to do anything foolish," said Marita, "But I am going to see Edgar. I'm driving out into the country to meet him—driving out in the car Jim gave me." Marita laughed wickedly, merrily, madly; but for all that jeering Sally spent the remainder of the morning waiting. And just before twelve the message came.

"Sally?" Marita's voice over the wire was rich and vibrant. "I have married Edgar Steppinge."

"Oh, I knew it!" wailed Sally.

"Yes. I think now that I knew it, too. Sally, will you do something for me? Will you tell Jim?"

"No!" Sally's face burned and her voice trembled. "No, I will not! I'm through doing things for you now, Marita Douglas. This is your affair!"

"Thanks, darling, for your good wishes," sighed Marita.

"Oh, I hope everything will turn out all right," said Sally. "Marita! Marita, wait a minute! What have you done with Jim's car?"

"I sent it home by a driver," said Marita. "It ought to be there at any minute. Sally, doesn't it mean anything to you that I am happy?"

It didn't seem to matter much, because just then the door bell rang, and a boy from an outlying garage delivered the car. It was the sight of that smart coupe at the curb, empty, which overwhelmed Sally with a realization of her guilt.

At the wheel of the car she put away her last bit of hesitation. She couldn't let Jim take this blow without knowing who had given it. She must tell Jim Burton her part in this affair. But he had left his office.

"Mr. Burton had intended to stay all afternoon," said his secretary, "but about ten minutes ago he had a letter by special messenger that must have been very important. He didn't say what it was; he just said he was going and wouldn't be back."

He had gone, Sally thought, out to the "place." It was a paradise now, with the trees in full leaf. At the end of a graveled drive winding up from the main road Sally saw Jim's car. She leaped from the coupe and ran to the house.

Jim stood at the edge of the bricked terrace looking at his house.

"Jim!" Sally hardly dared speak.

He turned slowly.

"Oh, it's you!"

This time Sally wasn't offended. "Yes," she said meekly.

"I see you know what's happened."

"Yes, I know. That's why I came—to find you."

"That was kind of you," he said. "But what was the good?"

"But you don't know—" said Sally.

"Don't I know?" He turned back to the house with a bitter laugh. "Don't know that I've been in love with an ideal? I know it too well!"

"Jim—Jim, it was my doing that she married him."

"What?" He stared at her.

Sally set her lips firmly and told him about the letter.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I oughtn't to have given it to her. If I hadn't, Edgar would have thought she was ignoring it, and he would have been miffed and gone right off again. I know him."

"Oh," said Jim scornfully. "You came all the way out here to tell me that? It isn't the point at all. The point is—is—this, for example."

He stooped swiftly, picked up a stone and hurled it through a pane of glass in the front door. Before Sally could even cry out, he plunged toward the house, bent on further destruction.

"Stop!" cried Sally feebly, and ran after him; but by the time she reached him, he had torn down a silken curtain. "Stop!" cried Sally again, and snatched at the curtain. "You shan't spoil things!"

"Oh, won't I?" he roared. "Why not? Whose things are these?"

"Mine!" said Sally Douglas, and broke into sobs. He stood suddenly still, stunned. "Every bit mine!" said Sally. "There isn't anything in this house that isn't mine, in one way or another. I'm the one who dreamed this house and planned and worked over it. You can't destroy my work. You've no right!"

"I don't understand." Jim Burton dropped the curtain.

SO SALLY told him, told him about Marita's not being up to certain things, and about her loving to do what Marita couldn't do.

"But why?" said James Burton. "Why did you do all that? So that I would be sure to marry your sister?"

"No," said Sally, "so that you would have what you wanted! And now, now that I've told you everything, I'll be going. Goodbye."

Sally was a small person; she wanted to make an impressive exit, but the curtain that Jim had torn down lay in a forgotten swirl at her feet, and she stumbled in its folds and fell. The shock of the fall did something to her nerves. She couldn't get up. She could only sit there and weep.

"Sally!" Jim's voice seemed far away.

"Don't!" said Sally. "You don't need to feel sorry for me."

"I don't feel sorry for you."

With a supreme effort, Sally struggled to her feet.

"Sally, don't walk out on me, please. Can't we at least be friends? You see, I admire you very much, I find. Please? Just friends?"

"I am friends," sighed Sally.

"Give me your hand, then."

Sally hesitated, then gave him her hand. He held it fast.

"Can't we go somewhere away from all this, Sally, and talk things out a little more? Get really acquainted?"

"Not today," said Sally.

"Some other day, then?"

"Some other day," said Sally.

HALLOWEEN HELPS

ALL McCall Street is busy with special entertaining plans for Halloween. Mother is planning a Halloween bridge party for her club members; the children are busy making orange and black decorations for the schoolroom; the older girls are spending whole evenings in their room sewing on fancy dress costumes for the Halloween frolic; and even father is looking forward to the old-fashioned barn dance. Perhaps you are giving a party, too, and would like some new ideas on games, decorations, or menu. Below is a list of our service booklets, each one offering a distinct Halloween help:

PARTIES FOR GROWN-UPS - - - - 20¢
The Frolic for Halloween will provide amusement for boys and girls from eight to forty-eight and even older. In an effort to unravel their fate, each couple follows a string from cellar to garret with all sorts of hair-raising thrills.

UNUSUAL ENTERTAINING - - - - 20¢
The Halloween party in this booklet is called The Spook's Encampment. Here is something really novel—Ghosts on the War Path! There are also bridge parties, dances, banquets, school affairs, and other kinds of entertaining.

PARTIES FOR CHILDREN - - - - - 20¢
The Witches' Frolic for Halloween is hilariously amusing without being rough. The witch costumes and decorations are so simple that the children can make them. We guarantee that even the big sister who is hostess will have a good time.

WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES - - - 20¢
Guests may plan their own games, but the hostess must plan the menu. This booklet tells what to serve on every occasion. There is an orange and black menu and two other menus for Halloween.

TIME-SAVING COOKERY - - - - - 10¢
Don't let the fact that you have only a kitchenette and little spare time keep you from having a party. A supper of chicken salad, hot biscuits, macaroon gelatin and mint cup sounds appealing, doesn't it, and it can be prepared in less than an hour.

SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY - 10¢
French Meringues that are crisp on the outside and yet soft and tender in the center are very simple to make *when you know how.* And then there are unusual frostings, ice creams, ices, and candy recipes to add a new note to your party.

AN OUTLINE OF BEAUTY - - - - - 25¢
We all like to look our best when we are going to a party or giving one. Perhaps you would like a suggestion on a new way of doing your hair or a hint on applying make-up. Whatever your beauty problem may be, this booklet offers some solution.

POP CORN BALLS - - - - - - - - - 2¢
What fun to sit around the open fire telling ghost stories and popping corn!

OTHER LEAFLETS AND BOOKLETS

The Family Budget - - - - - - - - 20¢
Beautifying the Home Plot - - - - - - 20¢
Dressmaking Made Easy - - - - - - 25¢
Book of Etiquette - - - - - - - - 20¢
Books You Ought to Own - - - - - - 8¢
Books on Church and Family Problems - - 8¢
Preserving for Profit - - - - - - - - 10¢
Home Money-Making with Boarders - - 6¢
How to Serve Afternoon Tea - - - - - 2¢
Menus for Banquets and Church Suppers - 2¢
Balanced Menus for Fourteen Days - - - 2¢
Marlow Recipes (Frozen Desserts) - - - 10¢
How to Make Candies at Home - - - - 10¢
A Turkey Bridge - - - - - - - - - 10¢
Stork Showers - - - - - - - - - - 10¢
Parties for Young Girls - - - - - - - 2¢
A Gardener's Fair - - - - - - - - 10¢
Four Fairs That Make Money - - - - - 2¢
Money-Making Affairs for Churches - - - 2¢

Send stamps to Service Editor, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio.

ARE YOU BECOMING AN INTESTINAL CRIPPLE?

HAVE you drifted into the habit of taking a laxative whenever you feel a bit out of sorts? Thousands of people have become intestinal cripples just that way. At first laxatives may seem harmless — they may be easy to take — but prolonged use of them causes dangerous habits. Physicians are constantly warning the public against this growing danger.

Be careful with laxatives. Don't risk your health. When you think you really need one, see your doctor.

If you occasionally become sluggish, take Squibb's Liquid Petrolatum. It is effective and it is safe. Not a laxative but a harmless lubricant. Doctors universally approve it for general use in combating constipation. Can't harm the smallest child. It is safe to use even during pregnancy. Does not build fat. Cannot cause a habit.

Get Squibb's Liquid "Pet" at any drug store. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet. Squibb's Liquid "Pet" is entirely odorless and tasteless. So be sure to ask for Squibb's.

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It's called Pettijohn's—a delicious hot cereal that conceals whole bran in tender flavory flakes of crunchy whole wheat. You don't taste the bran. But it's there. In fact Pettijohn's is doubly effective because it's a hot cereal . . . has greater bulk than cold bran.

Bran that's non-irritating

The bran of Pettijohn's is safer for the tender linings of the digestive tract because every tiny edge of bran has been softened by cooking. Thus it can be used even in cases of nervous digestion.

Pettijohn's contains, too, health elements not found in ordinary brans. It provides vitamins A, B and E, valuable protein, plus 4 to 5 times as much body-building minerals as white flour.

Start using this new bran cereal tomorrow. It takes but from 3 to 5 minutes to cook. It is made by The Quaker Oats Company, manufacturers of 49 different cereal products, with mills in 12 cities throughout the United States and Canada. Try it tomorrow at the suggestion of The Quaker Oats Company.

Pettijohn's

Are you interested in new menus for children? In new recipes for whole wheat cookies and desserts? Send for a new Free Recipe Booklet. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago. E-10

Name.....

Address.....

The Doctor Explains How

HABITS BEGIN AT HOME

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.

CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY—great physician, devoted friend of little children, wise counselor to mothers—thus is Dr. Kerley known to his patients and colleagues. Out of his long and rich experience as a leading child specialist, he writes regularly to the mothers of McCall Street about the scientific care of their babies.

—The Editors.

EVERY baby is born with the tendency to form habits. This tendency may be utilized for the child's good, or it may be made the means of permanent damage to his health and character. Someone has said, that habits are at first cobwebs, later cables. Surely it is far easier to handle the cobweb than the cable. To instill good habits into the small young person is usually quite simple.

In the matter of nutrition, the establishment of right habits is essential. The intervals between feedings—in order to allow for the processes of digestion and for the stomach to empty—should always be the same length. The best of breast milk or the most carefully adapted cows' milk formula will fail if given at irregular intervals. In the majority of cases, a four-hour feeding plan is best: at 2, 6 and 10 A.M. and at 2, 6, and 10 P.M. The six feedings in twenty-four hours may be continued until the baby is two months of age, at which time the 2 A.M. feeding may be discontinued; in some infants this feeding may have to be continued a month or two longer. On the other hand, there are some infants who thrive on only five feedings in twenty-four hours; here again it is the 2 A.M. feeding which is omitted.

PROPER training must include the regulation of bowel and bladder movements. By stimulating a bowel evacuation at a definite time each day by means of a gluten suppository, this function eventually becomes a habit and will take place at the regular time, without the use of the suppository, simply by putting the child in a position for the act. A few months later, the baby may also be trained to empty the bladder at regular times.

When the infant or young child sleeps poorly, he is either uncomfortable, or has not acquired the habit of a regular schedule. Normally, the newborn baby sleeps all the time except when being fed, or when such duties as bathing, or changing, are being carried out. But as the child grows older, the hours awake increase, the matter of habit becomes important, and he will sleep only during the hours to which he has become accustomed. Until the infant is eighteen months or two years of age, he should have both a morning and an afternoon nap, and it is very necessary that the afternoon nap be continued until after the sixth year. When a child of three, four, or five years of age wakes at seven o'clock in the morning and is active all day without a mid-day rest, he is sure to suffer from it. Don't give the child the habit of being rocked to sleep, either in a cradle or in his mother's arms—if such practices are never started, the baby will never miss them.

Perhaps the most pernicious and far-reaching of the bad habits which an infant can acquire is that of sucking anything within reach. Nature does not hand out good looks with such a profligate hand that most of us can afford to trifle with her design, and the child who is always sucking will never get away from the deformity thus produced. The pull and pressure exerted displace the soft undeveloped jaw bones toward the center, causing a narrowing and elevation of the roof of the mouth, and an angulation at the junction of the jaw bones, where the parts should be rounded. As a result, the hard palate takes on a high arch, infringes on the nasal passages, and prevents normal nasal breathing.

The soft palate is forced against the upper posterior pharyngal wall, which irritates and stimulates the glands; they enlarge, and adenoids are the outcome. Often the upper incisor teeth are shoved forward and the lower incisors backward, causing a facial deformity that remains for life unless the expensive services of an orthodontist are secured to straighten out the teeth and reshape the jaw.

Further, the sucking habit is a fertile means of introducing all kinds of infections into the mouth and upper respiratory tract as thumb, finger, pacifier, or cast-off rubber nipples stuffed with cotton are never surgically clean.

THEN there are what I term the "nuisance habits," like yelling when entertainment is not forthcoming every moment of the waking hours; the demand to be constantly in someone's arms; and, wanting the light on at night. Head banging, head rolling, leg rubbing, and ear pulling are so-called nervous habits which should be corrected as soon as the first symptoms are shown.

All these habits, so harmful to the child's development, can be prevented or cured by wise and patient parents.

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CHICAGO :-: ILLINOIS

MARY FAITH

[*Continued from page 21*]

and wide sofas, gilt picture frames that shone in the fire glow, twin crystal chandeliers that looked like two frozen fountains, books and magazines everywhere. A room that had a comfortable, "lived in" look in spite of its size and splendor.

Mary Faith gazed at it as she might have gazed at one of the model rooms on the top floor of Hanscombe's furniture store downtown.

Not for one fleeting second did she picture herself in it.

When she got back into the plum-colored car there was a bunch of roses lying on the seat. They were wrapped in heavy brown paper.

"Miz Nesbit, she lef' dem dere for you," Loftus told her. "She had to go to Circle meetin', but she says I was to tell you she got all her rosebushes wrop in paper like you said. Dat glass room where she grows her flowers is turrible cold when de wind's in de north."

MARY FAITH was carrying the roses in her arms when she walked into the office at half-past four. Jean Bartlett took a long look at them, got up from her desk and followed her into her little office.

"Well, I certainly hope you had a pleasant afternoon at the meeting of the Garden Club, Miss Fenton," she said in a mock society voice. "Or did you play bridge and were these the booby prize?"

"Mr. Nesbit's mother gave them to me," Mary Faith explained, laughing. "Aren't they lovely? She grows them herself. I'm going to give half of them to you."

"Did you meet his sisters, too, Mary Faith?" Jean asked. "What's their house like? What did you have for lunch? Are you going out again tomorrow?" Her questions rattled around Mary Faith's head like bullets.

Then she counted the roses that lay on the desk.

"Two dozen of them! Does the woman keep a greenhouse? . . . You must have a terrible drag with her already, Mary Faith, to have her hang a bouquet like that on you!" she remarked in her sharp, slangy way.

"No. I haven't any 'drag' with her at all, Jean. She's just plain nice. She and Mr. Nesbit treated me as if I were some honored guest in their house instead of just a secretary out there to do her work. We all had lunch together in front of an open fire, and really I had a lovely time."

"Well, why shouldn't they be nice to you?" Jean wanted to know. "You're just as good as they are any day in the week. You may not have as much money as they have, but you certainly have everything else, Mary Faith. You're smart and you have absolutely swell manners—and I'll bet they don't know anybody who's any better-looking than you are . . . Are you going out there again tomorrow?"

"I'm going out every day for a while, until Mr. Nesbit's able to come down here, I suppose."

Jean heaved a long, loud sigh. "If some kind Providence would give me a break like that—just once!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'd make good use of it! If I were going out to Mark Nesbit's house for lunch every day the way you are, believe you me he'd be falling for me after a few days or I'd miss my guess . . . Men are always sentimental and soft-hearted when they're laid up. Just think of the ones who marry their trained nurses—"

[*Continued on page 134*]

"WHAT CAN I SERVE FOR MY NEXT BRIDGE PARTY?"

We are often asked this question because every hostess likes to serve something different — something that will make guests say, "Oh, isn't that delicious!" Our kitchens are constantly working out new recipes for all occasions, and will gladly help you solve any problem of entertainment, if you will write us.

In the meantime, here are two recipes made with Knox Gelatine that are especially attractive for the bridge party; or, for that matter, any occasion when you want something especially appealing to everyone.

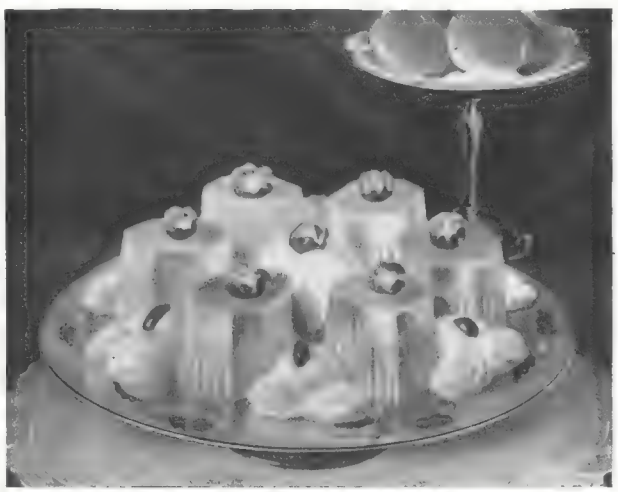
SPANISH CREAM
(6 Servings) (Illustrated)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · 3 cups milk · ½ cup sugar, scant · ¼ teaspoonful salt : 1 teaspoonful vanilla · 3 eggs.

Soak gelatine in the milk about five minutes. Place over hot water and when gelatine is dissolved add sugar. Pour slowly on the yolks of the eggs slightly beaten, return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from stove and add salt and flavoring, then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into one large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and place in ice box. (This will separate and form a jelly on the bottom and custard on top.) Unmold and serve with whipped cream, sliced oranges or any fruit or fruit juice.

Try the two recipes given here and you will still have enough gelatine left for two other delightful dishes of six servings each.

AMONG THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE



There are no complications in using Knox Sparkling Gelatine. It comes to you plain, without any ready-made flavoring mixtures. You merely soak and dissolve the gelatine, add your own pure ingredients, cool and serve it—ready for banquet or plain home meal. And you needn't use the entire package at one time. It is good for four different desserts, salads or other combinations, for four different days in the *week*—six generous servings of each.

PINEAPPLE CHEESE SALAD
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ¼ cup cold water · ½ cup boiling water · ⅔ cup grated cheese · 1 cup crushed pineapple, canned · 1 tablespoonful sugar · Few grains salt · ½ cup cream or evaporated milk, whipped.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water; add sugar, salt and pineapple. When it begins to stiffen, beat in the cream and cheese. Turn into small wet molds. Chill and when firm, unmold and serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise—sprinkle the mayonnaise with chopped red or green peppers.

Mail the coupon for the Knox Recipe Books which answer any possible question about desserts, salads, candies, meat and fish dishes and other dainties.

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Please send me FREE copy of your Recipe Book.

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What doctors mean when they say: "Watch Out for Harsh Toilet Tissue"

A prominent specialist estimates that 65 per cent of all men and women over 40 years of age are suffering from some form of rectal trouble.

IN the microphotograph below you see a cross-section (the edge) of ordinary low-grade toilet tissue. Notice its harsh, coarse surface!

Examine it closely—and you will understand why doctors and hospital authorities all over the country warn:

"*Delicate membranes can be severely injured by the use of too coarse a toilet tissue.*"

Yet in millions of homes women are exposing themselves and their families daily to ailments of this nature.

Photographed through a microscope, inferior toilet tissue reveals the roughness and irregularity of its edge. Such tissues, Doctors say, can injure delicate membranes.

For much of the toilet tissue sold to housewives today is utterly unfit for bathroom use. It may be glazed, chemically impure, or harsh-surfaced—covered with tiny slivers.

Today more and more housewives are realizing the health importance of toilet tissue. And millions of women are insisting upon the tissues that physicians and hospitals have thoroughly approved—ScotTissue and Waldorf.

These health-protecting tissues are unusually soft and cloth-like. So absorbent they sink in water almost instantly.

The sheets tear easily and squarely at the perforations. And the rolls are closely wrapped to fit the built-in fixtures.

It doesn't pay to be careless in this bathroom essential. Be sure of safety. Always ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf.

Waldorf
3 for 20¢
ScotTissue
2 for 25¢
Prices for U. S. only

Scott Tissues

"Soft as Old Linen"

In addition to ScotTissue and Waldorf, dealers now offer Sani-Tissue, the new popular-priced white toilet tissue with the same health-protecting qualities.

MARY FAITH

[*Continued from page 133*]

"Jean, *please* don't say things like that!" Mary Faith interrupted her. "If they got back to Mr. Nesbit, you and I'd both lose our jobs in all probability. And what you say is absurd anyway. I'm about as interesting to Mr. Nesbit as an adding machine."

HE DROVE you home one night not so long ago. Dan Bassett saw you start out together," said Jean, who had a nose for news and missed nothing that went on in the building. "And he calls you by your first name lately, I notice. I'd say he had more than an adding-machine interest in you, if you asked me!"

"But I'm not asking you. I don't have to ask anyone how Mr. Nesbit feels about me. I *know*," Mary Faith said as sharply as she ever said anything. "Just this afternoon he told me that no sensible man ever lets himself fall in love with any of the girls in his office."

"Applesauce," Jean said under her breath.

"I like Mr. Nesbit. I can't imagine working for a nicer person than he is," Mary Faith went on. "But I never could fall in love with him, Jean. Even if he fell in love with me, by some wild chance, I never could."

"Why not, for Pete's sake?"

"Well, I hardly know how to tell you—but I know I couldn't." Mary Faith tried to explain her singleness of heart. "I'd always be thinking about—Kim."

Jean stared at her for a minute. Then she slowly shook her glossy, marceled head. "Oh, you poor sap, Mary Faith Fenton!" she said.

Every day that week the plum-colored car called at the building just after eleven o'clock and carried Mary Faith out to the Nesbits' house.

Day by day her friendship with Mark Nesbit went ahead by swift, sure steps. Almost always the two of them had lunch alone in the intimacy of the quiet, firelit study, for Mrs. Nesbit had begun her Christmas shopping and was spending most of her time in town.

"I may go down to the office tomorrow," he told her on Friday of the second week. "I can get around pretty well now with a cane; and I'd like to be on the job just now at the close of the year."

Mary Faith shook her head. "Oh, I think you ought to wait for a few days before you try it, Mr. Nesbit. The stairs in the building are so steep and the floors are so slippery."

But the next morning when she got down to the office, there was a light burning behind the frosted-glass pane in his door.

At half-past nine exactly the buzzer on Mary Faith's desk sounded. She got up and carried the morning mail into Mark Nesbit's office, just as she had carried it in to him at half-past nine every morning for years.

It was on the tip of her tongue to say to him: "Well, you made it, I see! But you know you ought to have stayed at home."

All she did say, however, was "Good morning, Mr. Nesbit," just as she had always said it, in a polite office-voice.

"Good morning, Mary Faith." He smiled at her gravely as he picked up one of the envelopes that she laid before him on the desk. "Will you please ask Bassett to come up here in about ten minutes?"

Everything was just as it always had been. Like magic both of them clicked back into the well-oiled office machinery of the Nesbit Mercantile Company.

And yet there was a difference. That noon he came limping into her office and stood beside her desk. He had on his overcoat and his hat and briefcase were in his hand.

"Goodbye, Mary Faith," he said. "Don't work late. Remember it's Saturday . . . I'm going to miss you at lunch today. We've had some pretty good talks the last couple of weeks, haven't we?"

"Haven't we!" Mary Faith's face flushed with pleasure. "These two weeks have been a holiday for me; but they couldn't have been so very grand for you, shut up in one room most of the time."

She pushed back her chair and got up as he turned to go.

"I'm going to go down to your car with you, if you don't mind," she said. "First thing you know your cane will slip on this floor and you'll be back in the wheel chair for another two weeks."

Side by side they crossed the office and got into the elevator. Down in the street the big, plum-colored limousine waited. As Mark Nesbit paused beside it, with his foot on the step, he half turned and held one of Mary Faith's hands tightly in his for a second.

"You 'mother' me, don't you, Mary Faith?" he asked, his head bent over hers. "And, do you know, I like it! I do. I think it's fine."

That was on Saturday.

At half past four on the next Friday afternoon Mark Nesbit came into Mary Faith's little office and sat down on the corner of her desk.

"Mary Faith, do you know what a dinner ring is?" he asked.

She said that she did. "It's a large ring that women wear on their little finger. It's usually made of platinum or white gold and is set with diamonds, I believe. It's a very special kind of ring."

"Well, Judy wants one for Christmas. She says some of her buddies at school have them. But, gosh, wouldn't it be too elaborate for her?"

SHE'S only fifteen, isn't she?" mused Mary Faith. She had not seen Judy Nesbit, who was the baby of the family, for three years, and she remembered her as a childish little party with long slim legs and the comical-sweet face of a pansy. "It seems to me she's pretty young for diamonds. But you must get her some kind of a ring . . . You know, when you've set your heart on a certain thing it's very disappointing not to get it on Christmas morning."

"That's true." He nodded and got up from the corner of the desk. "Well, will you help me pick out a ring for her, then? I'll get my car out of the parking space and meet you downstairs in five minutes."

Outside it was cold and crisp and snowy—perfect holiday weather. By the time Mark Nesbit's car had nosed

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MARY FAITH

its way into the crowded shopping district the streets were filled with sapphire dusk and red-and-green festoons of light were shining in the shop windows.

"I think we'll go to Armbruster's for the ring," Mark Nesbit was saying as he swung his car into the yawning doorway of the Spring Street garage. "I have a charge account there, haven't I, Mary Faith?"

A SALESMAN in a frock coat and a high wing collar came up to them bowing, as Mary Faith said to herself, scraping. He led them halfway down the center aisle and laid two trays full of glittering rings on the showcase in front of them.

"Don't you think an aquamarine would be nice for Judy, Mr. Nesbit? Or a white-gold signet ring with just one or two little diamonds set in it, perhaps?" asked Mary Faith.

She had a sudden, uneasy feeling that someone was watching her. She half turned away from the showcase to look about her—and there, not ten feet from her, stood Kim Farrell!

He was leaning over the counter, holding two mesh bags in his hands. Beside him stood a girl whom Mary Faith could not see.

He was not looking at the mesh bags or at the girl. His eyes were on Mary Faith's eyes; and as she watched him he laid the bags down upon the showcase and came toward her.

"Hello," he said and held out his hand.

"Hello, yourself." Mary Faith never knew how she managed to say those two words in that cheerful, offhand way. She did not touch his hand.

"How are you these days, Mary Faith?"

"Oh, I'm all right. I jog along," she answered. With an effort she turned her head away from him, then turned her whole body away.

"Don't you think an aquamarine would be just the thing?" she asked Mark Nesbit again, without clearly knowing what she said.

They finally decided on one. A small square one set in a circle of seed pearls. They waited while it was put into a white velvet box and wrapped up in white-and-silver paper.

Kim and his girl were still looking at mesh bags when they left the store. Mary Faith did not glance in their direction as she passed them. She never had had a moment's curiosity about the girl who had taken Kim away from her.

It was ten minutes after five by the illuminated clock in the tower of the City Bank Building when she and Mark Nesbit again stepped out into the crowd of hurrying, last-minute shoppers on Spring Street.

"I'm going to meet my mother at six and drive her home," he said as they turned west toward the garage. "So I'll have plenty of time to take you home first, Mary Faith. Unless you'd like to go somewhere and have some tea . . ."

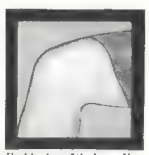
"No, thanks." Food was the last thing that Mary Faith wanted at that moment. "But there's no need for you to drive me home, Mr. Nesbit. I can get a street car at the next corner."

"Well, I'd like to drive you home if you don't mind—I want to talk to you." He took her arm. "My mother would like you to come out to our house for Christmas. Judy's going to a matinee with some of the girls she goes to school with, and the Grants are going down to Washington for a week, so my mother and I will be

[*Continued on page 136*]

INA CLAIRE

brilliant comedienne, acknowledged the smartest dressed woman on Stage and Screen . . . The same hosiery styles worn by Screen Stars and shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St. —and other New York stores—are available at Allen-A dealers the country over. Priced from $1.25 to $2.50 the pair. These same styles are made and sold in Canada.



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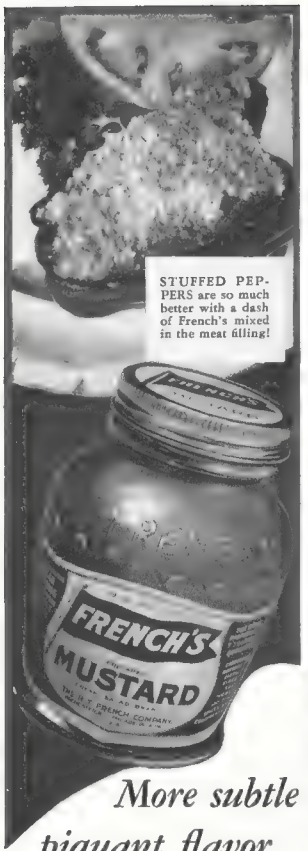

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MARY FAITH

[*Continued from page 135*]

alone. She'll probably call you up about it tonight."

"It's lovely of your mother to want me—" Mary Faith said slowly, racking her brains for an excuse to give him for not accepting the invitation. She didn't want to accept it. It was one thing to go out to the house in Blue Valley as a secretary and quite another thing to spend the day there as a guest. "But I don't believe I can go. You see, Mrs. Puckett's a sort of second-mother to me, and I always spend Christmas with her," she went on.

"You spend every day in the year with Mrs. Puckett."

"I spend every day in the week with you in your office, Mr. Nesbit—" Mary Faith protested.

"I don't want you in my office!" he interrupted her sharply. He swung her to one side of the wet, crowded pavement and stopped before an enormous shop window filled with Christmas toys.

"I seem to have picked a funny place to talk to you like this," he said awkwardly. "Mary Faith, don't you know I'm in love with you? My mother does. She spotted it the first day you came out to the house—"

"Oh, don't!" Mary Faith was shaking her head. "Please don't go on talking like this—"

"You don't care for me, Mary Faith?" Mark Nesbit asked.

"Oh, yes. But wait—" She wanted to tell him that she did care for him; that she cared for his friendship and wanted to keep it . . . And she wanted to stop him before he asked her to marry him.

"I have been waiting," he said, quietly persistent. "I've known I felt this way about you ever since that night last fall when you told me you were going to be married. I must have been in love with you long before that, without realizing it. When you came in the next morning and said you'd broken your engagement it was like giving me a new lease on life . . . "

"Wait just a minute, please," Mary Faith interrupted him. "I didn't break my engagement. I let you and everybody else think that I did—to save my face." She caught her breath and went on: "The man I was going to marry broke it. He was in love with another girl and he came and told me so . . . He was the man who spoke to me in Armbruster's just now."

Kim had thrown her aside like a book that he had finished reading, and she wanted Mark Nesbit to know it. It was only fair to tell him the truth.

"I'll never give the snap of my fingers for anyone again—in that way," she said. "I must have given him all the love I had to give anybody."

THEY walked on in silence. And in silence they got into the gray car and started for Mrs. Puckett's. When they were half way there Mark Nesbit spoke again.

"You're very young to look at things like this, Mary Faith. One love affair that turned out badly isn't the whole show. You have a long life ahead of you, and you've got to live it. You've seen a good deal of me the last two weeks, and you've seemed to be very happy. You do like me, don't you?"

"I wish I could tell you how much I like you," she said; "but I don't feel about you as I did about Kim."

"I like him now," she thought. "But if I married him I'd probably stop liking him. I'd grow to hate him because he wasn't Kim."

AFTER dinner Mary Faith was sitting at her dressing table, polishing her nails, when a knock came on the door, and then Agnes' voice: "Miss Fenton, there's a gentleman downstairs to see you."

Mary Faith rose slowly and opened the door.

"It's Mr. Farrell, ma'am. Mr. Farrell that used to come to see you, you know." Agnes was smiling. She had always liked Kim.

Kim was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs. His fur-collared overcoat was on the hall table, and he was turning and twisting his hat in his hands as he watched her come down the last flight of steps.

Her heart seemed to be beating all over her body and there was a singing in her ears; but she greeted him casually as if she had been seeing him every night for months.

"Hello, Kim."

"Get your coat," he said. "Get your hat and coat. I want you to go for a drive."

Her wraps hung on the hall rack where she had put them before dinner. She took them down and put them on with hands that were shaking.

"All right, Kim. I'm ready."

The minute the front door had closed upon them he burst forth: "Mary Faith, I've been like a crazy man for the last three hours! To see you walk into that store and let that fellow buy a ring for you! To see my girl with another man! Good Lord, I couldn't stand it, Mary Faith!"

He opened the door of his little car and they got into it. They sat there for some time looking at each other in the flickering radiance of the street lamp that stood in front of Mrs. Puckett's house.

"I wore your diamond for a long time, Kim," she reminded him; "and I'd still be wearing it if you hadn't taken it away from me—because of that girl."

"Now, let's not talk about *her!*" he said irritably. "She doesn't mean a thing in my life any more, and she knows it. I haven't seen her more than three or four times in the last month. I haven't seen anybody—I've been restless and down in the dumps for a long time. But I didn't know what ailed me until you came walking into Armbruster's tonight with that fellow. Then I knew I'd been missing you all the time."

He lifted his blond head and looked at her. The light from the street lamp shone into his face. He was anxious and grave, very unlike his usual debonair self.

"Lord, if you only knew what I've been through the last three hours!" he said, shaking his head. "I'd asked Janet to have dinner with me, and I had to go through with it. I sat there looking at her and thinking of you . . . Mary Faith, you've got to take me back. You've got to believe I love you."

She did believe him. She could see that he really had been suffering for three hours as she had suffered for three months. And pity and tenderness welled up in her all at once so that it was hard for her to speak.

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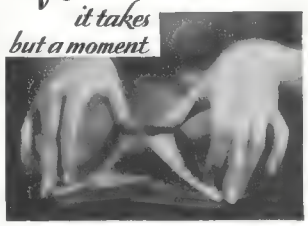

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MARY FAITH

"Kim, listen to me—I'm not engaged to Mark Nesbit. That ring we were picking out wasn't a ring for me but a Christmas present for his sister, Judith. I've never thought of marrying anybody but you. I've never cared for anyone else—and if you never had come back to me I'd probably have spent my whole life right here in River Street, waiting for you!"

She gave a shaky little laugh. "You know it too. That's the worst of it, Kim. You're too sure of me."

He shook his head. "No, I'm not sure of you," he said; "and that's why I've made up my mind to marry you tomorrow."

He put his arms around her and pulled her close to him. He pressed back her head with one swift hand and his face came down over hers, blotting out the stars, as he kissed her.

It seemed to her then that she must have known all along that he would come back to her like this.

"I haven't had any vacation this year," Kim said presently, "so the firm probably won't kick if I take a couple of weeks now for a honeymoon . . . I'll drive around here for you at ten tomorrow morning and we'll go downtown for the license. You can have some things packed and be ready to leave then, can't you?"

Mary Faith nodded dreamily, her cheek against his.

"I'll telephone Dr. Pomeroy tonight and ask him if he'll meet us in the chapel at eleven o'clock," his voice ran on. "And I'll ask the Maldons to come down. We're supposed to have a couple of witnesses, aren't we?"

DR. POMEROY was the rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, where she and Kim had always planned to be married. But who were the Maldon's? She never had heard Kim mention them.

"Who are the Maldons, Kim?" she asked.

He thought for a minute or two.

"Why, I guess you haven't met them," he said at last. "I haven't known them so very long, myself, but they're pals of mine. Jack works down at our place. He and Claire have been married only two or three months. You'll like Claire, Mary Faith. She's a grand person."

Mary Faith stirred in his arms.

"I'd like to ask Jean Bartlett to the wedding. She's my best friend—" she was beginning when he stopped her.

"No. We're not going to have any of your friend, Nesbit's, office help around," he said firmly. "You're through with all that crowd, so forget them. I'm not going to tell even my mother about the wedding until it's all over . . . Now, let me tell you where I thought we'd spend our two weeks."

She settled back to listen.

"You remember that aunt of mine who lives down in Garrettsville, Mary Faith?"

"Aunt Ella Goad, you mean?" Mary Faith remembered Aunt Ella Goad very well. Having once seen Aunt Ella, you could never forget her.

She was a plump and pleasant person with a passion for moving pictures, library books, armchairs, and coffee and cake between meals. Mary Faith had always liked her.

"Well, she's come up to town to stay with my mother over the holidays," said Kim, "and I'm going to ask her to lend us her house down in Garrettsville for the next two weeks."

"Kim! Do you think she'll let us have it?" Mary Faith's eyes shone in the darkness. "Won't it be lovely if she does!—I can cook all the things you like to eat, and get your bath ready in the mornings and put the collar buttons in your shirt!—And you can build the fires and shovel the snow off the walks so that I can get out of the yard when I want to go to market—"

"I'll drive you there in the car so that you won't get your cute feet all cold and wet," Kim said. "I'm going to take doggone good care of my wife."

"All right, you take care of me then."

"I'm going to," Kim said, and he said it gravely as if he were making himself a solemn promise.

Mr. McClintock was playing checkers with Allie Brock when Mary Faith went back into the house an hour later. He sat facing the hall door and he saw her as she started up the stairs.

She turned her head and smiled at him. And he looked at her, blinking a little, as if he were looking at a sunrise.

Before she went to bed that night Mary Faith washed her hair and "did" her nails. Then she packed two suitcases with things for her honeymoon and laid out her clothes for the next day.

It was one o'clock in the morning when she went to bed and she was awake again at half-past six. It was still dark but the dawn wind blew in through the open windows and there was a line of silver in the sky above the housetops on the other side of River Street.

"My wedding day," she thought, taking a long deep breath of it before she put down her windows. "This is the last time I'll ever get up in this room."

But there was no regret, no sadness, in the thought. She looked forward to her life with Kim with nothing but happiness in her heart.

The old house was like a tomb, as it always was on winter mornings, and she shivered as she ran down to the bathroom on the second floor.

When Mary Faith, fresh as a flower, came out into the hall a half hour later Mrs. Puckett, with her bath towel and a cake of pink soap in her hand, was waiting just outside the door.

"I hope you didn't use all the hot water, Mary Faith," she said. "What are you up so early for?"

"I'm going down to the office to get all my things—and I want to get away from it before everybody arrives," Mary Faith answered. "Mrs. Puckett, I'm going to marry Kim Farrell this morning."

Mrs. Puckett stared at her from under her wrinkled eyelids for a long moment. Then she shook her head.

"I hope you'll be happy," she said. "I hope you'll be happy. I pray for it, Mary Faith. . . . I certainly do."

THE clock in Mark Nesbit's empty office was striking eight when Mary Faith walked into her own little room that morning.

She had brought her hat-box—a round leather affair—with her and into it she packed the contents of her desk drawers. An oil-silk bag in which she kept her soap and nail-brush and tooth brush. Two clean face towels that belonged to Mrs. Puckett. A library

[*Continued on page 138*]

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No. 6270. Size 36, 4⅜ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 6268. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ¾ yard, 39-inch.

No. 6269. Size 36, 4 yards 39-inch, contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch.

No. 6262. Size 36, 4¼ yards 35-inch.

No. 6279. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ⅛ yard 39-inch.

No. 6274. Size 36, 4 yards 39-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch.

No. 6271. Size 16, blouse, 1¼ yards 39-inch; jacket, cape, skirt, 4 yards 39-inch.

No. 6272. Size 36, dress, 3⅜ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch; jacket, 2¼ yards 39-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 6273. Size 36, blouse, 1⅝ yards 39-inch; jacket, skirt, 4¾ yards 39-inch, lining, 1⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 6264. Size 16, 2¾ yards 54-inch; lining, 2½ yards 39-inch.

No. 6265. Size 36, reversible material, 6¾ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 6284. Size 36, waist, 1¼ yards 39-inch; jacket, skirt, 3¾ yards 39-inch; lining, 1¾ yards 39-inch.

No. 6295. Size 36, 5⅛ yards 35-inch, contrasting, ⅞ yard 35-inch.

No. 6278. Size 36, 5¾ yards 39-inch, contrasting ⅝ yard 39-inch; lace edging, 4½ yards.

No. 6263. Size 16, blouse, 1¾ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ⅜ yard 30-inch; jumper, skirt, 2⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 6282. Size 36, 2⅜ yards 54-inch; bias tie, ¾ yard 39-inch; tie facing, ⅜ yard 39-inch. Width, about 2⅜ yards.

No. 6267. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ⅞ yard 39-inch; edging, 3 yards.

No. 6292. Size 36, 3⅜ yards 39-inch, contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 6296. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 6277. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 6281. Size 36, 5¾ yards 39-inch.

No. 6275. Size 36, 4¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 6280. Size 36, 3 yards 35-inch material.

No. 6285. Size 36, 4½ yards 54-inch; lining, 4½ yards 39-inch material.

No. 6266. Size 36, 5⅝ yards 35-inch or 4⅞ yards 39-inch material.

No. 6276. Size 36, with cape, 8⅜ yards 35-inch; without cape, 6¾ yards 39-inch.

No. 6261. Size 36, 5¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 6150. Size 6, blouse, 1⅜ yards 35-inch; trousers, 1 yard 32- or 33-inch.

No. 6294. Size 10, 1⅞ yards 54-inch; lining, 1⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 3352. Size 4, 1⅞ yards 39-inch; lining, 1¼ yards 35-inch.

No. 6286. Size 12, 3⅛ yards 35-inch; collar, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 6214. Size 8, dress, 1⅝ yards 39-inch; collar, ¼ yard 39-inch; coat, 1¾ yards 39-inch material.

No. 6291. Size 6, 2 yards 35-inch.

No. 6287. Size 8, 2⅜ yards 39-inch; collar, ½ yard 39-inch material.

No. 6288. Size 2, 2 yards 32-inch material.

No. 6289. Size 4, 1⅞ yards 32-inch.

No. 6290. Size 10, 2 yards 35-inch material.

MARY FAITH

[*Continued from page 137*]

book. A bank book and a check book. A dime savings bank. A pair of rubbers and a folding umbrella. A pasteboard box filled with old letters and receipts. A box of writing paper and correspondence cards.

She had them all in the hatbox and was closing it when she heard the door open behind her. She swung around. Mark Nesbit was standing in the doorway.

He looked first at the open drawers of the desk and then at the hatbox which she was holding.

"What do you think you're doing, Mary Faith?" His eyes seemed to take her in, point by point. The green hat, the expensive fur-trimmed suit, the gray slippers with their cut-steel buckles.

"I'm—leaving," said Mary Faith.

He crossed the room and stood beside her, looking down at her and shaking his head.

"I hope you're not leaving because of — last night," he said. "There's no reason why you should leave, Mary Faith. We're still good friends, aren't we? We can go on working together, can't we?" he asked.

Mary Faith stood helplessly wondering how to answer him.

"How on earth can I tell him I'm going to be married?" she asked herself.

"I can't," she decided. "Not when he likes me the way he does."

She stooped and picked up the hat box.

"I've made up my mind to leave," she said awkwardly, and because she had begun to feel as if she were going to cry, her voice was cold. She turned toward the door.

"Well, I'm sorry, Mary Faith. And, look here, if you ever want to come back we're always waiting for you. You'll remember that, won't you?"

She nodded.

"And there's something else—" He put his hand on the knob of the door. "I want you to know that you can always count on me if you need me for anything. You know how I feel about you, Mary Faith, and I'm not going to change."

He held the door open for her and stood watching her as she went across the big empty office and vanished down the stairs.

MARY FAITH and Kim were married at high noon in the chapel of the Church of the Heavenly Rest.

December sunlight came in through the high, stained-glass windows and laid its bright finger on the pages of Dr. Pomeroy's prayer book as he began to read the marriage service:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here together in the sight of God to join together this man and this woman."

Mary Faith had tight hold of Kim's hand and her eyes were on his face.

Kim, being Kim, had forgotten to buy the wedding ring, and Claire Maldon had let him take hers for the ceremony. Mary Faith looked down at it as Kim slipped it over her finger and found herself wondering what he had done with her engagement ring.

"I'll never ask him about it," she made up her mind. In all probability he had taken it back to the jewelry store where he had bought it. He was always in need of money.

Kim was turning to her now and Dr. Pomeroy was beaming at them both as he closed his prayer book.

Claire and Jack Maldon came up to them from the shadows where they had been standing.

Claire's bright blue eyes were on Kim's face and she was smiling broadly at him. She laid one of her white-gloved hands on his shoulder.

"Well, Sandy," she asked him, "how do you feel now that it's all over?"

Kim laughed. "I feel just like a married man," he said. "That service certainly does tie you up for life, doesn't it?—'Till Death us do part.' That's quite a line, isn't it?"

Claire turned her eyes to Mary Faith. "Now that you're safely married, could I please have my wedding ring?" she asked. "They say it's bad luck to take off your wedding ring, and this is the first time I've had mine off since Jack put it on last October. I keep it on even when I wash dishes."

She talked constantly. She talked all the way into the registry where Mary Faith and Kim wrote their names in a book filled with the names of other brides and grooms, and all the way out of the shadowy old church into the sunlight.

"Sandy," she said to Kim as they stood in the street beside Kim's shabby little roadster, "we brought you and Mary Faith a wedding present and put it in the back of your car. It's a package of books—all the new novels that looked good to us. We knew they'd be life-savers for you down in that dead little town of Garrettsville where you're going."

CLAIRE MALDON had a light, pretty voice that was like a very simple piece of music.

"You don't believe what I'm telling you," it rippled on, "but in a week or so you two will be so bored with each other that you'll yawn every three minutes by the clock. You'll wish you'd never seen each other . . . Jack and I scrapped all the time we were on our honeymoon, didn't we, Jack?" she asked, turning to her husband.

Jack Maldon, a tall, dark, quiet-mannered young man, grinned and said nothing.

"Well, we did whether he admits it or not," said Claire. "We fought like two strange bull-dogs . . . You see, we thought we wanted to be all by ourselves, just the way you do. So we went 'way up into the North Woods, miles from everywhere. And four days after we got there it began to rain. It just poured! And we didn't have a thing to read or even a deck of cards! It was ghastly! Next time I get married I'm going to Atlantic City or Palm Beach or some other crowded spot for my honeymoon, and no fooling!"

She clung to her husband's arm and waved her hand at them as they drove off.

"When you get lonesome come back to town and call up the Maldons!" Her voice floated after them through the clear bright air. "Don't forget, Sandy!"

(Continued in NOVEMBER McCALL'S*)*

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MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 27*]

inspiration—but Gabreau was becoming more pious. Gabreau, indeed, though he had always been a kind and obedient son, was becoming kinder.

Tonight she had lighted the candles, and leaving the pictured face to watch, had fallen asleep. Gabreau had lain still till he heard Molly come through the gate. He left his bed then, went to the window, watching Molly cross the dawn-lighted court and close her door. Juanita was home now, he knew—asleep in the great bed, in the room to which he had taken the flowers.

Gabreau went back to his bed. When Conchita woke at seven to go to the kitchen, she found him sprawled asleep, breathing heavily. She covered him, blew out the guttering candles.

"*Ay, mi angelico!*" . . .

Gabreau awoke in a darkened room. He rose with a start. It was his office to wait table for Molly and Divitt and to be about the patio during the day, on call for any errand of the house. But it was no thought of these duties that sent him from his tumbled bed and into his clothes. This was the day for which he had waited a week. Tonight he would not be in the parlors. Umberto would need him. Umberto had given him instructions as to where and how they should meet. Once before Umberto had given such instructions and Gabreau had misunderstood and waited in the wrong place. He would misunderstand again.

Having dressed, Gabreau opened the secret drawer in the old *commoda* where he and Conchita kept their savings. He took out some silver pieces, thrust them into his pocket, went downstairs. He had an errand of his own.

Conchita was washing the dishes after the late breakfast, having waited on Molly and Divitt herself.

"I tell dem you are not well," she crooned. "I say you eat what make you seeck. I thank they will not send you on errands mebbe today."

That suited Gabreau very well. He would not eat his own breakfast, but he drank some coffee. Then he went out the iron gates into Rondeau Street, passing along Royal, entering the shop where he had taken the picture to be framed.

Gabreau paused before a case of old weapons, curious relics, some with corroded blades and gems in the hilts. He knew what he had come to buy—the dirk with the smooth sharp blade and the handle that fitted snugly into the hand.

Pierre nodded, taking it from the case.

"Tell yo' mistress," he said, "I have anudder table like the lit' rosewood one she buy. I be please' she come and see him."

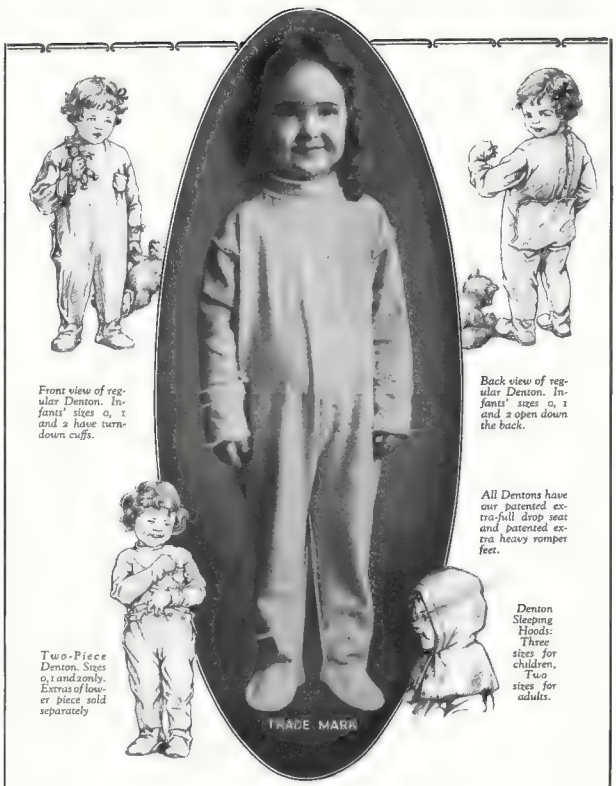
Gabreau took his parcel, flung down the price and went out.

NOW you be keerful, bebby!" Conchita crooned that night. "You have not eat', you have not slip. You have not de strength to go with Umberto. You mus' let him do de work. You hear, my bebby?" . . .

Gabreau heard. When Conchita had gone downstairs he removed the dirk from its place behind the framed picture, and thrust it in his belt. From the armoire he took an old black satchel, placed a wrapped parcel within it and went down the stair.

He knew where Ledbetter lived—in the great bachelor apartments near Lake Pontchartrain. In the days before Molly had turned the dive into the Parlors he had carried certain parcels to this house, parcels similar to the

[*Continued on page 140*]



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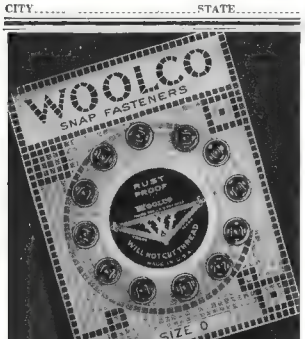

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MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 139*]

one he carried now. The bottles in this parcel were empty, but they would serve. The door man would no doubt remember him.

Gabreau, arriving at the apartments, was told that Mr. Ledbetter was not in. "He will be in later," Gabreau said.

THE door man did not dispute him. He appeared to divine the nature of Gabreau's errand, said to the elevator boy, "Take this up and put it in Mr. Ledbetter's apartment." But Gabreau would not surrender his satchel. The door man signaled him to go up with it.

The elevator boy knocked at Ledbetter's rooms, and presently unlocked the door, switched on the light, waiting while Gabreau went in and set a bottle on the table. "I've got tek one on de nex' flo'," said Gabreau, his hand on the latch of the door. He himself turned off the light, closed the door. He came into the hall. "I'll walk down," he said. The elevator bell was ringing, and the boy left him.

Gabreau started up the stair, came down, walked back to Ledbetter's door. It opened at his touch. He released the latch again, went in and closed the door, turned on the soft light of a single sconce.

He had hoped that he would find Ledbetter at home and alone; that, seeing the satchel and thinking its contents a gift, Ledbetter would admit him and close the door . . . . But he could wait. He was used to waiting.

Gabreau brought a chair into the recess behind the door, and sat down. Two o'clock came. Three. Gabreau sat very still. He sat still until the dawn began to gray the windows, to sift into the room, till the street noises and the noises of the house told him that Ledbetter would not come.

Fury greater than the fury that had brought him there possessed him. He began to fling open the drawers, drawers of the table, the highboy, the bureau. But drawers that opened so easily did not interest him, and many of these were empty. Others contained only apparel, belongings so suggestive of their owner that Gabreau's rage increased at the sight of them. If he might find some locked drawer . . .

There was none. Apparently Ledbetter possessed no treasures. No treasures except the things that were on the walls, about the rooms. Gabreau's eye fell on a bit of faïence, a Nubian dancing girl in black marble, a slim, Tanagra vase . . . The vase sat on a desk in the shadows by the bed —an old escritoire with drawers. Gabreau went over to it.

The drawers were locked. Gabreau laughed, drew a ring of keys from his pocket. There was none that fitted the lock, but Gabreau's hands were strong. A key turned relentlessly in his grip. The lock broke . . . Papers; nothing but papers in any of the drawers . . . Gabreau, in his rage, threw the papers on the floor.

He started. Something among the papers had fallen heavily. A carved sandalwood box that looked like a jewel case. The box also was locked. Gabreau, with a smile, dropped it into the satchel, put in the bottles with which he had come. Quickly he went through the outer door and down the stair.

Conchita was awake and watching, for he was late. He made no reply to her eager murmur, but flung the bag into the armoire, undressed and got into bed. It was not until later in the day, when she was alone, that Conchita got out the bag and opened it. It contained some empty bottles and a carved wooden box that had been opened and snapped together again—jaggedly, as if in fury. There were only some papers in the box, small ivory-colored papers that she could not read.

"Dat *diablo*, Umberto," she growled. "He treat my Gabreau mo' wuss ever' time."

WIDE blue sky and a wind whipping the blue waters of Biloxi Sound into caps of flying spray, fluttering the blue guest flag of the *Undine* and the Marquesa's orange scarf where she sat on the forward deck, talking with the mate. Kirk at the rail was pointing out Ship Island to Juanita.

Juanita and the Marquesa had been in Biloxi a fortnight. Following the Carnival, there had been a few small parties to which they had gone. But, for the most part, New Orleans was quiet, postponing further festivity until Easter Week.

Nelly had welcomed her guests as the desert-dweller welcomes the caravan. Almost every evening there were guests for dinner and bridge, or a bit of dancing on the yacht or the veranda of White Aloes, the great house with the garden sloping down to the sea.

This was Kirk's fourth visit since they had come. Already he could observe a change in Juanita. Something had seemed to drop away from her, some veil, some feeling of remoteness.

"What is that?" she asked suddenly, looking at the land ahead of them.

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6214	4-14	.35	6261	14-18, 36-42	.65	6274	14-18, 36-42	.45	6287	2-8	.35
6249	14-16, 36-42	.35	6262	14-18, 36-42	.50	6275	14-18, 36-42	.50	6288	2-10	.35
6250	2-8	.35	6263	12-20	.45	6276	14-18, 36-42	.65	6289	1-8	.35
6251	1-6	.35	6264	12-20	.50	6277	14-18, 36-46	.65	6290	6-14	.35
6252	4-14	.35	6265	14-18, 36-42	.50	6278	14-18, 36-42	.50	6291	2-10	.35
6253	8-16	.35	6266	14-18, 36-42	.65	6279	14-18, 36-42	.45	6292	14-18, 36-42	.45
6254	8-16	.35	6267	14-18, 36-46	.50	6280	14-18, 36-42	.65	6293	14-16, 36-46	.35
6255	13½-17	.35	6268	14-18, 36-42	.45	6281	14-18, 36-42	.65	6294	4-14	.35
6256	14-16, 36-40	.50	6269	14-18, 36-46	.45	6282	14-18, 36-42	.45	6295	14-18, 36-42	.45
6257	14-16, 36-40	.65	6270	14-18, 36-42	.45	6283	14-18, 36-42	.45	6296	14-18, 36-42	.45
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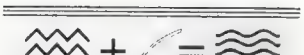

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MOON OF DELIGHT

"That," said Kirk, "is our destination—the Isle of Caprice."

It was all white sand, narrow as a front yard, shaped like a crescent, with dunes and tall, blowing grass, and sandpipers running along the water's edge. In its center was a rambling structure covered with vines, and on its farther side a surf tore in under a driving wind, with waves like high blue flying hills that shattered themselves meekly against the sand.

JUANITA stood watching the bathers, hands in the pockets of her white jersey. The Marquesa's eyes roved to the rambling, vine-clad house.

Kirk understood. The Marquesa was thinking of the roulette wheel. He led them along the path of pounded shells and up the steps of the rambling house. Inside, people were grouped about the toy racehorses, the great gilded bird cages, the racks of red and yellow balls. They sat in the high chairs around the roulette wheel.

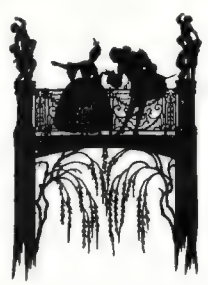
Juanita looked and turned away. The Marquesa started in. "Not comin'?" she turned back to ask of the other two. "Then meet me here—at the step—in an hour."

Kirk promised. During his late visits in Biloxi he had found Spanish customs a bit trying. He was sure he had said little to Juanita that the Marquesa had not heard. Well, he had her to himself for an hour, anyway.

"How about the surf, Juanita? Want to go in?"

He called her Juanita now. The Marquesa called her that sometimes. Sometimes she said 'Ysabel'. Kirk liked 'Juanita' better. It seemed to suit, somehow. Juanita hadn't objected to his calling her that. She had merely smiled and called him 'Kirk'.

Juanita didn't want to go in the surf. She wanted to see the island. They walked along together, Kirk happy in this hour of freedom, taking her by the hand, for the sand was deep in places, pointing out the spot where the pirates had once buried their treasure.



He looked at her as they stood still.

"Rod Stevens says I've got to bring you back to New Orleans. That I had no right to take you off here as soon as you'd met everybody. But don't you think—wouldn't you say I had a little right, the right of discovery?"

"That's a big right," said Juanita. "The right of discovery."

"I think so, too," Kirk answered. "I want them to see you—to know you," he added. "But I don't want—Juanita, I don't want you to like somebody else—better. Promise me you won't."

Her eyes came back to him, smiling.

"'Can we swear to be safe from the headache on Tuesday, and think it will hold?' One of your English poets said that," she told him.

"Well—anyhow, promise. You like me a little, don't you?"

"Of course, I like you," her eyes were grave.

"Then be faithful to that. Don't like anybody else better. Don't *love* anybody, Juanita—at least for a while."

She did not answer that. He had a sense of the veil dropping again between them. She evaded him so often, just as she had evaded a moment ago when he had come closer than he had ever come to her. Her evasion was not playful woman retreat, as he knew it . . . It was more than this.

Had some man been in her life? Were they sending her about America to forget? For all the Marquesa's babbling, she had given no hint of sadness in Juanita's scheme of things. Yet sadness seemed the essence of Juanita, except at such moments as she could forget—as when she played the guitar, for instance, and sang those little Spanish songs, gay with the rhythm of castanets . . . On his first visit Kirk had brought Juanita's guitar, and they had had much music together. The harp she played only when she was alone with him and Nelly, feeling perhaps less skillful with it, though her touch, to Kirk, seemed very sure and sweet. At the harp she became remote again, something with quiescent wings that he could not reach.

Whatever was in her past, Kirk felt that it stood between them more than any prospect of the future. He would not find the winning of Juanita an easy matter if he took her back to New Orleans. People were mad about her.

There was Bobby Cranshaw with his millions, and there was Rod Stevens. There was Adrian, too, who considered himself quite in the running. Adrian was in love continually, if not continuously. With Juanita he seemed prepared to be serious. They would see Adrian tomorrow. He was giving Juanita a dinner on Tarpon Point. . . And Cranshaw and Stevens were making all sorts of plans for Easter Week when Juanita should return to New Orleans.

"I'm going back to New Orleans tomorrow," said Kirk, apropos of nothing. "I'm leaving at six o'clock—before you're awake."

"I'm not certain I shan't be awake," Juanita answered. "There's been a mocking-bird lately—I think he lives in the honeysuckle outside my window. It's beautiful to wake up, and wonder what it was, and then hear him. I call him my alarm clock."

"Set him for five o'clock," begged Kirk. "Have breakfast with me tomorrow. We'll have it in the garden. Can you manage it? Does the Marquesa sleep hard enough?"

"That's her sleepiest time. But why should she care?"

"She shouldn't. But she does look after you with a vengeance. I think she's afraid somebody's going to run off with you."

"She's not looking after me now," Juanita answered.

Kirk's hand tightened on hers. "What a chance!" he said.

It was tranquil here at the island's other end. No wind at all. The waves lapped the white sand lazily. Kirk and Juanita sat down on a gray rock. The sun dropped like a red ball, leaving the dusk.

MADAME FOUCHÉ sat in the sun parlor and talked with Mrs. Belaise while Adrian walked the veranda, his eyes on the Sound, now steeped in the green after-glow of dusk.

Adrian and his mother had arrived aforetime. They would spend tonight and tomorrow night in White Aloes.

[*Continued on page 142*]

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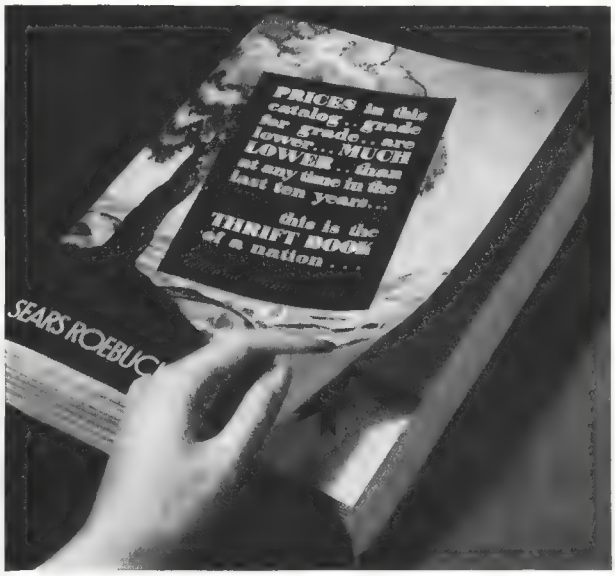
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MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 141*]

"I was thanking of you, Nelly," Madame Fouché explained, fanning gently. "Thanking how you sit all day while de yong peoples ron 'round."

Madame Fouché was voluminous and comfortable, with black, romantic coiffure and an agreeable smile. She was, as she proudly acknowledged, the seventh generation of her family in America; but she had not learned to speak English until her three daughters had married Americans.

"And so," said Madame Fouché, "I tell Adrian, 'Take me when you give your shore dinnair to Señorita Flores and let us go up tonight.' "

"That was sweet of you, Theoneste," said Nelly. "They always want me to go, but I save myself."

Madame suspended her fanning, leaned forward.

"Señorita Flores, she is ver' rich—*non?*"

"I couldn't tell you," said Nelly.

"Ever'body say she is rich," Madame remarked complacently. "She give de air of someone who have money. I thank she is rich, Nelly, though she have only one jewel—dat pearl ring."

"I gave her that," said Nelly.

"You?" cried Madame. "You give her dat ring? . . . Ah, yez—when she bring back de necklace!"

"No. She wouldn't take anything then. I gave her that later, because it was Delphine's. She looks like Delphine."

"Kirk's mothair? . . . I do not see—"

"You've seen only Delphine's pictures. Sometimes—sometimes in the evening when Juanita plays the harp . . . It was Delphine's harp. I had it packed away and would never let anyone touch it. When Kirk told me Juanita played the harp, I got it out . . . It seems almost—especially in the evenings when she sits in there by the piano and plays—it seems as if Delphine had come back."

Madame cast a startled glance at the space by the piano.

"Nelly," she said after a moment, "I have not know you feel like dat. I mus' tell Adrian. He mus' stay away."

Nelly came back abruptly, "Stay away?"

"Adrian is ver' *interest'* in Señorita Flores. But he mus' let Kirk have her, sence you feel like dat."

"That's thoughtful, Theoneste. I'd love to have Juanita, but I'm afraid she's not for either Adrian or Kirk. She's engaged."

ENGAGE'! . . . Señorita Flores is already engage'? . . . When she tell you?"

"It was the Marquesa told me—last night. Juanita's fiancé is a prominent nobleman in Spain. They are very much in love the Marquesa says."

"Well! . . . She have keep it secret a long time. I am gon' have trobble brekking this to Adrian . . . You have tell Kirk?"

"No. I'm not the one to tell him," Nelly answered. "Juanita will do that at the proper time . . . The Marquesa said Juanita was not to know she had told me, so if you say anything to Adrian, ask him to be careful."

"Adrian is discreet," Madame replied. "But Señorita Flores have do wrong. She should have tell ever'body at de first to avoid *accident*. My Adrian say to me, '*Maman*, for de first time I mit a girl what I can give my heart to.' He put his hand on his heart—like thees . . . It is a sin, what Señorita Flores have do."

"That's absurd," snapped Nelly. "Who knows but she may not love the man at all? Who knows but she may have come to America to forget for a little while that she is going to marry him? Maybe she *will* forget."

They both turned, hearing Adrian go down the steps. Voices came from the pier.

"They've come," said Nelly. "Now, poor Theoneste, you shall have dinner."

THE bulbul bush had blossomed. Kirk sat beside it in the dark of the garden, thinking that perhaps Juanita would come out to him there. He recalled how, on Adrian's last visit she had come to him, how they had walked up and down the paths under the tamarisks and magnolias, while the others danced on the veranda.

But she was not avoiding Adrian tonight. Kirk could see her through the drawing-room windows, flame-like in the coral chiffon she had worn down to dinner, laughing and talking with Adrian, guitar on her knee. Her voice came out to him as she sang, mingling with the perfume of the bulbul bush. Since dinner Juanita had seemed farther away than ever. It was as if she wished to wipe out that moment of communion on Caprice. Now it was Kirk she was avoiding, singing to Adrian:

"On a fine horse, bright with silver trappings,
Don Juan Montivel rides toward Pigué.
Silver dagger in his belt, flower in his buttonhole —"

Kirk knew what the Spanish words meant. It was the song she had taught him the night before. Adrian did not know its meaning. He was listening with all his gift of passionate intensity, as if the song were a veiled declaration of Juanita's love.

There was another song Kirk wanted her to teach him. She had sung it with such fire and pathos that he had loved it best of all. "The Eternal Song," she had called it—"*Cantar Eterno.*" He hoped she would not sing those words tonight, even in Spanish.

Kirk started. She was singing them. The garden was full of her voice.

"At nightfall I murmur
'Love me, my beloved!'
The nightingale sings too
Of love's fierce pain.

"Not because I sing
Is my heart joyful.
But like the swan, in dying,
I sing, 'I love you'."

Kirk could not watch her singing that song, Adrian beside her. He walked deeper into the garden, down to the summer house with its festoons of star jasmine and beside the stone steps that girdle Biloxi Sound. After a time he came back to the bulbul bush. There was still a chance that she might come out to him there.

Madame Fouché, in the house, wished to talk with the Marquesa. The Marquesa was coming to sit with her

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MOON OF DELIGHT

presently on the sofa, but first she must telephone the Hotel Tijon in New Orleans. She had broken her lorgnettes, she explained, and they must send the other pair.

Madame liked the Marquesa. The Marquesa had appreciated her old silver and solid gold punch bowl which Monsieur Fouché had bought after a coup in the market. The Marquesa had also admired Madame Fouché's pearls.

Madame would draw the Marquesa out on the subject of Juanita's prospective husband. Nelly might have misunderstood the Marquesa's statements, or it might be even that Nelly had exaggerated them in order to get Adrian out of the way. Madame would get the facts from headquarters, however difficult it might be.

It was not difficult. Madame adroitly opened the conversation from another angle.

"Nelly is very careless," said Madame in French, when the Marquesa had finished telephoning, and they were sipping their coffee together on the sofa.

"Careless?" repeated the Marquesa, glancing at their hostess in her flowered dress.

"In every way," asserted Madame. "Not only does she leave her jewelry, which she affects to love, lying all about, but—"

The Marquesa was forced, however gently, to oppose such statements as these.

"Surely you are wrong, Madame. I have not seen—"

"You have not visited her in town," asserted Madame. "In New Orleans she keeps her valuables in a drawer, a simple drawer with a simple lock. The servants know where they are. I myself have seen them there."

"They are probably very close to her hand," surmised the Marquesa, still on the defensive.

"Oh, yes!" with a shrug. "In her bedroom. She says no burglar would ever look there."

"Then it is not carelessness," smiled the loyal Marquesa.

Madame sipped her coffee, having become rather involved. "To me it is taking chances," she persisted. "And Nelly is careless sometimes in the things she says. For instance, she has told me that Señorita Flores—"

That was very different, but Nelly had not been careless even in regard to that. The Marquesa felt that it was right Madame should know the whole of it. Juanita had wished it kept a secret, but she—Carlota—knew the feelings of a mother. She did indeed.

Nelly had not exaggerated. On the contrary, the Marquesa told Madame of certain complications connected with Juanita's betrothal, complications she had not mentioned to Mrs. Belaise. Madame fanned agitatedly.

Oscar went out into the garden with an extra cup. It was unthinkable that Mister Kirk should miss his post prandial coffee. He would certainly regret it later. Kirk saw Oscar coming, went toward him. He had decided to send Juanita a message.

"Say to Señorita Flores that the bulbul bush is in bloom."

Oscar waited, intuition informing him that there was more in the air than this.

"That's all," said Kirk. "Just go over to her and say, 'The bulbul bush is in bloom'."

Oscar went off doubtfully. Kirk, watching him through the window, saw him approach Juanita's chair, waiting for her attention, saw Juanita look

[*Continued on page 145*]

How I MADE UP *for* JOHN'S *Shrunken* PAY CHECK

How a Little Home Business Brought Independence

"They've cut our piece rate again," John said bitterly as he gloomily ate his supper. "I've been working at top speed and then only making a bare living, but now—"

It had been hard enough before but now—with John's pay check even smaller—I feared it would be impossible to make ends meet.

Idly I fingered through the pages of a magazine and saw an advertisement telling how women at home were making $15.00 to $50.00 a week supplying Brown Bobby greaseless doughnuts.

"Why can't you do the same?" I asked myself. "Why can't you do what others have done. Investigate!" I did. In a few days I received details of the Brown Bobby plan. It seemed too good to be true because it showed how I, without neglecting my housework or little Jimmy, could easily make money.

Well to make the story short, I went into the business without telling John. I passed out sample Brown Bobbys to my friends, gave out a few samples around restaurants, lined up a couple grocery stores. In my first week, I sold 238 dozen Brown Bobbys at an average profit of 15c a dozen.

When John brought home his next pay check, he threw it down on the table and said gloomily "I'm sorry, honey, but it's the best I can do."

"It's not the best you can do, darling," and I almost cried when I told him of the money I had made selling Brown Bobbys. It was the happiest moment in my life.

Inside of three weeks John quit his job at the factory to devote all his time to Brown Bobbys. Now we are dissatisfied at less than $150.00 a week.

Women interested in making $15.00 to $50.00 in their spare time are invited to write for details of the Brown Bobby plan to Food Display Machine Corp., Dept. 3910, Chicago, Ill.

FOOD DISPLAY MACHINE CORP.,
Dept. 3910, 500-510 N. Dearborn St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Without cost send me details of your Bown Bobby plan.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

You're not getting a modern sweeper unless it's a new Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control. This improvement doubles the brush range and reduces the effort by half.
GRAND RAPIDS

This makes the new Bissell sweep any surface—*easier!*

HOW old is your carpet sweeper . . . ten, fifteen, twenty-five years? How many times has it paid for itself in the saving of brooms alone? How many other work savers have given you that much service? How many cost so little?

You owe yourself an up-to-date sweeper! The recently improved Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control sweeps any surface from linoleum to inch-thick rugs —easier! Hard "bearing down" on the handle is never needed. The "Hi-Lo" feature is the greatest sweeper improvement in a generation.

Ask any leading hardware, furniture or department store to demonstrate. A Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control (on all Cyco models) costs only the price of a few brooms—$5.50 and up (50c higher in West and South). "The Bissell Booklet" mailed free. Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The new **BISSELL** SWEEPER with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

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Vanta*

Baby Garments

No Pins No Buttons

PLEASE, mother dear, dress me in Vanta*! Don't use pins that come unfastened and prick or buttons that turn on edge! Vantas* tie with cute little bows of twistless tape. You don't need to turn me over even once in dressing. I can always look up into your face and see you smile. That makes me very happy, too!

Thousands of doctors and nurses recommend and millions of mothers use Vanta* No Pins No Buttons Garments for the first two years, then Vanta* Self Help Garments that make it easy to teach babies to dress themselves, saving mothers' time, and also training babies' minds.

Every Garment is of finest Vanta* Quality, guaranteed non-shrinkable. Knitted fabrics of silk, wool, linen mesh, rayon, sase, cotton, in every desired weight.

Originators—Specialists

Almost every improvement in baby dressing has been originated by VANTA*. Specialists who make only finest Garments and Hosiery for Babies.

Ask your store for the original Vanta* Garments. If you cannot get them write EARNSHAW KNITTING CO., Dept.317 Newton, Mass. In Canada, write J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

*Vanta—Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FREE TO YOU

Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc.
Dept. 317, Newton, Mass.

Without charge now or later send pattern and full instructions for making the new Vanta* square-fold, pinless diaper. Also Baby's Outfit book and illustrated catalog, all in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City ..... State .....

There will be pink and white hyacinths here next spring

BULBS WITH A FUTURE

By Amelia Leavitt Hill

BULBS are such mysterious things—in the fall we plant a quantity of these little dun-colored globes, very uninteresting to look at—spring comes, and we are greeted with the gorgeous coloring of tulips, the fragrance of the hyacinth, and the beauty of delicate blossoms. True wealth is ours to command!

The tulip, with its variety of hues and form, is deservedly a favorite. The Early tulips, single and double, offer a wide range of colors; among the best single varieties being De Wet in lovely coppery-orange, Rose Luisante (rose-pink) and the scarlet-and-yellow Keizerskroon. The doubles include Murillo, in delicate pink touched with white, the Couronne d'Or, which is really like a golden crown, and the Boule de Neige, a full white blossom.

The Cottage tulips are quaint, stiff little things, with pointed petals. To this class belong the valuable Inglescombe Yellow and Inglescombe Pink.

The Breeder variety is particularly rich in coloring: Lucifer is a great reddish-orange flower; Bronze Queen is brown, flecked with gold; Marechal Victor, a wonderful coppery-bronze; Cardinal Manning, Louis XIV and Roi Soleil, fine purples, are touched with a bronze bloom.

The Breeders have a rival for honors in the Darwins. Of these, Pride of Haarlem and Mr. Farncombe Sanders, are in brilliant shades of rose, the Dream is a beautiful pale mauve, the Rev. Ewbank is a deeper shade of the same tint, and Mrs. Potter Palmer is gorgeous deep plum, while Zulu and La Tulipe Noire are so very dark a red as to be practically black.

The Parrot or Dragon tulip is of gay reds and yellows, and the petals are oddly notched and distorted. It has a tendency, too, to curve and bend instead of standing erect, and for that reason is seen to rather better advantage indoors or in hanging baskets.

There are many other early spring bulbs which will add much to the beauty of your garden. October or early November planting is the rule for crocus, hyacinths, snowdrops *(Galanthus)*, chionodoxa, eranthis or winter aconite, muscari (grape hyacinths), fritillaria or Crown Imperial, and the different varieties of the Dog's Tooth violet. Like all other bulbs, the rule for planting is to cover them three times the height of the bulb.

First of the summer bulbs are the lilies, which are set out in the autumn. Some have two sets of roots, one above and one below the bulb, and require deep planting for the protection of the upper layer. Among these are the Auratum, Brownii, Batemanii, Speciosum, and the Regal. Others, notably the Madonna, may be planted close to the top of the ground.

Certain varieties of the iris are considered as bulbs, while others are more nearly roots. They are all, however, left in the ground during the winter, as are the summer hyacinth and the lily of the valley. The dahlia, montbretia, and tuberose *are taken out*, and put away in attic or cellar. In every case, of course, the foliage is cut away when the bulb is dry and clean.

The gladiolus, a favorite summer blooming bulb, must be treated in the same way, and is set out, like other stored-away plants, in the spring.

An unclean toilet bowl is DANGEROUS

AN UNSANITARY toilet bowl is an ever-present menace to the health of a household. But such a danger is the simplest thing in the world to avoid. Merely sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and immediately the bowl is spotless.

By the use of Sani-Flush all unpleasant odors are instantly eliminated, all germs are killed, and all incrustations are swept away. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, is cleansed and purified.

Purchase a can of Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, and banish forever the most unpleasant of household tasks. Sani-Flush is sold in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO—*a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush

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☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

MOON OF DELIGHT

[*Continued from page 143*]

up at him. "De bulbul bush in bloom, ma'am." Kirk knew how Oscar would say it. He went back with his coffee.

But Juanita did not come.

Would she meet him for breakfast in the morning? She had promised. He would not remind her. But he gathered some of the bulbul flowers before he went in, taking the back stair which led directly off the garden. He would give the flowers to Rhoda to put in Juanita's room. They would perhaps say something about tomorrow.

Juanita's door was ajar. Rhoda was no doubt inside, making the room ready for the night. Kirk tapped, knowing from the sounds below that there was no danger of interruption. The door opened farther at his touch. Rhoda was not there. She had come and gone, for the bed was already turned down, the night light burning.

Kirk stepped inside, poured some water from the carafe into one of the crystal vases, set the flowers on the table beside the bed. Already their perfume was beginning to permeate the room . . .

Kirk went quickly out the open door to his own room. But it was a long time before the voices downstairs ceased, before there came steps on the stair and good nights called along the hall.

JUANITA lay under the shell-shaped canopy, watching the world grow pale with dawn, as if a luminous silver powder were being sifted from the sky.

She looked at the flowers, a crimson blur in the half-dark. Kirk had left them there, she knew. Kirk had sent her the message that they were in bloom, and she had known that he was in the garden waiting to finish with her that interrupted moment on Caprice. She had stayed in the house, singing, talking to Adrian, scarcely conscious that it was he, so afraid was she of Kirk of his voice, his touch, his kindness—of the things he said. Alone with him in the garden's dusk and stillness, what might she not have said, in turn? What might she not have told him? . . .

Now she was not afraid. It was not love she felt for Kirk; of that she was quite sure. How could a heart that had been drained of faith as hers had been, furnish a soil for love? It was not love—and it was not night! So she need not fear. She would meet Kirk in the garden, as she had promised. She would eat breakfast with him. He must not think she was avoiding him. He must not suspect for an instant that she was afraid . . .

Juanita slipped from the bed. The mocking bird sang suddenly from the honeysuckle.

"A little late, señor," she said, putting her feet into satin mules, laying a kimono about her. She moved noiselessly, closing the Marquesa's door as she ran the water in the bath between the rooms.

The mocking bird flew away, leaving the honeysuckle shaking. The garden had grown pale . . . The day was going to be very warm. Juanita put on a sleeveless dress of pink cotton homespun, winding her hair in braids about her head. There was no time to dally. If the Marquesa was going to wake and come in Juanita preferred her to do it after she was gone.

Kirk was waiting under the oak trees by the south wall, the white bank of the plum thicket behind him. A table had been set there— a table for two. The world was very dim and still.

"This is good of you," Kirk said, pulling out Juanita's chair. "All your beauty sleep—"

"Beauty sleep?" smiled Juanita. "Do you know what we say in Spanish? 'It is a sin to sleep when the moon is shining.' I'm beginning to believe it's a sin to sleep in the dawn."

DOWN a little brick path Rhoda was coming between rows of misty jonquils, bearing a bowl of strawberries.

"You're to pour the coffee," Kirk said to Juanita. "Rhoda may pour your chocolate, if you like, but you're to pour my coffee."

"Spoiled, aren't you?"

"Well—desirous of being, at any rate. You didn't come last night," he added, as she gave him his cup. "I suppose you were too happy with Adrian."

She was watching Rhoda dish the strawberries. She could be very silent when she chose, reflected Kirk. Rhoda went back along the little path and Kirk added, "To think I am leaving you here all day with him—with Adrian."

"Is he dangerous?" asked Juanita.

"How should I know?" Kirk spoke testily. He had not slept well, and Juanita looked so disturbingly pretty and so disturbingly remote. "It depends on the state of your powder whether he's dangerous or not. On your susceptibility. At any rate," Kirk finished, "I'm leaving you here with him."

"Why don't you take him?"

"How? He's plotted this for days. He's even planned a moon for tonight —on the ride home."

"He has plotted nothing with me," said Juanita.

"Oh, well," said Kirk, "you've poured my coffee any way. I'll remember that all day." Then softly, "I love you, Juanita, with your hair like that. What have you done to it? I love you in that rough little pink dress. I love you any way at all," he added.

Juanita's hand, lying beside her plate, felt Kirk's hand cover it. Kirk's hand, warm and sure and firm. She did not move.

"Juanita," he said, his voice seeming to move along her veins into her heart. "Juanita, look at me."

She felt the tears in her eyes, but she looked at him.

"Juanita, darling—what is it?"

She herself had risen, stood dazedly. She felt Kirk's arms about her. Kirk's kiss was on her eyes, her brow, her mouth.

"Darling . . . ." Kirk's whisper. "Nothing shall make you sad. Nothing shall hurt you." Kirk's whisper, moving along her veins, into her heart.

Her hand touched his face, as if to make sure that she did not dream, moved along his forehead, pushed back his hair. She thought, "At last I have done that!" as if it had always been her wish.

"You blessed child!" said Kirk, kissing her again.

Her arm went around his neck. The black Thing with its waiting pall slunk away. Her face was against Kirk's breast; but she knew that the sun had come up out of the sea, was gilding the garden.

[*Continued in* NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

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THE DUDE RANGER

[*Continued from page 15*]

"Shore, thet's lucky for one of us cowboys," said Jeff fervently. "Wal, *adois*. Hope after all you get in for the Fourth. An' say, give my love to your little cousin, Daisy Brooks."

"Catch me, Jeff Martin!" she retorted. "You cowboy! . . . Well, *adois*."

Ernest very soberly agreed with the young lady that this Red Rock inheritance matter was not at all funny. The fact that this handsome western girl, with the red-gold hair, was a daughter of John Hepford, who for many years had managed the Red Rock Ranch for Ernest's uncle stirred Ernest considerably. At first sight of Anne Hepford he had been decidedly struck; at a second, it seemed he had been smitten. Weighing her rather unpleasant remarks he decided he was not smitten; but when she sat down in front of him with her companion and he saw that blazing hair, and the nape of a firm, round neck, white where it met the cold tan, he feared that indeed he was.

The stage rolled on. Miss Hepford seemed pensive. He was certain that she had not noticed him. He felt curious about the moment when she would actually recognize him; he did not know just why, but he imagined something might hang on that.

Day dreams lingered with Ernest for many miles; far across the valley which had enchanted him, and up a long slope to a rugged summit. He gazed in awe at the far-flung ranges, and continued spellbound until the stage rolled down into another valley. It pulled into a picturesque little hamlet and to a stop before a quaint inn.

"Concha," called the driver. "Only an' last call fer lunch."

Mrs. Jones awoke and Miss Hepford came out of her pensiveness. Ernest pulled the wide brim of his sombrero far down over his eyes. He guessed, as the girl turned round, that she meant to speak to him.

All Ernest saw of the young lady from under his sombrero was her extended palm in which lay some silver. "Please get me some ham sandwiches," she said.

ERNEST took the money, mumbling his pleasure, and leaping out of the stage he went into the inn. A buxom, comely woman delivered the sandwiches to him, not without a speculative glance. Ernest was thinking that he might as well not seek any longer to deceive the fair one in the stage; and he went out with his sombrero tipped back and a smile on his face.

But Miss Hepford was not looking and did not notice him until he handed her the sandwiches. Then it took a second glance and longer. The green eyes opened wide with puzzled, searching expression. Then they twinkled and veered to the empty air. "Well!" she ejaculated, and then she laughed outright. Her vanity had been tickled. Ernest surmised at once that she imagined he had followed her and that such circumstance was ordinary in her range life. He was about to make some comment when the two robbers claimed his attention. It struck him that his return had been untimely for them. Probably with the stage-driver and himself absent they had thought the time propitious for the robbery.

The larger of the two, a hulking fellow with hard eyes and a beard that did not hide his cruel lips and craggy chin, shoved a dollar at Ernest.

"Hey, sonny, fetch us some of the same," he said.

Ernest shoved the dirty hand away. "Hey, yourself. Who was your slave this time last year?" he retorted.

Whereupon Bill threw the dollar at Ernest. It struck him and jingled on the hard ground.

"Pick thet up an' fetch them sandwiches," he ordered.

"Say, you are a couple of bums," replied Ernest, forcibly.

Bill leaped out upon the ground, picked up his dollar and pocketed it. Then he shot out a hand to clutch Ernest's coat lapels.

"Come along hyar. I'll show you who's a bum," he growled, and then turned to give his companion a meaning glance.

"Get the money, Bill," he called to the man in the stage. "I'll take kear of this bobcat."

Then he leaped upon Ernest bearing him heavily to the ground. Whether he thought to hold Ernest or to beat him into submission did not appear. For the powerful and active young man broke loose and sprang to his feet. Then he got in such a wallop that the robber went spinning.

GIMME thet bag!" Ernest heard Bill growl at that moment.

Wheeling, he was in time to see Miss Hepford rise with a scream, while with both hands she clung to a small bag which the man had seized.

"Let go, you thief!" she cried, furiously.

It was at this instant that Ernest thought of his gun. In a trice he jerked it out and with tight hold he pointed it at the robber.

"*Drop it!*" he yelled.

Before the man had time to turn, the gun went off with a thundering bang. If Ernest's tight squeeze of inexperience had caused the discharge, it also kept the gun from flying out of his hand. He had not intended to shoot.

"Don't shoot!" yelled the robber, hoarsely, letting go of the girl's bag and raising his hands. His big eyes stared at Ernest.

"Run fer it, Bill," called the other man, fiercely. And his boots thudded rapidly away.

Bill lurched into a gallop. Ernest had been as badly scared as the robber, but he had sense enough to grasp the situation and his opportunity. Whereupon he aimed the gun in the general direction of Bill and the other man, who were about to reach a corner, and pulled the trigger. *Bang! Bang! Bang!* The bullets struck up angry puffs of yellow dust, and that was all they did do, except to make the robbers flee faster. Before Ernest could get in a fourth shot they reached cover.

The stage-driver came running out with a heavy-booted man. "Whaz all the shootin'?" demanded the driver.

"Those two men tried to rob me," declared Miss Hepford, angrily, and she extended the bag as if in evidence.

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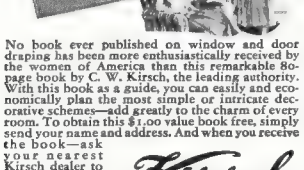

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THE DUDE RANGER

"They'd got her bag, too, but for this brave cowboy," corroborated the older woman.

"Wal, I'll be dinged!" ejaculated the man who had run out with the driver.

Miss Hepford sat down composedly, though she appeared a trifle pale. The green eyes, magnificent now, fixed curiously upon Ernest.

"Thanks, cowboy," she said, constrainedly. "You shore did me a service. But what'd you shoot for?"

"Well, it seemed about the only thing to do," explained Ernest, finding his voice. "I couldn't lick them both. And that fellow had hold of your bag."

"Uncle Brooks, I'll bet you Hyslip will swear this cowboy hired two hombres to pretend to rob me," protested the girl to the other occupant of the stage, a big kind-faced man.

"Haw! Haw! Haw!"

THESE cowboys!" murmured Mrs. Jones, bewildered, as they all climbed into the stage. The driver cracked his whip and called: "All aboard fer Springer." The big man beside Ernest showed disposition to be friendly.

"Where you ridin,' puncher?"

"Springertown," replied Ernest, interested to discover how much clothes made the man.

"Where you from?"

"Iowa."

"Are you on the grub line?"

Ernest did not know what that was, but he answered in the negative, and added that he was hunting for a job.

"Wal, I reckon thet'll be easy. Hawk Siebert, foreman for Red Rock, needs riders. An' if you don't get on there I'll take you on. Course I can't pay much, but it's a job.

"Thanks," returned Ernest, drawn to this plain, kindly rancher. "Reckon I'll try Hepford anyhow—heard so much about Red Rock."

He was to learn that this rancher was Sam Brooks, who had built up Red Rock for Selby. At one time there were sixty thousand head of cattle. Brooks' wife was a cousin of the Hepfords. When Selby bought the ranch he gave Brooks a hundred acres of land at the head of the valley, which land Hepford, when he ousted Brooks from his job, could not get possession of.

"An' he's never stopped tryin' to scare me out," continued Brooks. "But I've got thet land, an' some day it'll be valuable. You see the creek heads on my land, an' in dry seasons Red Rock shore would dry but for my spring. I never put any obstacle in Hepford's way. Selby gave me the land an' it was right of me to be liberal with my water. But some day—"

Brooks did not complete his sentence, but his massive jaw set hard. Then leaning close to Ernest, he indicated with a large thumb the person of Anne Hepford, and whispered: "Thet's Hepford's gal. She thinks she owns Red Rock."

The stage rolled down a fine wide road that wound by easy stretches and curves, and through succeeding belts of pine, cedar, oak and maple, to the level valley floor. Ernest saw a glistening stream that ran through green pastures and fields, and led up to a white cottage under a red bluff, where the valley boxed.

The stage stopped at a lane which ran straight to the cottage. There Ernest espied a girl leaning over the bars of the gate.

"Hyar you air, Sam," bawled the stage driver; "pile out."

Brooks clambered heavily out of the stage and Ernest handed down his packages. "Wal, puncher, heah's where I get off. What'd you say your name was?"

"I forgot to tell you. I—it's Ernest Howard," replied Ernest, luckily glib with his middle name.

"Mine's Sam Brooks. Ride up to see me."

"Sure will. And maybe I'll want that job, if Mr. Hepford won't take me on," returned Ernest, loud enough for the benefit of Miss Hepford, who had roused.

Meanwhile the girl at the gate came rather slowly forward. She appeared to be about seventeen years old, and she had big, shy, dark eyes. She was barefooted.

'Hello, Dais, heah I am like a pack hoss," Brooks greeted her and began to load her with bundles.

"Howdy, Daisy," spoke up Miss Hepford. "Haven't seen you for ages."

"Howdy, cousin," replied the girl. "I don't get down much these days."

Ernest, listening and watching, divined there was no love lost between the cousins.

In a rounded curve of the valley, almost an amphitheater, a wide bench jutted out, and here among scattered pine trees and gnarled old oaks stood the low, rambling, ranch house, very picturesquely located, with a great assortment of barns, sheds, and corrals, grouped further back under the slope.

ERNEST drew a deep, almost painful breath. All this could not be his. But it was! And he had a flash of lively expectancy of the fun and adventure he would experience before he revealed himself as the owner. What, for instance, would this gorgeous, western girl, this green-eyed Anne Hepford say to that?

"Whoa!" yelled the driver, and hauled the stage to a halt at a corner of road where a thick clump of pines obstructed view of the valley in both directions.

A man had appeared along the roadside. Instantly Ernest's mind reverted to the intimation of the robbers that a third member of their party, Bud so called, would secure the money Miss Hepford carried, in the event they failed to get it.

Ernest sat up suddenly, conscious of a hot wave of anger.

"What you want, haulin' me up like this?" demanded the driver of the stage suspiciously.

"Ride to Springer. My hoss went lame," was the reply.

"Whar is your hoss?"

"Tied back off the road," rejoined the man, jerking his hand backward. "I'll come back after him."

"Wal, all right, git in," concluded the stage-driver.

The man leaped up in a single bound, and Ernest sat forward, nerved for swift action, as the man stepped up as if to take the seat behind the women. But he did not sit down. Quick

[*Continued on page 148*]

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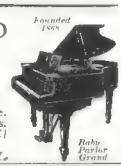
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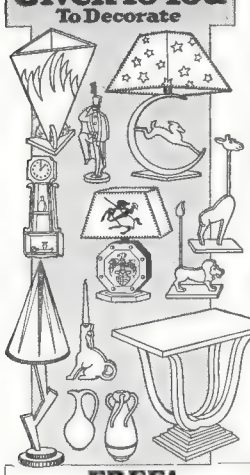

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DUDE RANGER

[*Continued from page 147*]

as a flash he bent over Miss Hepford and snatched her bag, which she held in her lap.

She screamed: *"Another robber!"* and frantically wrestled to regain her bag. But she was too late.

Ernest leaped up with drawn gun and when the robber wheeled Ernest leveled it at him.

"Halt or I fire!" rasped out Ernest, and he had a hair-raising sense of his finger on the trigger. The man's dark face changed, more from surprise and chagrin than fear.

"Up they are," he sang out.

Ernest made no false move here. He knew what he was doing when, with his left hand he jerked the bag from the thief.

"Turn round . . . Now sit down . . . keep your hands high!"

These orders were obeyed. Then Ernest called for the women to get across into the opposite seat.

They lost no time in complying. Mrs. Jones nearly fainted and dropped her head against Miss Hepford, who turned a pale and wrathful face backward.

Here the stage-driver came out of his trance to curse "——woods full of 'em! Cowboy, you're all there! Watch him like a hawk!"

"Drive on to the ranch," ordered Ernest sharply.

IN another moment they were speeding on at a fast trot. The stage turned off to the right. The horses came to a gentle slope, above which lay the pine-covered bench where the ranch-house stood. Dogs barked a welcome. A tall man, in shirt sleeves, with a dark, pointed beard and sharp eyes, walked down the broad steps. He wore high top boots with spurs, and Ernest took him to be John Hepford.

"What the hell?" he called, coolly, staring at the passengers of the stage.

"Oh, Dad, I've been held up twice," cried Miss Hepford.

"Hepford, we shore hev been held up twice," spoke up the driver, wrathfully. "I took on two hombres at Holbrook. At Concha they'd a got thet bag of Miss Anne's if it hedn't been fer this cowboy. He fought them an' drove them off. Then back hyar by the pines this galoot piles on an' he did get the bag. But our cowboy friend hyar stopped him, as you see."

"Steady there, cowboy," said the rancher, coolly. "You've a fidgity finger I see."

"Yes I have," replied Ernest. "Here's the bag these fellows wanted so badly." And Ernest tossed it out to Hepford.

Ernest suddenly became aware that he was being transfixed by a pair of hypnotic eyes.

"I apologize, Mr. Gunman," said Miss Hepford. "I thought it was a cowboy trick . . . I am Anne Hepford. This is my Dad."

"What's your name?" queried the rancher.

"Ernest—Howard," stammered Ernest.

"From where?"

"Iowa."

"Did you follow my girl out heah?" he went on, his sharp, cold gaze fixing Ernest.

"No, sir," replied Ernest, stiffly. "But it may not have occurred to you that it was lucky for you I happened to be on the stage."

"Shore. I'm not overlooking that. Reckon you're looking for a job?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wal, hunt up Hawk Siebert and see if he'll take you on," concluded the rancher, waving his hand.

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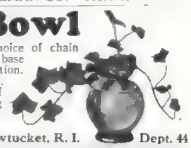

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THE DUDE RANGER

"Mr. Ernest Howard," added Anne, sweetly, "You can tell Siebert that *I* said for him to give you a job."

Ernest picked up his bags and hurriedly departed in the direction indicated by Hepford. Presently at a bypath he encountered a fine-looking giant of a cowboy whose eyes were like gimlets.

"Where can I find Hawk Siebert?" asked Ernest.

"Gawd only knows," drawled this individual, and strode on.

Ernest certainly realized by this time that a tenderfoot cowboy did not cut much of a figure on a big ranch.

A stable boy directed Ernest to the bunk house and said he would find Siebert there. Arriving at the long one-story structure he espied several cowboys and a matured man sitting on the porch.

"I'm hunting for Hawk Siebert," announced Ernest.

HEAH you are. But I don't recollect ever doin' anythin' to you," replied the foreman, dubiously. Ernest liked his face and eyes, even though they had distinct association with his first name.

"I'm asking for a job," said Ernest.

At this juncture the tall, handsome cowboy whom Ernest had encountered out in front arrived on the scene singing:

"Son-of-a-gun from Ioway
He stoled my gurl-i away-y."

Hawk Siebert took keener note of Ernest, and after a moment, when the singer had clanked across the porch into the bunk house, he asked: "Ride out with the boss's daughter?"

"She was on the stage," replied Ernest.

"What's your name?"

"Ernest Howard."

"Wall, I'm not needin' a rider, but I might take on a fellar who was handy all around."

"I'm certainly the fellow you want," said Ernest, frankly.

"Diggin' fence-post holes, stretchin' barb' wire, pitchin' hay, doin' errands, an' sich as thet?"

"Such as that is apple pie for me," replied Ernest, smiling. And he was not sure but that his eagerness and his smile went far with Hawk Siebert.

"You're on. Forty a month. Throw in with Nebraskie Kemp, at the end of the house," concluded the foreman, pointing to an open door down the porch.

Ernest made for the end of the house, as he had been directed, and discovered the door of that room open, and a cherub-faced cowboy slamming things around.

"Are you Nebraskie Kemp?" asked Ernest, genially.

"I shore am, wuss luck," replied the other.

Ernest brought his bags inside and set them down. He thought it best to have a straight talk with this cowboy.

"You got a bad start," said Nebraskie when Ernest had finished. "Whenever a puncher comes ridin' in *with* Miss Anne or *after* her—wal, he's throwin' a red flag in Dude Hyslip's face. An' Dude sort of runs the outfit, after Hawk."

"I'll bet Dude is that handsome singing cowboy," declared Ernest.

"Shore is."

"Nebraskie, I didn't come with Miss Hepford or after her. I'll confess her —her good looks sort of got me, naturally. But I'm asking you not to tell

[*Continued on page 150*]

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SLOAN'S Liniment

THE DUDE RANGER

[*Continued from page 149*]

Hyslip this. Let him think what he darn pleases. Only, if he keeps on singing that son-of-a-gun from Iowa song, there's going to be trouble."

"Ahuh. What'd you say your name was?"

"Ernest Howard," replied Ernest.

"Wal, your handle will be Ioway, shore as shootin', same as mine is Nebraskie . . . . An', Ioway, you can bet your sweet life Dude will go on singin' thet song."

"Then I'll lick him," asserted Ernest.

"You'll *what-t?*" exploded Nebraskie.

"I'll lick him. I can do it. He may be at home on a horse. But he walks as if his feet hurt; and I'm at home on the ground."

"Ioway, if you lick Dude Hyslip, by golly, there'd be some chanct of your lastin' heah at Red Rock."

"Don't worry, I'll last all right," said Ernest, with a deep-throated laugh.

"I kinda like you, dog-gone it," returned Nebraskie peevishly. "Wal, you take the upstairs bunk an' throw your outfit around."

ABOUT ten minutes later, while Ernest was unpacking his smaller bag the foreman, Siebert, entered.

"Howard, do you mind my talkin' out plain before Nebraskie heah?" he queried.

"Not at all. Nebraskie 's goin' to be my friend."

"Wal, if he is you're lucky . . . . Already there's a story flyin' around. Dude Hyslip must have got it somewhere or made it up. What's this about you holdin' up three bandits on the stage?"

"It's straight goods," Ernest declared, with strong feeling, looking frankly at the foreman and the curious cowboy. "Listen. Here's how it happened." And Ernest told in detail the whole affair.

"So thet was it," replied Siebert, evidently convinced. "Howard, as Hyslip told it, you hired some Holbrook loafers to make a bluff at robbin' Miss Hepford, so you could rescue her. Thet's been done before heah, so *she* says."

"Hyslip is a damned liar," replied Ernest, hotly. "I told Nebraskie I'd lick Hyslip if he sang that Ioway song again. But he does need to sing it. I'll go right out now—"

"Hold on, rooster," broke in Siebert, persuasively. "It ain't the thing fer you to do pronto. Hyslip stands in, an' if you want to hang on, why go slow . . . . Now as fer the hold-up, I happen to know somethin' which I'll keep to tell Anne Hepford some day. Thet feller you fetched in the stage was Bud Miller, an' he shore is the genuine article."

"Reckon I'd let it blow over," contributed Nebraskie thoughtfully. "Anyway, nobody is goin' to believe you didn't come out heah to Red Rock after Anne."

Next morning at daylight Ernest went to work helping the Mexicans shingle one of the sheds. The cowboys rode by and Dude Hyslip sang, "Son-of-a-gun from Ioway" at the top of his lungs. At mealtimes they passed banter to and fro infinitely more than the food. That day appeared but an initiation. The following one, and those succeeding would have been nightmares for Ernest Selby, except for the inward satisfaction he derived from working for himself and learning about the ranch, and for the disturbing fact that he had at least a glimpse of Anne Hepford every day.

On Saturday Ernest rode in to Springertown which lay several miles beyond Red Rock, the center of a nest of ranches. In front of one of the stores Ernest encountered a girl much too burdened with parcels for her slight stature. She dropped a parcel while putting her load into a buckboard outside of the rail, and she climbed up to the front seat without noticing her loss. Ernest stepped out, and, recovering it, handed it up with the remark: "Miss, your dropped something."

"Thanks," she replied, in confusion.

Ernest wondered where he had seen her. Then he remembered her dark eyes. This was Daisy Brooks.

Then her father came out to accost Ernest in bluff and hearty way. "Wal, ketched you makin' up to my gal, eh?" he added, and stepped up heavily into the vehicle. "You're most as bad as Dude Hyslip."

"At that, Mr. Brooks, I hadn't been introduced to her. Please excuse me. I'm so darned lonesome for a human being to talk to, and seeing Miss Daisy made me remember how—how friendly you were."

"No offense, son. I was only teasin' Dais heah," he said, indicating the blushing girl. "Cain't you come fer dinner tomorrow? It's Sunday. Make a kick to Siebert. He'll let you off."

"I sure will. Much obliged," replied Ernest to Brooks but it was at Daisy he looked.

ERNEST bade them goodbye and rode back to the ranch.

At the barn he met Hawk Seibert.

"Can I have tomorrow off?" asked Ernest.

"Shore. An' why didn't you stay in town fer the dance tonight?" replied the foreman, his hawk eyes bent hard on Ernest.

"Dance nothing. That outfit of yours would run me out of the hall," declared Ernest, bitterly.

"Like hob they would!" returned Siebert. "Howard, you don't 'pear to be the runnin' kind. Reckon you haven't guessed it, but I'm onto the deal you got heah. It's the wust any admirer of Miss Anne's ever got. . . . But you've made good with *me*, young feller, I'll tell you that. An' on Monday you take to ridin' the range."

On Sunday morning Ernest manifested some interest in his personal appearance, the first time since his arrival at Red Rock, and it did not escape the keen eyes of Nebraskie.

"Huh! Ridin' in to church with Anne today?" he hazarded.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" taunted Ernest.

"Wal, reckon it doesn't matter aboot me, but keep it from Dude. He's sore as a busted thumb this mawnin'. Anne dished him for the dance last night. She was shore steppin' high, wide an' handsome. If thet gurl ain't the meanest flirt in Arizonie I—I'll eat my shirt."

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DUDE RANGER

"Nebraskie!" ejaculated Ernest, as much in amazement at this revelation as resentment for the outrage to the object of his admiration.

"Aw, don't Nebraskie me. An' don't try to fool me, either. Wasn't she askin' fer you last night? Where's my new cowpuncher? . . . . I oughtn't give you a hunch, Ioway, but you let thet trouble-maker alone."

ERNEST went off in high dudgeon with Nebraskie and walking on the clouds of hope. So Miss Hepford had not forgotten him!

He walked all the way up to the Brooks farm, a good five miles, and never once thought of the distance. Probably if it had not been for Nebraskie's chance remark he might have been more impressed by Daisy Brooks. As it was he did only justice to the occasion that plainly meant a great deal to her.

The tidy little cottage, the wholesome and savory dinner, certainly attested to her ability as Sam Brooks' housekeeper. Besides at any other time he might have been more susceptible. But in contrast to the blooming rose of Red Rock she seemed only a fragile little cornflower.

After dinner Brooks took Ernest out to show him the ranch, and particularly the spring which watered the valley, and in dry seasons wholly saved it. Ernest tramped here and there with Brooks, expressing such keen interest that the rancher was plainly delighted, and naturally he grew more loquacious. The talk turned eventually to Hepford and Red Rock ranch. Ernest did not betray that he was probably the only employee who did not know there was soon to be a big drive of cattle. Hepford, it appeared, sold many cattle, but only several times during the last few years had he had one of these big drives. Ernest was all curiosity, as befitted a tenderfoot. What was the difference between a small and a large drive? Brooks did not openly declare any irregularity about the latter, yet the intimation was unmistakable.

HEPFORD sends bunches of two year olds to Holbrook," said Brooks. "But when he sells one of these big drives the cattle don't get to the railroad. They go out by way of Pine, down over the Blue Ridge, to the reservations. Government buyer named Jones. The last drive was a year ago in June. Funny aboot thet! Shore I'd like to see the reports sent back to Selby."

"Sam, I heard Silas Selby was dead," rejoined Ernest, looking down.

"What? You don't say? Wal! Where'd you heah thet?" burst out Brooks, much stirred.

"It's known at the ranch. Siebert mentioned it, telling the cowboys they'd have to walk turkey if another owner showed up."

"Wal, I should smile! Walkin' turkey ain't the word. Walkin' off the ranch is what. Howard, reckon I don't need to tell you there're some mean punchers in that outfit. Thet Dude Hyslip. Damn him! I'd like to hosswhip him, if no wuss."

"What'd he do, Sam?" inquired Ernest.

"He hurt Daisy's feelin's. She was sweet on Nebraskie Kemp till Dude cut him out. But Nebraskie was serious an' Dude only fast an' loose."

"Nebraskie! . . . . Well! Sam, I'll remember that when I lick Dude," said Ernest, soberly.

"Wal, I hope you do. You're a husky fellar. An' there's somethin' Howard. But be sure to pick a time when Hyslip ain't packin' a gun."

[*Continued on page 152*]

Put an end to gray hairs with NOTOX

There isn't any reason for letting yourself sink into Heartbreak Age because of a few gray hairs. Modern women use NOTOX for gray hairs just as casually as they use lipstick for pale lips. Even old-fashioned conservative women use NOTOX, because it tints the hair with such undetectable naturalness that its use is in perfect good taste.

NOTOX is entirely unlike the old-time dyes which created the old-time prejudice against hair-dyeing. They plated each hair with a coat of color which hid the gray but made the hair coarser, stiffer, brittle—obviously artificial-looking. NOTOX penetrates the hair and deposits the color permanently inside the hair shaft, leaving the hair as fine and as glossy as before. You can wash and wave and sun Notoxed hair without affecting its color. The little drawings below (cross-sections of hairs as seen through a microscope) show how NOTOX works . . . *The best beauty shops use Inecto Rapid NOTOX. You can buy it for use at home, at beauty shops, drug stores and department stores* . . . Mfd. by Inecto, Inc., 33 W. 46th St., New York, and by Notox, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Canada.

A. A red hair showing how nature distributes the color throughout the inner fibers of the hair. Copyright 1930, by Inecto, Inc.

B. A gray hair, colorless and drab because nature no longer implants pigment in the fibers within the hair covering.

C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plates the hair and makes it coarse, stiff and brittle.

D. A gray hair recolored with Notox. Note coloring in inner fibers, exactly as in the natural hair marked A.

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THE DUDE RANGER

[*Continued from page 151*]

Brooks seemed upset by the news of the death of Selby and grew thoughtful. Whereupon Ernest bade him good bye and started back on the long walk, glad for the loneliness that would give him time to think.

On Monday morning the cowboys were a lot of sore-headed spiteful devils. Even their riotous mirth smacked of the sinister. Ernest had ample chance to pick the fight he wanted with Dude Hyslip, but waived it because his horse threw him, jarring and weakening him considerably. So he contented himself by retaliating in loud voice: "Hyslip, you are a slick rider but that let's you out. You're good looking, too, but that lets you in for wild dreams which will never materialize. Do you get my hunch? I'll bet a million dollars I see you fired off this ranch."

"Haw! Haw! Listen to him," burst out Hyslip, jeeringly, though his handsome face flamed. "Why don't you offer to bet two bits, you poor tenderfoot hick from Ioway?"

"Look out you don't insult Ioway," declared Ernest. "And how do you know I haven't got a million?"

"Boys, he's gone batty," howled Hyslip, and the cowboys shared his glee.

Ernest's first day of chasing steers made him a wreck. That night he fell into bed and slept like a dead man. Nebraskie had to beat him in the morning to awaken him. The second day was worse. The third was the same. After that the situation began to ease a little.

The job was to round up as many as possible of four-year old steers each day, and drive them off the range up on the ranch. When Ernest asked who was keeping tally on the number Nebraskie said: "Nobody at this end. Reckon Hepford has 'em counted all right when he sells."

Ernest did not require to be told why the stock was not counted there on the ranch. Wherefore he counted them himself, as nearly accurately as was possible. This was the flaw in Hepford's drives. They came but seldom, and no cowboy could or would remember how many head were driven in. Ernest verified this by asking casual questions now and then at meal times.

THE end of June saw more than fifteen hundred head of four-year-old steers in the large pasture on Red Rock ranch, ready for the drive. Ernest heard Hepford say to Hawk Siebert: "That'll do till after the Fourth. Some of these go to Holbrook. Jones' outfit will come after the rest."

So on the face of it, Hepford's management of stock was not so easy to unravel, after any considerable time had passed. In the present case Ernest had enough data, if the matter had to go to court, which he greatly doubted. For Anne's sake he thought he would not arrest Hepford, but he wanted what he considered rightfully his own.

He found a lawyer in Holbrook, Jefford Smith, was a Westerner and a cattleman. His practice of law was a side business, and had been taken up as a matter of exigency for the county. Smith whistled long and loud over Ernest's papers. "Plain as the nose on your face," he said, succinctly. "It beats the celebrated Presston butchering case all hollow. I happen to know Hepford has more money on interest in Holbrook than has ever been paid Selby all together. Hepford's a director in the bank here. He does considerable banking in Globe, and no doubt other towns. . . Young man, you'll certainly have him in a corner if you can prove your case. It was clever of you to come out here as an unknown cowboy to see for yourself. But go slow. Work to get proofs. Be careful. If you get the proofs Hepford will break his neck to compromise—to keep this quiet, not to say buy his escape from jail."

On the return trip Ernest got off at Sam Brooks' lane. He was not a little surprised to meet Daisy at the gate. She had come to meet the stage to get things ordered from Holbrook. Her rosy color and Ernest's confusion amused the stage driver, not to say the other passengers.

"I've been to Holbrook," began Ernest, without preamble. "Afraid I—I'm in a peck of trouble. And I just wanted to ask you if you'd stand by me."

"Somethin' to do with Hepford?" queried Brooks, his eyes suddenly hard and light.

"Maybe. I'm sure going to lose my job. Would you take me on here?"

"Shore. An' ask no questions," replied the rancher, warmly.

"Much obliged. I have one friend then. Good day, I'm mozying along," concluded Ernest, and turned away.

He had not got far when he heard the girl's voice. "I—I couldn't say it before Dad—but you've got two friends," she said, brave in her faltering.

"That's awfully good of you, Daisy. I'll remember it," he replied, and restrained an impulse to take her hand. Any fool could see what dark eloquent beautiful eyes she had.

"I'm sorry, Ernest. I—I think I know what trouble you mean," went on Daisy. "We drove down to the ranch yesterday, and I met Nebraskie. I—he—we used to be—well, Dad told you." She paused for a moment and then went on: "I reckon Nebraskie doesn't hate you. But the other cowboys do, especially Dude Hyslip. Nebraskie said that when Anne gave it away she was going to the dance at Springer with you—why Dude raved. . . . Ernest, the least you can expect is a—a fight. It's happened before aboot her. I—I wish you could see—well, never mind aboot that."

Ernest felt dumbfounded. Things had happened in his absence. Elation succeeded his amaze, and it was with difficulty he concealed it.

"It's good of you to warn me, Daisy," he said, gratefully. "Hope I'll see you at the dance."

"I reckon I'll go. Joe Springer asked me," she replied. "But I—I didn't run after you to say that."

"Daisy, what *do* you want to say?" queried Ernest, suddenly awakened, and he did take her hand.

"I—they—oh, darn it—don't let my cousin make a —a fool of you!" she exclaimed, with passion and snatching free her hand, she ran away.

"Well!" ejaculated Ernest, soberly. What was this that threatened his paradise? He could not unravel it. All the way down the valleytrain he cudgeled his brains. As he came around the big barn he espied a pinto mustang standing before the bunk house porch. Suddenly Ernest halted, scarcely believing his eyes. Anne Hepford sat on the porch beside Nebraskie dangling her riding boots over the edge. She waved a gauntleted hand at Ernest and called: "Hello, Iowa. Come heah pronto!"

Ernest responded to Anne's gay summons as if it had been a trumpet call. Breathless, sombrero in hand, he reached her, and quite forgot any sort of greeting to Nebraskie.

"Nebraskie said you'd be back on the stage. But you weren't—and I've waited all this time," she reproached him.

"I got off at Brooks'—and walked—down," panted Ernest.

"Strikes me you get off at Brooks' a lot," she shot at him, with a green flash of eyes. It made Ernest not only giddy but absurdly happy. It did not, however, blind him to the fact of Nebraskie's displeasure.

"I—I've been there—several times. Brooks is about the—only friend I have here—unless Nebraskie—"

BROOKS?—Bah, you mean *Daisy* Brooks. That's all right, only don't lie about it. My cousin is a sweet kid. The point heah is I hope you haven't asked her to the dance the night before the Fourth," Anne began abruptly.

"No, I haven't," replied Ernest, and despite an effort he seemed to himself to look and speak with asinine eagerness.

"I want you to take me," she said, very sweetly, and if there had been any hope of Earnest's reacting sanely to that situation, it died before the smile she gave him.

"I—I'll be—delighted," he stammered.

"Thanks, Iowa," she replied, gratefully. "It's late in the day, I know. But I really didn't expect to go to this dance. I've been coaxing Dad to let me go to Holbrook, for the big dance there. But he said, 'No.' He's shore cross these days. . . . Please don't wear cowboy boots."

"I won't—nor spurs, either," he said, with a laugh of comprehension.

She slipped off the porch, and stood before them in her lithe and supple beauty, and threw back her head with a taunting little laugh at Nebraskie. Then she mounted the pinto pony.

"Wednesday night, then . . . . and oh, I nearly forgot. Come close," she said.

Ernest stepped up to the pony. Anne leaned down till her sombrero brushed his ear. She put a hand on his arm. "If you want to tickle me sing that 'son-of-a-gun from Ioway' song where Dude can heah you."

"I'll do it," cried Ernest, ringingly.

She squeezed his arm and straightened up in the saddle, with a gleam that was not all roguish in her eyes. Then she rode off.

"Wal, Barnum was right. There's one born every minnit," drawled Nebraskie.

"One—what?"

"A sucker. An' if you ain't the biggest thet ever hit Red Rock I'll swaller my spurs. Say, but I'm disappointed in you, Ioway."

"I—I'm darned sorry, Nebraskie," replied Ernest, puzzled. His bunkmate looked actually grieved. "I didn't know you liked me well enough to care a damn about me."

"Wal, I did. An' only this heah day I stuck up fer you, an' riled the outfit scandalous."

"You did! Nebraskie! Honest now!"

[*Continued on page 154*]

HAGAR

By Joseph Auslander Decoration by Thomas Fogarty

HAGAR, mother of exiles, nurse
Of the world's weary wanderers,
Driven by some dark restless curse
Seeded deep in their hearts from hers:
To thirst in the deserts, to starve—or worse—
To dream like angels, to die like curs,
Build princely cities, fill sepulchres,
People and pillage a universe.

HAGAR, mother of wanderlust,
You are the hunger in all these;
You are the voice of fire and dust
Which men hear in their sleep; you tease
Their sick souls out: they feel, they follow
Over the mountains, across the seas
Till their eyes burn and their cheeks grow hollow.

HAGAR, you are the dead man's boon;
You are the flight and fever; you are
The flashing feet of the April moon,
The last long look of the summer star;
Always you call them: near and far,
Always they come, the pioneers,
The sons of Ishmael who mend and mar—
And always on their dead eyes your tears.

Clear away Body Poisons, and the *Skin Clears up*, too . .

EXPLAINS THIS NOTED VIENNA DERMATOLOGIST

DR. ALFRED BRANDWEINER, of the Academy of Medicine of Austria, is head of the department for skin diseases in the great Vienna General Policlinic. He has written a number of important books and hundreds of articles on skin diseases.

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Then will you follow the simple advice of one of the world's greatest skin specialists . . . Dr. Alfred Brandweiner, of Vienna?

"Skin troubles," Dr. Brandweiner says, "are usually associated with and the result of digestive and intestinal disturbances, including, of course, constipation.

"Fresh yeast keeps the intestines clean and free of the poisons that cloud the skin.

"The effects of yeast on the general health," he adds, "are well known."

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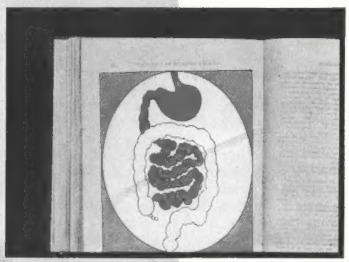

POISONS that form here cause most skin troubles, doctors say! "Fresh yeast keeps intestines free of these poisons," Dr. Brandweiner explains.

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THE DUDE RANGER

[*Continued from page 152*]

"I swear I did. You can ask Hawk. An' he put in a word fer you. Sort of stumped Hyslip. Wal, we had it out. You'll have to lick Hyslip or you'll never last heah. But, aw! if you jest hadn't let this heah green-eyed hussy—"

"Nebraskie! Be careful—if you're a friend of mine," interrupted Ernest.

"Hell! It's *because* I am your friend thet I'm seein' red. I mean what I say aboot her Do you savvy thet? She's make a sucker out of you. An' I shore did hope an' believe you'd be the one fellar she couldn't work. But she does it to all of 'em. . . . Listen, Ioway, Anne Hepford hasn't any use fer us cowboys, except to play with. She's let Dude in for more than any one else. An' serves the conceited ass jest right. She was goin' to the dance in Holbrook with a fellar from St. Louis. But the old man blocked thet. Then she had a fight with Dude. An as all the rest of us fellars has a gurl for the dance—why she picked on *you*. An' say, you was easy! . . . Thet's what the argument was aboot heah in the bunk house last night. It seems Anne told Dude she was goin' to ask you, an' Dude was rarin' aboot it. Wal, I ups an' says, sarcastic, that Anne Hepford couldn't make no sucker out of *you*. We had it hot an' heavy. Thet's where Hawk Siebert put a word in for you. Hyslip laughed us down. 'What? he declared. 'Thet Ioway hick turn Anne down? Boys, you're loco. He'll break his neck eatin' out of her hand.' "

"So that's it," groaned Ernest, in amazement and chagrin. "I can't believe you, Nebraskie."

"Wal, Hawk an' me reckoned you would," returned Nebraskie. "An' I'm shore plumb disappointed in you."

Ernest got up. "I'm darn sorry," he said. "But don't be *too* disappointed in me. I may fool you yet—if there's any truth in what you say."

"Call me a liar now. *Me*, who stuck up fer you. If thet ain't like a tenderfoot!" railed Nebraskie.

Sight of Dude Hyslip, with Bones Magill and Lunky Pollard, coming up along the short-cut path from the barns, filled Ernest with a most extraordinary fiendish glee. He went inside the bunkhouse and began to sing in a fine tenner voice:

"The son-of-a-gun from Ioway
He stole my gurl away."

Then he repeated the lines in higher more piercing tones:

"The son-of-a-gun from Ioway
He stole my gurl away."

Nebraskie had been petrified at the first stanza, but at the second he importuned Ernest to stop. The third time Ernest departed from musical rhythm to bawl at the top of stentorian lungs:

"Son-of-a-gun from Ioway
He stoled my gurl-I awa-a-ay!"

Ernest doubled up with the glee that consumed him. But the crack of a gun and crash of glass made that glee short lived. Nebraskie dove under the lower bunk. Ernest stood shocked a moment then as another shot came and a bullet tore through the door he squeezed in behind the built-in chimney. Bang! A third bullet whizzed in at the window and passed through the wall. Here Hyslip's comrades roused to make objection to his shooting more, but the enraged cowboy emptied his gun. "Say, Howard, you'd better let that do for a while," he called.

Nebraskie rolled out from under the bunk, scared and resentful. "An' now I'm dodgin' bullets fer you!"

"Nebraskie, before long we'll have this shack to ourselves," said Ernest.

"By gum, you *are* loco. Wal, fer Gawd's sake don't sing thet song no more."

"I am going to," declared Ernest. "And what's more, pard, when I catch that swell-up pup without a gun I'll beat his handsome mug flat."

TWO days of hard work passed by, during which Ernest seemed in a trance, then the day of the dance, July third, arrived with its tremendous import. About four o'clock, while he was lolling on his bunk, waiting for the tedious hours to pass, Nebraskie came in for about the tenth time that afternoon.

"Ioway, the fire's out," he announced.

"What fire?" queried Ernest, with a premonition of evil.

"Wal, I shore hate to tell you an' say I told you so. But your flame has gone up the flue. Anne's St. Louis gabazoo came an' they jest drove off to Springer. She was shore dressed to kill—or I reckon I should say *undressed*. Never saw so much of Anne! She had a shawl on when she came out, but you bet she let it slip off so we could see her."

"St. Louis?—gabazoo! . . . . shawl!" gasped Ernest, uncomprehendingly.

"Crawl under the bunk. Cain't you savvy when you're licked? Anne Hepford has dished you as everybody knowed she would—if she got some other feller to take her to the dance."

Ernest realized that his fool's bubble had burst. And in that mocking moment he realized why it had never been perfect. He was sorely wounded, but not beyond repair. He had just been on the eve of falling in love with Anne Hepford. How bitter the taste of that fact now! Hurriedly he packed a dark suit of clothes, shoes and other accessories and strode out. "Better pack your gun, too," called Nebraskie, after him. "I'll see you at the dance, Ioway, an' stick to you till hell freezes over."

Ernest was not proof against this, and he turned to call back: "Nebraskie, pard, you won't regret it."

IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF STORIES TO MAKE A MAGAZINE LIKE McCALL'S

There's the one about Elsie and Lewis
Who were absurdly Young and in Love.
To them,
Marriage, which meant sharing
Everything, was
Too Exciting. So
They hung a motto on the walls of
Their hearts that said:

WE TELL EACH OTHER EVERYTHING

And they did, although they had been
Warned that Truth between
Husband and wife
Was like a Cold in the head
Catching—
Without being looked for. But
This is Fannie Kilbourne's
Story, so we'll let her
Finish it, even though we know
A whole month is a long time
To wait for the
November McCall's.

Springer was decorated for the Fourth and the town appeared to be full of people. The stores were open, though it was past six o'clock, and small boys were already busy with fire-crackers. He went to the hotel and registered: Ernest Howard, Red Rock Ranch.

Ernest went to the room assigned him, and with satisfaction he threw off the cowboy sombrero, shirt, overalls and boots. Then he applied himself as never before to his personal appearance. The truth was that he had not particularly relished Anne Hepford taking him for a hick from the countryside of Iowa. But he guessed that he would sooner or later derive some consolation from acquainting Miss Hepford with the truth. What a treat to see her face when she realized *he* was Ernest Selby!

He went down stairs a little late. The hotel lobby appeared to be humming. The ball had opened. Ernest, cool and serene, went in to dinner, and felt natural. The dining room was half full, and it was a large place for a small town. His luck had changed. Anne Hepford sat at a nearby table in company with another girl and two young men. She wore a gown rather too low and sleeveless for a young lady in a Western village. But it enhanced her beauty beyond belief.

Presently he was himself again and looked about him casually. Anne really did not recognize him at first glance, and that was balm to Ernest's wounded soul. When she did she was a surprised girl. Blushing becomingly she bowed to him. But Ernest might never have known her for all the sign he gave, and he did not look at her again.

It was a country-town dance, yet none the less pleasant to watch. Some of the girls were pretty and well dressed. The cowboys were conspicuous for their shiny faces, silly look, plastered hair, flaming scarfs and scraping boots. They danced like playful hippotami.

Presently Ernest espied Anne and her partner. He was not a bad dancer, though he held her too tightly. She was stunning to look at and grace itself. Suddenly Ernest conceived a wild idea. He would ask her to dance.

So when that waltz ended and the couples trooped to the chairs around the wall Ernest singled Anne out and approached. She saw him coming, and her embarrassment was manifest. He made her a gallant bow and asked her if he might have the honor of one dance.

"Iowa, why didn't you speak to me?" she asked bluntly.

"You didn't recognize me—out of my cowboy clothes—and beside you—"

"I know I didn't. And I hardly do now," she interposed, with bright eyes. "Yes, I'll give you a dance. The second after this."

Ernest murmured his thanks, aware of the surprised scrutiny of her partner, and went back to his post. The next dance was a Virginia reel, and afforded him opportunity to view the dancers to better advantage. Dude Hyslip was one of them, and Ernest had to confess he made a fine figure. But his face was too red, his mirth too free, his boots too lively. Dude had looked at the bottle. In the set Hyslip dominated with his boisterousness, dancing with a slim girl in white, and she stood out rather markedly by her modest grace. Presently Ernest was surprised to recognize in her the very girl he had been looking for—Daisy Brooks.

The next dance was a waltz, and when the fiddles started up Ernest nerved himself for an ordeal. Anne was in a corner of the hall surrounded by admirers and friends, whom Ernest noticed only vaguely.

MY DANCE, Miss Hepford?" he said, with a look into her eyes. He read there what he surely had never beheld in those handsome orbs before.

"I've remembered, Iowa," she replied, as she leaned to him. Now it happened that Ernest could dance, and if ever he strove to surpass himself it was then.

"Oh—Iowa! You're a wonderful dancer," she whispered, and looked up at him. Ernest gazed down on her then and saw her face like a flower against his shoulder. Through her long lashes he caught the expression of her eyes and in that instant, almost, his desire for revenge suffered eclipse. Gradually she gave herself wholly to his embrace.

It was well the music ceased. Through a wide open door moonlight beckoned. He led Anne out into the cool night air, under the silver radiance, which seemed caught and held by her hair.

"Anne, you treated me rather shabbily, didn't you?" he asked, stiffly.

"I played you a dirty trick. I'm sorry. I did it more to peeve Dude Hyslip than to be with Sinclair. Fact is I'm not crazy aboot him. And dog-gone the luck, I *do* like you. I'd rather dance with you than any fellow here. Somehow you seem different tonight . . . ."

"Anne, all the time you've known I loved you, haven't you?" he asked, speaking aloud the thought he had meant to hide.

"I'm afraid I have," she said, with a little laugh.

"And you've been—just playing, he went on, bitterly.

"Oh, Iowa, I *cain't* be honest, even with myself, let alone any fellow," she flashed, with surprising candor.

"What do you mean?"

She shook her shining head. To do her justice, he felt, she was not coquetting with him now. Suddenly he responded to an impulse, born of fire, yet of deliberate scorn as well. He took her in his arms and drew her round against his breast.

"Heah now, cowboy, you're going too far," she exclaimed, with a catch in her breath.

"This is not far—for *you* to be," he said.

"I've not allowed any cowboy to go so far," she returned, spiritedly.

"What a beautiful liar!"

"Iowa!"

She seemed more surprised than either angered or hurt. Ernest clasped her close and kissed her eyes, her cheeks, and last her lips. He was not so far gone that he was blind to her momentary yielding. She was soft, plastic in his arms.

Suddenly she laughed. "Iowa, you're shore an amazin' cowboy tonight. I deserved that. But don't you tell."

"What do you take me for?" he rejoined, passionately. "If I needed any assurance of your shallowness that remark would do."

"You're a new one to me tonight. But I'll have you know, sir, that I'm not shallow. I'm as deep as the sea. You've made me feel it—out heah. I don't let cowpunchers hug and kiss me. I'm afraid I let *you*. I never raised a finger. . . . So there, Ernest Howard!"

[*Continued in* NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

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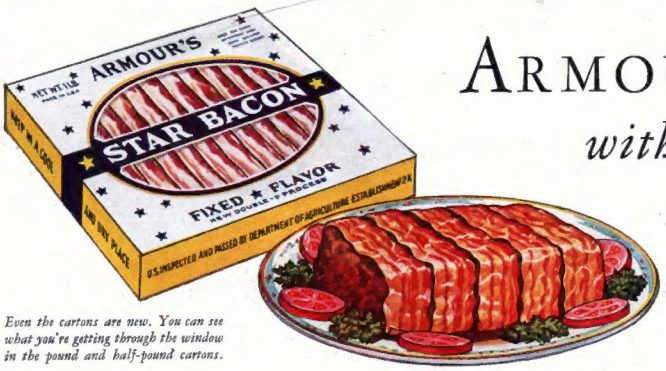

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